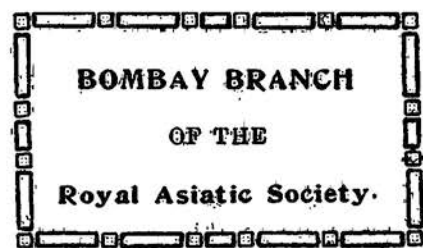




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A MEMOIR
OF
BARON BUNSEN.

VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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AND PARLIAMENT STREET



Henry Adlard, Sc.

Bunsen

1847.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY RICHMOND

London: Longmans & Co.

A MEMOIR
OF
BARON BUNSEN

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
OF HIS MAJESTY FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. AT THE
COURT OF ST. JAMES.

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM FAMILY PAPERS BY HIS WIDOW

FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN.

23623
ac

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1868.

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ERRATA.

Page 6, line 14, *for Corach read Corbach.*

Page 377, Memorandum of May 21, *should be* May 28, 1832. (Heading and bottom line.)

Page 378, line 4, *for 1859 read 1860.*

Page 437, line 3, *for Atenstein read Altenstein.*

Page 528, line 28, *for Ickleworth read Ickleton.*

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MEMOIRS
OF
BARON BUNSEN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF BUNSEN—BOYHOOD—CONFIRMATION—SCHUMACHER'S RECOLLECTIONS—UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN—LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY—ABEKEN'S RECOLLECTIONS—BRANDIS' RECOLLECTIONS—CHRISTIANA BUNSEN.

'I hope I shall be pardoned for drawing an imperfect image of him, especially when even the rudest draught that endeavours to counterfeit him will have much delightful loveliness in it.'—*Introduction to 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson.'*

Bonn: 29th December, 1860.

CHAP.
I.

SINCE the last breath was exhaled, and the life of life to me, and to so many besides, has been transfused to a nobler existence, one month has elapsed, during which I have unceasingly meditated on the solemn charge given to me on this very day two months ago: 'Write yourself the history of our common life. You can do it: you have it in your power;—only be not mistrustful of yourself.'

The more I contemplate the richly-filled past, the more does it present itself as a series of dissolving views, and the more difficult, or rather impossible, is it to produce the distinctness called for by a subject which has a right to appear as historical truth, not mingled

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I.

with fiction, as in the case of many well-known personal records. But my best endeavours shall not be wanting: and the result shall go forth, claiming the much-required indulgence of my readers.

My husband was born on the 25th August, 1791, at Corbach, in the Principality of Waldeck; the child of parents advanced in life, who had married (in 1790) for the sake of companionship and mutual care in old age, and probably little anticipated such blessing upon their union. His father, Henrich Christian Bunsen (fourth son of an advocate of the same name), born 29th May, 1743, belonged to a regiment of natives of Waldeck, engaged in the Dutch service; which he was induced to enter by the promise and prospect of further provision after his term of military service should be past; that is, of such a post in his native country as should furnish opportunity of working; it was not the bread of idleness that he asked or desired. But after twenty-nine years of service, in a country where, although he made friends and was much respected, he was yet a foreigner, he came back home-sick to Corbach, to find the graves of most of his family; his means of subsistence being restricted to the scanty produce of a few acres of land, and a small retiring pension from Holland, besides what his own industry in making copies of law documents might work out in addition.

He was distinguished for correctness of language, and an original terseness of expression, which caused his sayings to be much quoted by his son and daughter, and to remain firmly implanted in their minds. A valedictory utterance, when his son departed to Marburg, was—

‘In clothing, live up to your means;
In food, below your means;
In dwelling, above your means.’

Another of his paternal precepts was—

‘Werde nicht Soldat. Ducke dich nicht vor Junkern.’

Little as is known of the details of Henrich Bunsen's life, the few outward facts are yet of importance in the consequences they were calculated to impress upon the mind of his son. He must have been possessed of very considerable mental powers; was unswerving in rectitude, founded on deep-seated Christian faith; remarkable, in an age of general laxity in moral and religious observances, for the steadiness and fervency of his outward acknowledgment in word and deed of God and His Providence in the world. He gave proofs of unbiassed judgment and independence of opinion, not 'calling evil good and good evil' because high placed in human society, a quality rare even in our own time, in spite of the public experience of the last seventy years, in which so many of the strongholds of prejudice have been broken down. He it was who implanted in the mind of his son that strong independence of the fascination of external circumstances of rank and condition, that decided estimation of the dignity of man as man, that contempt of pretensions based on the accidents of birth and station, upon which his conduct throughout life was grounded. Henrich Bunsen must have learnt well all that he had the opportunity of learning: he delighted in his Latin lore, and in reading as much as his scanty leisure allowed. He was a man of warm affections, and had doatingly loved the wife of his youth (Susanna Catherine Hofmann, married 1771), the companion of a part of his term of expatriation in Holland, the mother of his two daughters, Christiana and Helene; she died young, in 1782, in giving birth to twins, who quickly followed her to the grave. The widower, whose scanty means had just supplied the needs of himself and family while managed by a careful wife, may well have been heart- and spirit-broken on finding himself alone, the joy of his heart and eyes reft from him, with two very young daughters left in want of care, food, clothing, and education. But help was near in the person of his sister,

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I.

married in Amsterdam, who obtained the permission of her husband to receive her nieces into their family. Helene Stricker is said to have resembled her brother in person and character, being of strong affections, high-principled, and resolute in the performance of every duty.

The course of military service was at length embittered to him beyond endurance by the successful opposition made to his promotion by officers of family connections: and he gave up at length, after twenty-nine years of 'hope deferred,' and returned to Corbach in 1789.

The family to which Bunsen belonged would seem to have dwelt at Corbach for centuries, and the three ears of corn in their escutcheon indicate the condition of agriculturists. Bunsen always expressed himself as proud to belong to 'that kernel of the nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society.' His grandfather, Henrich Christian, an advocate in Corbach, born 1708, was the first of whom any record is preserved, as the family abode, with all the family memorials it contained, perished in a conflagration, which took place during the retreat of the French army in the Seven Years' War. No individual of the branch of the family to which the subject of these memoirs belonged became known beyond the narrow circle of the Principality. Another branch, resident at Arolsen, spread into other parts of Germany, and from its ramifications have proceeded several persons justly held in honour, at Berlin, Göttingen, Frankfort, Marburg, Cassel,—from one of whom descends the present celebrated professor of chemistry, a man of genius equal to his moral and mental worth, Robert Bunsen of Heidelberg.

Henrich Christian took to his wife, in 1790, Johannette Eleonore Brocken, then aged 41, who had lived fifteen years in the Palace of Bergheim, highly valued for her intelligent and devoted care of the young family

of the Countess of Waldeck, Christine Wilhelmine, born Countess of Ysenburg-Büdingen, who continued to her for life the small salary she had before received of 19 florins, then considered ample, supplied her with the marriage portion of house-linen and furniture which a bride in Germany is expected to bring of her own, and honoured the wedding, which took place in the church at Bergheim, by giving a dinner and ball, in the Palace, to the married pair and their guests. These instances of favour indicate unusual merits in the object of them: and they must the less remain unnoticed, as Jóhannette Éléonore has left little other trace of her existence, besides the material one of being the mother of her son. But although she took the best care of the infant years of her only child, she made upon his mind no such impression of devoted love as to excite a warm return on his part, and his first consciousness of feminine tenderness and of the maternal qualities which attach a child was awakened by his eldest sister Christiana. The portraits of the parents testify to the resemblance of the son to his father; of his mother's features none could be traced in him but her short and curling upper lip.

The birth of this son is marked by the father in his note-book, on the 25th August, 1791, and his baptism on the 28th (the next following Sunday), in St. Kilian's at Corbach. The Countess Christine of Waldeck before-mentioned and her daughter the Countess Caroline (married to a Count of Limburg-Gaildorf) were god-mothers, and Count Josiah of Waldeck godfather, as well as the child's uncle Jóhannes Bunsen of Arolsen; and the names of Christian (after the first-named lady), Carl (after the second), and Josias after the young Count, were given him by desire of the sponsors. After notification of the birth and baptism, the father has added the ejaculation, 'O God, guide him by Thy grace, and let him grow up in Thy love and fear and in

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I.

all virtue, to the joy of his parents. Amen. Henrich Christian Bunsen.'

This prayer was indeed heard and answered to the full.

The same fatherly hand kept note of the date, 4th September, 1797, when his son, six years of age, began to have private lessons from a student named Merle, reading and writing having been previously taught him by the parents, whose handwriting was remarkably good. The date is also given, on the 1st January, 1798, of his reading the morning prayer out of the collection of Benjamin Schmolck * at the family devotions. When at Easter of the same year he was admitted to the Gymnasium or Latin School of Corach, under the master named Curtze, he at once took a higher class than was usual with beginners. Every date has been preserved of his progress up to the highest form, which he reached at Michaelmas, 1808, at sixteen years of age. All accounts testify to his having seized upon the information offered as a property to which he had a natural claim, achieving tasks with a power and certainty as though he already possessed by intuition the knowledge he was acquiring. Thus he became the delight of his teachers, and the pride of his father, while with his schoolfellows in general he was popular, as he had always time and power to spare to execute the tasks which others had not accomplished; in return for which help he required those who possessed voices to sing to him, or when rambling in the woods to pick wild strawberries for him, which his shortsightedness prevented him from seeing on the ground.

He had two favourites (of whom more hereafter) among his schoolfellows, who attached themselves to

* The helps to devotion both in prose and poetry of this pious and venerable writer were widely spread in private families in Germany during the former part of the eighteenth century; and selections from them are found in Bunsen's *Hymn Collection*, published in 1832, where the catalogue of hymn-poets contains a short notice of his life.

him with a tenderness and devotedness generally belonging to a riper age. But the person whose influence, after that of his father, told most upon the years of his childhood was his sister Christiana, eighteen years older than himself, the greater part of whose early life was spent in the Netherlands. She paid a visit to her father at Corbach (probably in 1798 or 1799) and had the power of interesting and attaching her young brother more than any other person, impressing upon his mind the conclusions of her powerful and independent understanding, and her principles of unflinching rectitude and sound Christianity. Her recollections have furnished the few anecdotes that remain of his boyhood: she described him as a beautiful child, fair-complexioned and curly-haired, with the bright eye and fine chiselling of features which those, who have seen him to the last, still hold in remembrance: self-willed and unmanageable except by his father, to whose authoritative commands he never failed to yield, as with herself he readily gave way to reason, or promised submission when she threatened never again to sing to him. An incident of earliest days might seem too insignificant to mention, were it not ever worth while to evoke a pleasing vision before the mind's eye. He had been taken out to walk at some distance from his native town, where the corn and grass fields alternated without intermediate fences, at the time of year when both were grown high. His parents walked along the path, and he vanished from their sight. After a time they searched and called in all directions, and at length found him sitting, overshadowed by the tall grass standing for hay, and so perfectly happy in seeking flowers that he was neither frightened at being alone, nor roused from his infant reverie and contemplation by the frequent sound of his own name.

Throughout life he had intense delight in air and sunshine, and the sight of God's creation; but more in its combined effect, than in its individualities; and

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though very capable of bodily exertion, he had no taste for exercise for its own sake, but preferred to imbibe pleasure in perfect ease and repose, as in infancy.

Between the ages of thirteen and fourteen, Bunsen was in the habit of saving all the small coin he became master of, to purchase books, or to subscribe to the circulating library of Corbach, the catalogue of which was scanty in proportion to the rate of subscription, and consisted mainly of works of a class, upon which in the whole remainder of his life he bestowed the very smallest fraction of time and attention: namely, novels, chiefly translations from Richardson and Mrs. Radcliffe: but he found there, and eagerly devoured, a translation of Shakespeare's works, which, however indifferent, was the best in existence previous to the incomparable work of Schlegel. Besides these he had read all the books in his father's small collection, and those belonging to neighbours. In this period is to be placed the acquisition of English, from the pastor of a distant village. Glover's 'Leonidas' is mentioned as one of the books they read together, a copy of which had strayed into the possession of the pastor, whose small store formed the whole amount of English literature thereabouts attainable. The pastor's communications to Bunsen were not confined to the English language, and he profited in various ways by this first opportunity of contact with a mind enlarged by much cultivation.

The French language was a portion of the instruction given at the school, and it is noted in one of his father's letters that Bunsen was the best French scholar. An attempt to teach him to sing, as all others were taught in the earliest school-years, was given up as fruitless. He had, however, great pleasure in hearing music, and an extremely keen perception of correct tune; but he could not accomplish the notes of the scale, and would himself relate that he could go up, but always failed in coming down again. His father had made a point of

his attending a dancing class for a short time; but all endeavours proved vain to drill and discipline the movements of his limbs.

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I.

At the age of fourteen his Confirmation took place, after six months' attendance upon the regular teaching of the Pastor of St. Kilian's Church. From his recollections of the tone and tendency of this course of instruction, it must have been that of the latter half of the eighteenth century, in which a system of half-virtues and half-truths was inculcated under the name of Christianity; and it presented itself to his reflecting mind in strong contrast to the faith, which had been the support of his father through all the severe trials of his life, and to those manly Christian principles, which Bunsen had listened to with reverence from his infancy. Christian convictions, reference to Providential guidance, 'vindication of the ways of God to man,' uncomplaining endurance of an uninterrupted course of labour and struggle under narrow circumstances, were by precept and example habitually inculcated in that paternal dwelling; and these impressions were so strong at that period of his life that the plan of devoting himself to divinity as a profession was the first he formed; and it was long adhered to, as extracts from his early letters testify.

The years 1806, 1807, and 1808 were brilliantly passed in the uppermost form of the Gymnasium, under the Rector Strube and Conrector Winterberg. To Bunsen was assigned the customary speech at the breaking-up at Easter and Michaelmas in each year, the subjects of his choice being, in the autumn of 1806, 'Reflections at the Grave of Schiller;' in the spring of 1807, 'Leonidas at Thermopylæ;' Michaelmas, 1807, 'Hope;' at Easter, 1808, 'Blessings of Peace;' and finally, at Michaelmas in 1808, as a farewell on departing to the University, 'Human Life, a Series of Partings.' From this period of his life some letters have been preserved.

CHAP.
I.*From a Letter to his eldest Sister, Christiana.*

[Translation.]

Corbach: 30th September, 1807.

The time is drawing near for my proceeding to the University, and my masters considered me to be fit at Easter last; but on account of my youth, I am to wait till next Easter. When at the University, I shall make a principal point of the study of languages. As to my future provision, I am not afraid; for the men of most influence here in our country have assured me of their good inclinations, and although I should of course, in the first instance, offer my services at home, yet when one has learnt what is requisite, other countries also may be open.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Corbach: 14th February, 1808.

According to your desire, I send my discourse on Hope, which, as containing the thoughts of a brother, may not displease you. It is very short, because the regulation is absolute, not to occupy more than ten or twelve minutes, which is a very narrow space for a subject so abundant. A copy was sent to the Countess at Bergheim, by her desire, and she thought well enough of it to send it for my better recommendation to Göttingen, from whence as yet no answer has been received; and I doubt much whether any can soon be expected, for the Professors are in a state of extreme oppression, the contribution of 174,000 francs being laid upon forty of their number, to be divided among them as best they can, which may well fall heavily upon many.

The oppressive and demoralising rule of Jerome Bonaparte weighed heavily upon Westphalia.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

..

Corbach: 15th May, 1808.

You will be surprised again to receive a letter from my hand with this date, for you will have supposed me long since at the University. But soon after my last came one from the Countess, enclosing the reply of Professor Heyne, who announces the utter impossibility at present of securing

for me free commons, as all the funds intended for such purposes have been appropriated by Government. The Countess advised, therefore, that I should wait half a year longer, as in that time the fate of Göttingen must be decided. What could I do but remain here?

•This is the place most fitted for the introduction of portions of a valuable contribution connected with Bunsen's boyhood, from a beloved schoolfellow, who survived him but a year. It seemed advisable not to suppress the latter part of this paper, written at the especial request of the editor of these pages, even though it extends beyond the period as yet under contemplation. The writer, Wolrad Schumacher, was often mentioned by Bunsen as one of the two schoolfellows between whom and himself the strongest attachment subsisted; the other being Wilhelm Scipio. The 'finely touched spirit' of the former sufficiently discloses itself in the pages that follow. He was of distinguished literary attainments, devoted to the study of public interests, and selected in 1848 to be, for a short time, the ruling Minister in the Principality of Waldeck, to which he belonged. The only record of Wilhelm Scipio, who was early withdrawn from a life with which he was not fitted to contend, is in the following words of Schumacher, in reply to enquiry:—'Wilhelm Scipio was an amiable youth; who, owing to his gentleness and an impediment in his speech, was much teased by schoolfellows; therefore peculiarly adapted to seek and find refuge and kindness with Bunsen, who loved what was refined, and protected what was oppressed.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF BUNSEN.

BY WOLRAD SCHUMACHER, OF AROLSSEN.

[Translation.]

'The question asked is, What was the boy Bunsen? I can only reply by giving to understand what he was to me—what was the effect of his life and being upon

CHAP.
I.

me; and for that purpose I am compelled in the first place to speak of myself.

‘I lived at Arolsen happily in the years of childhood, well off in everything that could rejoice or animate the heart of a boy. I had a father to whom I looked up as the model of what a man ought to be: tall and powerful in appearance, cheerful in spirit, manly in everything, whether active or passive, kind and encouraging when I had been industrious, but much to be feared in his anger. I had a mother, as gentle, affectionate, ready to help and console in all conditions and contingencies, as good a support and refuge, as ever boy had. Also an elder and devoted sister, whose bright eyes were ever lovingly directed towards me; who led me to my earliest school, and with whom my relation was one of unruffled peace. Opposite to me dwelt the friend early won and long preserved,* and his father the Town-Councillor Bunsen. The latter was a personage peculiar to those days. He was born in Frankfort, and gave himself up first of all to theological studies. Although much admired there for pulpit eloquence, he after a time abandoned that occupation on account of weakness of the chest, and travelled as companion and guide with sons of wealthy families, thereby becoming acquainted with the world. He was looked up to, not only as an active and highly competent man of business, but as a centre of intellectual movement in our whole Principality; as a friend of art and science and correspondent of men of learning in foreign countries, but more peculiarly striking to us boys as a man of wit, a poet and epigrammatist; as a mighty hunter and rider, and as understanding all our games and being the most competent counsellor in them; in short, a man quite after all our hearts. With

* This was Reinhard Bunsen, who entered the public service in Prussia early in life, and died a judge at Berlin in 1863; a friend through life to Bunsen, as his father had been among the first kind promoters of his outward interests.

him, as my father's neighbour and colleague, I had a kind of daily intercourse, at least of observation.

‘If my personal circumstances were favourable, local circumstances were not less so. The open, cheerful, well-kept town, the many avenues of oak and chestnut trees, the abundant fruit-gardens in which the town seemed imbedded, the neighbouring woods, the wide spaces for kite-flying—nothing was wanting to our enjoyment. So far all was well; but I was now called to experience the first changes of fate, and what it is in life to suffer privations. My beloved teacher, in consequence of domestic trials, fell into deep melancholy. I beheld sadly from afar the building which I had so gladly frequented, and wandered about, downcast and unoccupied; and on a sudden it was decided that I was to be sent to school at Corbach,* where I had an uncle. I had scarcely comprehended or fancied what was to betide me, when one Sunday in November, 1805, an opportunity offered of a conveyance to Corbach by which I was to go at once. I left Arolsen with extreme sorrow, which was not diminished by the gloomy aspect of my new abode and my new teacher. But my heart did not break nor harden; all at once I found myself sitting beside Christian Bunsen, in the dwelling of his parents, kindly received by them as well as by their son. How this happened I have no remembrance, so suddenly and rapidly did all the late occurrences drag me along with them; but all at once I found myself spending whole winter evenings in that house. The father read the newspaper or a book, the mother sat by him knitting, a female servant was spinning in the corner behind the stove, Christian and I sat on a bench under the window towards the street, somewhat in the shade. Little do I recall of what was spoken, when suddenly we start up at the sound of a bell which summons me home; the leave-taking at the house-door extended to some length;

* The distance under eight English miles from Arolsen.

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I.

then he accompanies me to my home; I follow him back to his own; till at last parting becomes unavoidable. Thus passed the winter of 1805, when in every free hour of the day I sought refuge in Bunsen's abode; and this was the course of things for three years. He was fourteen years of age, and had in the previous summer been confirmed. I was more than two years his junior, which difference is considerable at that time of life, and he was almost two classes higher than myself; wherefore, even at that period, the question must have arisen in my mind, what made him receive me into such intimacy? The motive, I found, was that he had divined the state of my mind and desired to comfort me: and I enquired no further, for I was in fact helped entirely out of my disconsolate condition.

'To describe the external appearance of Bunsen at that age would be a task beyond my power; but the photograph after Richmond's portrait (executed in London in 1848) has enabled me to recall much that was striking in the expression of his countenance even in those early years, particularly in the eye, with its bright clear depth, conveying the consciousness of cheerful, or rather joyous enthusiasm; while the strength of character and power to rule and influence was instinctively felt, as though remaining in reserve until the *will* should summon them to action.

'The father of this remarkable boy was a little aged man, of strongly expressive features, with penetrating resolute eyes and bushy eyebrows; decided, hot-tempered, but, when the outer world showed itself peaceably towards him, full of kindness and good-nature. Firmness, faithfulness, and integrity were clearly denoted in his whole countenance, and also the power and will to defend himself to the uttermost against any aggression. He had quitted with honour the Waldeck-Dutch military service, his right shoulder and leg both injured; but in spite of this infirmity he retained his upright carriage

and military demeanour so thoroughly, that when, in exercising on certain days in the year a company of country militia, he stood in soldierlike bearing in his plain blue and yellow uniform with scanty epaulettes, sword, and cane, he might have been the very image of a worn and weather-beaten old English admiral. Except on such an occasion, or when, in his private capacity or in that of a citizen, some right was to be maintained, he rarely showed himself in public. He lived upon a small pension and the produce of an insignificant landed property, with the help of what he could earn in transcribing the business papers of an advocate of Corbach.

‘The sight of the old man when, in the hours of forced leisure, he allowed himself the enjoyment of a small pipe, and looked from his window at his fowls in the poultry-yard, presented an image of peaceful content. The mother (the second wife of Bunsen’s father) was a small delicately-formed woman, always active and occupied with the objects of her care; casting looks of respect upon her husband, while looks of love were all bestowed upon her darling son. Both parents lived in the love and fear of God, and in habits of prayer and religious edification. The half-sister Christiana lived in Holland, and was never present in my time; the second half-sister, Helene, was seldom at home; therefore I could take no cognisance of the attachment between them and their brother, of the closeness and devotedness of which I had full proof in later years.

‘The dwelling of the family was in a side street; the thatched roof, the threshold at the entrance, the stable on your right hand after entering, reminded you of the arrangement of the abode of a Westphalian yeoman: there was besides a flight of stairs to the upper story on the right, and on the left the outlet to a small garden. The dwelling-chamber, roomy and light, was on the left from the house-door. Christian Bunsen’s own small room was in the upper story, towards the garden. Here,

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during my Corbach school-years, did I go in and out, finding my friend never otherwise than occupied, full of zeal and earnestness over his books. In the morning he was up with the sun, which shone straight into his window, looking to the east. During the summer evenings, when I came in the twilight to fetch him to walk, he was reading or writing, but ever turned from his occupation to receive me with bright kindness. Throughout the school, he was admired as a genius, but by no one so much as by myself:—great as his achievements have been, my boundless anticipations still exceeded the result. In knowledge and comprehension, no individual could measure with him in any degree, and his laboriousness cast all the rest into shade. The execution of an essay of forty-one pages, set as a task, in one week, was unheard of except in his case; and the sixty pages of fair transcript accomplished in one Sunday for the procrastinating advocate, to help his overtaken father, might well astonish those aware of the fact. Yet more was his memory matter of astonishment. On a day of school-examination, Counsellor Bunsen of Arolsen (already mentioned), who was the appointed commissioner, expressed the wish to hear Schiller's poem of "The Bell" declaimed the following day, and the question went round who would volunteer for this performance; but as no one had already learnt the poem by heart, no one would offer to learn and recite it in that short time. Christian Bunsen, however, nothing daunted, and believing in the possibility, accepted and executed the task.

'That he was regular in attending church cannot be asserted, for often did he assist his father in despatching arrears of work; and often did he indulge in study in the stillness of the Sunday, which was ever delightful to him; yet was he often seen at church, and, when there, observed to be more devoutly attentive than any one of us, as was also the case at the morning prayers at school; and although nature had not been favourable to him as

to power of voice, yet he joined in the hymns with earnest solemnity. I have seen him *read* in the Bible: for the actual study of the Bible the time was not yet come.

‘I never saw him playing at games of skill or chance, nor indeed at any festival or fruit-gathering; he loved to bathe, and sometimes would play at ball, also at chess or picquet with me alone, on which occasions I found that the niceties and refinements of the games were almost instinctively perceived by him. I had opportunity of observing the right feeling which dictated his behaviour towards a very young female cousin, who was for a time on a visit to his parents. She was thoroughly shy and apprehensive, but the kindness of his little cares and attentions soon gave her courage even to venturing to join in our conversation. His notice of her was owing not to any preference, but granted as due to her tender age and her relationship.

‘His share of the payment of the advocate, which his father failed not punctually to deliver to him as soon as obtained, was scrupulously laid by and never broken into, that it might accumulate into a sufficiency for the purchase of books (such as a new edition by Wolff or by Voss), which when he was so happy as to have acquired he hastened to secure from injury in a handsome half-binding. I have never met in life a more passionate lover of books, and with the bookbinder he entertained ever a sort of intimacy and sympathy. Sometimes would he let fall a word about *India*, which was unaccountable to me, as at that time I connected only a geographical conception with that name.

‘His behaviour towards all his teachers was exemplary; but his relation to each of them was different, and the variety of feeling was denoted distinctly though delicately, whether by tone of voice, or the expression of eye, or a more respectful distance in manner: but even where he doubted the authority of the weaker head, no sign of disrespect was suffered to appear. His gratitude towards

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the dispensers of instruction was invariable and deepfelt, a touching proof of which and of his impatience to make a return has been told me lately, as not forgotten in his native town. His parents having killed a calf, he desired to carry a portion in a napkin, with his own hands, rather than send it by the maid, to the house of one of the masters, Freybe, who had invited him to share in private lessons without accepting remuneration. With regard to his schoolfellows in general he was the most inoffensive youth in the entire school, but in self-defence, if aggression were attempted he could be terrible in expression of countenance and resolute demeanour; when, however, these means of intimidation had proved sufficient, sunshine returned instantaneously.

‘In the autumn of 1808, Bunsen went to the Marburg University. The letters he wrote to me from thence are no more to be found. We met again in the vacation, when he was animated and communicative in the highest degree, and I remarked anew his former peculiarity of gratitude towards the new instructors, and discrimination in the value he placed upon each, whether he spoke of Arnoldi, Hartmann, Münscher, Thienemann, or with still more sparkling eye and increased emphasis uttered the name of Wachler.

‘On his removal to Göttingen in the autumn of 1809, he lodged at first in the house of Superintendent Wagemann, . . . and when I followed him in the autumn of 1811, he with all his former kindness arranged that I should also have a room there next to his own. I was struck with the expansion of his mind during the two years in which our personal intercourse had discontinued, although in all other respects I found him unaltered. He had plunged deep into philological studies, and disposed of the business of Collaborator (under-master of the Gymnasium), considerable though it was, as a secondary matter; and I perceived him to be the centre and point of union of a circle of distinguished contempo-

aries. His spirit seemed to stretch forward into an unimpeded path, urged on by resistless energy; it was as though a fire of thought and will was ever burning inwardly, without consuming or exhausting his powers.

'The instructive discernment of differences of character, of mental gifts and qualities of the heart, for which Bunsen was ever remarkable, his faculty of meeting without artifice or dissimulation every variety of mind, influentially or sympathetically,—was, perhaps, never so powerfully called forth, so brought into living action, as among his friends at Göttingen. Reinhard Bunsen, Thienemann, Ernst Schulze, Ludwig Abeken, and many others, might be named as seeming to correspond to various portions of his intellectual being, and being met by him accordingly. The last-mentioned, in whom the germ of early death was fast developing, was an object of his peculiar affection and attention. How would he carry on discussion with the worthy intelligent friend Agricola! and hold argument, as in the atmosphere of Pericles, with the refined Greek scholar Dissen! With the caustic spirit of Lachmann he hit upon the right stimulus by which to lead him into disputation: to the learned, ungentle Dr. Reck he would listen with the patience of an anchorite, ending with proposing to him a humorous toast. In short, he read men as he did books; but, before all things, should be noted of him that, having a heart himself, he never failed to do justice to the heart of another.

'Often did he in the evening drop asleep like a child on his seat: but in the morning he rose in summer at four, in winter at five o'clock, and, after a rapid but not negligent toilet, hastened forth with a face of joyous thought to his books and the desk in his study.

'*Plus ultra* was Bunsen's motto during the time at Göttingen; later, as is well known, he chose *In silentio et spe*.

'The great event of his stay at Göttingen was his

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first literary attempt, an Essay on the Athenian Law of Inheritance, which obtained the prize, and attracted much attention. He accomplished this work in the summer of 1812, following during that time lectures on the Pandects by Hugo, in order to take in the whole subject of laws and customs regarding inheritance, which he also went through with Dr. Reck, or, according to his own expression, caused to be beaten into him. On the important day of decision (15th November, 1812) I was stationed at the *aula* to bring instantaneous intelligence of the name to which the prize would be adjudged—to him who waited at home. I took my post close to the door, and as soon as Mitscherlich, having unfolded the sealed paper, had read the name, "Christianus Carolus Josias Bunsen," I ran off without hearing what followed. The joy which my news created is not to be described; it had no check, and seemed to have no end, making its way in rapturous demonstrations. At such times Bunsen was most attaching, pouring forth his very soul of light and love towards his sympathising friends. Great was my surprise the next morning early, to find him at his work, absorbed as usual, as though nothing uncommon had happened.

'The demeanour of Bunsen was peculiar and original under the anticipation of any critical turn in life. Moved evidently in his inmost consciousness, he yet seemed to behold that which was impending as without him, or rather above him. From whence help was to come he doubted not, the question *how* occupied his serious cogitations; yet did he live on cheerfully the while, in a certain quiet confidence. He had great self-consciousness, but uttered it not himself; it spoke plainly out of his entire being: in common intercourse he was ever modest and unpretending; the force that was in him was original nature; arrogance, pretension, and all school formality, were foreign to him; he spoke with clear common sense; collected and abundant in original thought;

not shy or mistrustful of himself, ever acting on the spur of duty, and faithful under every test.

‘I saw Bunsen on his return from a visit to Berlin in 1828, at his birthplace. He had issued forth from that dwelling with the thatched roof ten years before, and was now a man upon whom many eyes and hopes were fixed. How handsome and how winning did I feel him to be! how greatly was I impressed by the maturity of his entire being, the grand style of that countenance, of energetic earnestness, never so striking as when lighted up by a smile! It was at this time that his likeness to Napoleon I., which in his journey through France in 1816 nearly brought him into trouble, was especially observed. (A portrait of Napoleon as First Consul, presented to the town of Brügge, and now hanging in a hall at the Townhouse, may be mentioned as bearing a remarkable resemblance to Bunsen at this time.) In the year 1845, on his way from the Castle of Holzenfels, I saw him again in his native town, and in 1852 I was with him on “the second Capitol,” as he called Carlton Terrace in London. (This was an allusion to his words on leaving the long-enjoyed dwelling at Rome. In strongly compressed emotion he exclaimed, on passing through the door, never to be re-entered, to his wife and surrounding friends, “We go to build up another Capitol.”) His head had then gained a new beauty in soft and waving silvery hair; otherwise in nothing did I find him altered.

‘Overlooking his life, as I now can from first to last, I behold ever the same thread, the same tissue: I have never perceived a change, and to believe that any such had taken place would be impossible to me. At the time when his influence was great with Frederick William III., and with the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., great was also the spite entertained against him in well-known circles: a consequence of which was his being accused of “intrigue,” and of being more *sly* than

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any man in the Monarchy. I consider such tendencies to have been foreign to his nature, and that no crooked ways can be found in his course of action. The words of Gustavus Adolphus, used in allusion to himself, might apply here also: *Qui se fait brebis, loup le mange*.*

'Time was when a religious metamorphosis was a customary matter of supposition with those who were fond of bandying about the term "Pietist" or "Methodist." I consider this attribution to Bunsen as altogether absurd. In the retrospect of his life, as a boy, as a youth, as a man, I find not a trace of alteration, great as has been the development and expansion of thought and feeling, deep and powerful from the first. When I have contemplated him as a youth, in moments of meditation, I feel as if he might have uttered to me the lines,—'

[The lines here introduced as quotation pronounce that man blessed to whose reverential study the way of salvation is revealed in the Book of books—that man who has never 'sat in the seat of the scorner.']

'The current of certain conviction, rising from the depths of the heart, flows through the works of his riper age, in his "Hippolytus," in "God in History," in the "Introduction to his Bible Work:" like the gulf-stream, imparting renovating warmth wherever its influence reaches.

'Bunsen's mother died the 27th December, 1819, his father on the 18th January, 1820. In the Church Register at Corbach; after the notice of the death of the latter, are inscribed the words "Homines probi," by the incumbent, Pfarrer Weigel, well known as strictly conscientious, loving and observing truth: and such a

* Reinhard Bunsen, speaking of the subject of this memoir in a letter dated Berlin, 28th December, 1841, confirms this statement of the jealousy which many persons of distinction felt towards him at the time referred to. 'Apart from his being,' he says, 'a *parvenu* and not *noble* . . . his demeanour, which is that of a man who crouches before no one, is peculiarly hateful to them.'

testimony to the worth of the deceased is the more to be noted, as single in its kind in that register.

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‘Had the death of that man’s son been marked in a similar manner in the Register at Bonn, I can for my part entertain no doubt as to the words which would have been suitable:—but the significance, the worth, the importance of Bunsen’s life, character, and works, are not yet acknowledged, according to his full desert, in the fatherland: as they one day will, and as I believe they are beginning to be unfolded.’

During the combination of home-life with the school-teaching of Corbach, Bunsen’s father had made it possible, by dint of industry, to bear the cost of his son’s education; but, to meet University expenses, other help was indispensable, and as early as 1802 application was made for one of the ‘stipendia,’ or scholarships founded by the liberality of former rulers of Waldeck, for the support of students at the University of Marburg. The testimony of merit granted by his master, Christian Freybe, dated May, 1808, was most forcibly worded; yet was it not without difficulty and delay that, at the intercession of his godmother the Countess of Waldeck, Bunsen obtained the small allowance of fifty thalers, with which he set forth on the 29th October, 1808, with five fellow-students, towards Marburg, being entrusted with the money intended for three of them, besides a hundred thalers, the remnant of the savings of his father’s hard working years. His account-book is still extant, showing that he most scrupulously fulfilled the trust reposed in him.

Bunsen always remembered with pleasure the year he spent in Marburg, and was strongly impressed by the picturesque aspect of the town, the beautiful architecture of the church of St. Elizabeth, and the surrounding country; but he was soon convinced that it was too small a University to offer the opportunities he needed,

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both for advancement in his pursuit of knowledge, and for giving instruction to others with a view to self-support. It is recorded that Arnoldi, the chief Professor of Theology at Marburg, expressed regret at Bunsen's not having been induced to remain there and follow that course of study; the more so as he had once preached a sermon in the church of St. Elizabeth, as it seems, with general approbation.* Bunsen mentions in one of his early letters an apprehension that neither his voice nor chest were strong enough for the calling to which he then felt most inclined, which may well surprise those who had opportunity of observing the uncommon power of both these organs, even to the close of his life. The decision to leave Marburg, and thus renounce the scholarship granted for studying at that especial University, was an act of great moral courage; for he was well aware that at Göttingen his expenses would be greater, and his apparent means of meeting them still more inconsiderable; but he reckoned upon the opportunities offered by the more distinguished University, and upon the countenance of the distinguished Heyne†

* It is not unusual in German Universities for students who have attended the lectures of Professors of Divinity to be invited and encouraged to preach occasionally, even though not having finally decided upon following up that career. The church of St. Elizabeth, as a complete specimen of a pure style of art, and its subsequent restoration by an architect worthy of the task, were ever matter of great interest with Bunsen, who reverentially honoured the ground trodden by St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who has in our day inspired the historical researches of Montalembert, and the dramatic genius of Kingsley.

† Heyne was at that time the leading classical scholar in Germany, and his edition of *Virgil* is still a standard work. His place as a commentator is described as being not in the critical school, but rather among those who draw the reader's attention to the matter treated, and to the æsthetical merits of the author. His indulgent kindness to Bunsen was often gratefully alluded to by him, and one anecdote is worth recording. In answer to an enquiry about expenditure, Bunsen had informed him that he had been learning to ride at the riding-house. 'Why should you ride?' enquired Heyne. 'I thought,' was the answer, 'that a man has need to be able to make use of a horse,—and whatever one has to do ought to be done well.' 'You are quite right,' replied Heyne. Bunsen had much advantage from riding-exercise in Rome, both for health and social enjoyment in the com-

(to whom the Countess of Waldeck had recommended him), and, above all, he was conscious of the 'man within him,'—

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'And, full of sanguine youth's ingenuous creed,
Thought worth must rise and talents must succeed.'

The enlargement of mind and liberality of views which caused the father to grant the meed of his approbation to the determination of his son, without any attempt at controlling his freedom of action by the dictates of commonplace prudence, is worthy of the more admiration as his was an authoritative nature, and, during the childhood of his son, when he had expressed his will, he would be obeyed. But he had formed a just estimate both of the abilities and character of the treasure granted to his old age, and, far from trammelling his independence of action, he granted him the support of his confidence as well as of his devoted affection.

Letter of Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Marburg: 24th May, 1809.

DEAREST SISTER,—I am, thank God! well and cheerful, and both, perhaps, more than ever. You think, perhaps, that the closely economical mode of life to which I restrict myself here, and the renunciation of many lawful amusements, must affect my good spirits and health: but the thought that I may some day be enabled to enjoy all the more the pleasures of social intercourse keeps me up under the pressure of the moment. I like Marburg well enough, but know not how long I may stay here, as the very continuation of the University is uncertain, and it may possibly cease for want of all support, more especially if peace on the Continent should be re-established. Perhaps it would by this time have been put an end to, were it not that during the disturbances in Westphalia some caution on the part of the Government was pany of friends, and he always retained a steady and firm seat on horseback. As to the art of riding; he was not the man to practise it; he being engrossed by meditation or conversation, the horse was generally left answerable for the care of himself and rider.

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deemed needful to avoid further embittering the public mind. Whither, then, should I wend my way? towards Göttingen or Giessen? that is uncertain. Neither can I yet know how long a time altogether I shall have to spend at Universities. Two years only are clearly inadequate for completing my course, for my province of study is very extensive, and all the branches of knowledge connected with it can only be followed up in Universities. I will do as well as I can what depends upon myself, and God's providence will assuredly perform the rest.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Corbach: 16th October, 1809.

. . . One year did I remain at Marburg, and many were the reasons for not staying longer. The University was declining from day to day: all fire and zeal were at an end, and it was considered all but certain that the whole would terminate by next Easter. In this position, full of doubt and difficulty, my since deceased friend, Counsellor Bunsen of Arolsen, unexpectedly procured and sent me a ticket of admission to free commons at Göttingen, and then my resolution was taken, although I did not overlook the remaining difficulties. A man must believe himself capable of executing his own resolves,—and obstacles only increase the strength to overcome them. So I thought, and so I think still. Expensive as Göttingen is, I may reckon after the first half-year to meet the cost of living by giving instruction. My time at Göttingen will probably extend to two years—and what then? you will ask. Then, dear sister, I shall stand at the term of my present wishes, and whatever post may be reserved for me I shall be prepared for it. My prospect of a solid provision is certain, if it were only being appointed teacher in the Corbach Gymnasium; of course, I mean in one of the upper classes—for as to playing the part of the common schoolmaster among rude, ignorant children, and wringing my maintenance out of the hard gripe of their poverty—I feel myself above that.

In October, 1809, at eighteen years of age, Bunsen entered Göttingen, where Heyne, full of years and of honour, received and treated him with paternal kindness, perceiving from the first that he had to do with a

student of uncommon gifts and acquirements, and meeting with the sympathy of genius the confiding nature of Bunsen. But the memorials of this golden period of life, as Niebuhr calls it—*Die goldene Zeit des Werdens*—are, unhappily, very scanty. A few letters only have been preserved.

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Letter to his Parents.

[Translation.]

Göttingen : 25th March, 1810.

This letter will be unexpected by you, but yet more unexpected the intelligence that you will find in it, which has been to myself no less surprising. Do not be startled, I am not dead, for as you see I can write; nor am I ill, as my letter will also prove; nor am I coming home; but I am appointed Extra Teacher at the Gymnasium at Göttingen. Hear how it has happened.

Last Friday, Heyne sent me by his servant some puzzling passages in Persius and another writer, and wrote to desire that I would make a commentary upon them, and bring it to him on Saturday afternoon. I knew nothing of any further object, but sat down to work and wrote my essay, carried it to him, but found him so busily engaged with other persons that I could not anticipate having more than a momentary interview to deliver my paper. But I was at once informed by him that I was appointed to give four hours of instruction in Latin every week to the third class—he said he thought that was a thing I should like. He was well aware of my condition and my wishes. I had fixed in my mind to go to him next Sunday to ask to be helped to an opportunity of giving private lessons, which request I had already made to Professor Bunsen. The work will give me little trouble. What salary I am to obtain I know not; it will not be considerable, but something at any rate, and a foundation stone.

Letter to Christiana.

[Translation.]

Göttingen : 7th October, 1810.

I am now in a very convenient position, residing altogether with the son of an American merchant named Astor, boarded and lodged in the best manner, and am to receive between

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this time and Easter 30 louis d'or, for which I give him instruction in German and other things. My own studies in Latin and Greek are necessarily somewhat interrupted in consequence, but, on the other hand, I have occasion to improve in English, and such a mode of life is in more than one respect useful to me. . . . It is at the least a satisfaction that my teachers have chosen me for this post out of the whole mass of students. I continue giving my lessons as before in the school, because I retain thereby something certain in Göttingen. God's providence will order all for the best, if I perform my own obligation and duly exert the powers that He has given me.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

13th February, 1811.

I am as well and cheerful as ever, and have reason to be so. I continue to give instruction to young Astor, besides which I have in the school twice as many lessons to give as at first.

It was in February, 1810, therefore, little more than three months after he reached Göttingen, that he was recommended by Heyne as teacher of the German language to William Backhouse Astor, son of the celebrated Astor of New York, and thus commenced a connection which led to important results: in the first instance as securing his independent position at the University, but chiefly because he and Mr. Astor became attached to each other; and the latter took so much pleasure in the society of Bunsen, as to endeavour more and more to secure his company and guidance, wherever he wished to direct his way through Germany.

It would seem, however, that during the first year, 1810, Bunsen remained entirely at Göttingen: in 1811, after a short visit in April to his parents at Corbach, he accompanied Arthur Schopenhauer (afterwards known by his metaphysical writings) on a tour to Gotha, Weimar, and Jena, during which he was some time in the house of the then celebrated Frau Schopenhauer, the mother of his companion, who showed him every pos-

sible attention, although he could little have harmonised with her family in taste and opinions. The time he spent with them was important as his first introduction to the remarkable men of Weimar, who met in Madame Schopenhauer's house, where he had the gratification of being presented to Göthe.

Bunsen's time at Göttingen was spent in constant and energetic mental activity, divided between the instruction of Mr. Astor and his own varied pursuits, diversified by those social meetings among friends entertaining the same views of life as himself, and walks into the country with favourite associates, to which he ever looked back with peculiar satisfaction. In the autumn he made an excursion with Mr. Astor to Dresden and Leipsig, and returned the 18th October to Göttingen, where at Easter of the following year, 1812, he was appointed teacher of Hebrew in the highest form of the school, and for Greek in the next form,—a distinction which in his letters he mentions rejoicingly. The habit formed under the auspices of his judicious father of rising in the morning long before the hour when even the most industrious began their day's labour, stood him in good stead. During his years at school, his father was the person who never failed to wake him at three o'clock in the morning, and at the University he never failed to secure for himself the undisturbed morning hours. He had through life the happy faculty of sleeping at will for minutes whenever fatigued in body or mind, after which he became fresh again to go on for hours.

It was in this year 1812 that he must have been busied with the 'Essay on the Athenian Law of Inheritance,' the prize for which was adjudged to him in November of that year. This essay is said to take a standard position in the study of Athenian jurisprudence. The premium received on this occasion was twenty-five gold ducats; and so much attention was attracted by

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this effort of the young student that three months later (12th February, 1813) the University of Jena bestowed upon him the unsolicited distinction of a diploma as *Doctor of Philosophy*. The essay exists to this hour only in the original Latin; for although, from passages in his letters in the years 1817 and 1818, he would seem to have contemplated publishing it in an enlarged and more complete form in German, this intention was never fulfilled. When the composition of the essay was in contemplation he was advised to write it in Greek instead of Latin, so high was the opinion held of his Greek scholarship; and his own predilection for Greek was strong, but he would seem to have refrained from an unusual practice, in order to avoid the appearance of ostentation.

Bunsen to a Friend not named (perhaps Hey).

[Translation.]

Göttingen : 3rd May, 1812.

Your letter, dear friend, came from a heart full and heavy with the past and future; the last, let me hope, will have become to you a cheerful present, and then will the former be calmed and brightened. Your cause of anxiety is sacred to me, like its object, and dear as yourself, and so is the fulfilment of your commission; a thing I take very seriously, as well as much besides in life, even though it may not seem as if I did; but there would soon be an end of me if I did not stand firm against strong impressions from without. This is by way of reply to your letter, which found me at the close of a welcome period of solitude. It has become clear to me how much a man has need to possess of ethical foundation in himself to be able to assimilate the results of study, so as to preserve them in active life; and I am glad of the warning suggestion as being aware of increasing agitation within, although circumstances demand steadiness of opinion and quick decision. Often does it seem to me as if my endeavours were absurd and must prove vain, as though I had done wrong in attempting to sail through the storms of life in the leaky barque of learned research, or in having armed

myself with knowledge as a heavy staff, good perhaps for the purpose of removing some stone of offence, or of striking down some mad dog infesting the rough path, but not of force to secure arriving at the mark, for the sake of which all the labour had been undertaken. In this temper of mind labouring and striving become hateful, and I would rather flee away into the quietest corner of the most insignificant village in order to seek that which is wanting to me. Wherefore all this learning and teaching, listening and searching out what serves not to that end? and why in this place of all others, where men are so quietly merging their whole being into learning, as though it were their means of regeneration? In cheerful moments, on the contrary, I resolve manfully to fight my way through, looking forwards and keeping the aim in view, which is to understand myself and the age, and to apprehend what may be the prime need of each; to minister according to my ability to that need; to separate what ought to be passed over or annihilated; to begin *ab Jove*; to climb in the blossoming time of life the heights of human intelligence, and search out the landmarks of its first achievements:—then to start into active life. With this view, I prefer remaining here, to be enabled to direct my course whithersoever the right opportunity may point out, but not lose myself in mere erudition.

In the midst of this conflict, the unlooked-for proposal of Leist* came upon me, and soon after arrived the contemptible summons to Cassel as third under-master (Collaborator) at the new Lyceum: although I had sufficiently declared that in the kingdom of Westphalia I would live nowhere but at Göttingen, even though a far preferable offer to the above-mentioned should have been made. I declined it forthwith, and Heyne (whose opinion I more and more prize) agreed with me entirely, but suggested giving the matter a different turn by pleading studies and works unfinished. What may follow I know not; at worst, that I obtain no appointment, which, as concerns my physical existence, is no misfortune. I shall not go from hence unless to Berlin or to travel. Write to me soon, from your haven of repose—you tranquil angel!

* Leist was Counsellor of State to Jerome Bonaparte, and President of the Board of Education for the kingdom of Westphalia.

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LINES BY BUNSEN.

Göttingen: 19th October, 1812.

(Translated by PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, 1866.)

THOU, who of what Thou art
And what Thou dost in boundless space and time,
Didst plant the thought sublime
Deep in the holiest-holy of my heart,
That I might well employ
My strength upon Thy praise,
Catching some far ken of Thy glorious ways
Through the long march of the uncounted days,—
Sunk in the fulness of exceeding joy!

O draw thou me
Up to the world of uncreated day!
Me the earth-born, and make my vision free
From scales that dim and hide the heavenly ray,
That I may see some part
Of Thy great glory, as a mortal may!

That one such glimpse may consecrate
Through all the dreams of this my mortal state,
And float me high
Above the bustle of the driving hour,
Above the passions swelling wild with power,
That with unswerving eye
I may behold the surging centuries roll,
Serene with fearless soul,
Rooted in Thee, from whom my being came,
Thee, through all time unmoved, and through all
change the same.

And when my thought is filled with the rich store,
And my heart streaming o'er
With what Thou art, and what Thou dost,—O then
Give Thou my tongue the large and free employ,
That what I saw I may make known to men,
Sunk in the fulness of exceeding joy!

*Bunsen to his Parents.*CHAP.
I.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 1st January, 1813.

All blessing be upon my dear parents in the new year! Neither in person nor in the form of a letter could I accomplish appearing before you at the beginning of this year, but at least from my room I pour forth my greeting. Never did I commence a new year with more emotion than now! When in the night of the last first of January, I sat solitary before my desk and looked over the series of wishes and of questions which in the same midnight hour two years ago I had written down, gazing with joy and hope into the future; and when I then contemplated the images of my past life and considered how the Almighty has blessed me from earliest days in such kind parents, and otherwise so variously, and later, in a land of strangers and in a doubtful position, had cleared up my dark anticipations and fulfilled my timid wishes; and when at last, turning to the present, I beheld a sufficient and satisfactory response to my yearnings after the future, in the guidance of my life, by ways so unexpected, to a point where I now tread those fields of knowledge which I had then loved rather than seen,—in the midst of friendship and happiness fully as great as I had ventured to desire, heightened by the remembrance of those who are dear to me;—then did sadness steal over me, and a melancholy doubt seize on my spirit, lest I should have enjoyed and possessed too much of good for the share of a mortal, and that some hard blow might tear away a portion of the blessings granted, to remind me of the transitory nature of all that is earthly. And yet has the year now past proved one of the most cheerful and fortunate in my life. Even the loss of Heyne reminds me of the abundant kindness he showed me to the very last. You will therefore feel how solemn was the consciousness with which I met its last hour.

The whole Christmas time had been very precious, in allowing me one week in which to live entirely to myself: and the Christmas festival brought a store of bright recollections from earliest childhood. I kept the holy eve with Ludwig Abeken, of Osnabrück, whom I have known since last autumn, and who is bound to me like a brother: with him, and a few others who are dear to me, I read the

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beginning of the Gospel of Luke and other portions of the Bible, which I have often before me, besides Plato and other books of study in Greek. The next morning I decked out my room with branches of fir and tapers, and a piano-forte, which I had borrowed for the festival time, as my friend plays it remarkably well. The following evening we met at supper in a somewhat larger party, but only of friends and habitual associates, and did not separate till after midnight. Through the days between Christmas and the New Year study was unremitting, but on New Year's eve I finished the large and important Greek book with which I had been busied. At ten o'clock I went with Becker of Gotha (son of a well-known author who is now imprisoned on that account by the French at Magdeburg), with Ulrich of Jena, and Susemihl of Kiel (both students of medicine), and also with my old friend and countryman Wolrad Schumacher, to the room of my Osnabrück friend for a social meeting. Thus we were a company from all parts of our fatherland, and composed of all faculties: three philologists, Abeken and myself, each reckoned as half a theologian, one student of divinity, two of medicine, and one of law. Outside, the entire long street shone with light and reverberated with music, vocal and instrumental. Then the clock struck twelve, all doors and windows burst open, and the street was alive with human heads and the voice of congratulation. We, however, in deep silence, touched glasses to honour the expiring year, and severally embraced without the power of uttering a word, till after a pause we joined in the fine song of Voss: 'The year's last hour tolls forth with deep'ning chime a solemn sound.' Then did the gloom of the imminent parting and the probability that for the last time on earth I now looked upon many of those around me, so possess my mind, that I could not refrain from tears, and by the time they came to the last verse I was wholly overcome, which seldom happens to me. Towards one o'clock we again became cheerful, and with singing and sound of guitar we moved homewards to my dwelling, where Schumacher remained with me. I began the work of the new year with that which had most occupied me in the last. Next morning I received the cordial salutations of my three favourite pupils.

At Easter, when I come to you, I shall beg for the ring

which you presented to me four years ago.* As to America, pray be not anxious, thither I shall not go as long as a Germany yet exists.

CHAP.
I.

An account may here find its place, which Ludwig Abeken, the friend mentioned with such endearing terms in the foregoing letter, gave of Bunsen at this time in a letter to a brother, dated the 16th November, 1812, which has already been printed elsewhere. After details of utter depression of spirits, consequent upon a morbid state of body (in fact, as was known later, of an incipient tumour in the head, which caused, alas! not many years after, the premature death of this gifted youth), Abeken continues as follows:—

[Translation.]

Ulrich appeared to me as sent from God for my relief; he communicated much, and in particular about his friend Bunsen (now collaborator at the Gymnasium of Göttingen, but still attending lectures), who had expressed a wish to become acquainted with me. Friday, Ulrich came again and brought Bunsen to me, and with that evening my happy time began. I feel irresistibly drawn to that admirable being: he met me with all the more kindness and tender consideration as Ulrich had informed him of my state of melancholy; and I left the house touched and comforted. On Sunday afternoon, they both came to fetch me for a walk on the Plesse,—and ever did it become clearer to me what a treasure I had found in my new acquaintance; in every subject of conversation was revealed the depth and polish of his mental cultivation. The ruins of the Plesse roused my mind to new pleasures; in these as in Paulinzelle, trees rise out of the fallen building, just as in myself also new life had sprung up, and I could now turn a free and cheerful glance upon the world. On the way back, Bunsen joined me apart from the others: related much of Heyne, to whom he has been considerably indebted for his advancement. We talked of Sophocles, of Plato, of Johannes Müller, of Herder. He

* The ring in question was his father's betrothal ring, given to Bunsen on the solemn occasion of departing to the University, and which he evidently declined to take possession of until he should have 'earned his spurs.'

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told me what I might expect here in the way of philosophy, and what an enjoyment he had procured himself in the establishment of a philosophical society, which he invited me to join. I answered that I believed myself unequal to the requirements of the society, but he argued away my doubts, and I heartily thanked him for the offer. It was so unusual, that a man whom I could love and honour should advance to meet me! Hitherto, whenever I had found such, it was I who had to make the way; and now did one of a standing far above mine, whom from the first moment I had loved and honoured, approach me closely: and this consciousness did my heart good. We resumed our conversation on the Antigone. Bunsen asked me with an indescribable look, a beam of kindness and benevolence, whether we should not be brothers? What a blessed moment was that! I had not known before what it was to have a friend, and now my heart expanded. I could speak little, but the whole gloomy past vanished from my sight, and I held fast the happy present. I spent the evening at Ulrich's, where Bunsen also was. After supper he read passages out of the New Testament,—that of the man who built his house on the rock, that of the lilies of the field, and the last chapter of John. Never had I felt so happy; my life, and what I am capable of becoming, seemed to clear up before me. The contemplation of a friend, so far advanced beyond any other of those devoted to study in Göttingen, far from discouraging, inspires me with courage and power to urge my way forward, and strive to become worthy of him. . . . As suffering had left me no quiet, so joy allowed not of my becoming composed. My entire being is changed; my friends call me in sport the New-born, and they are right: what I never thought to attain, the unclouded enjoyment of the present, and the power of holding fast and employing the moment, is granted to me in the highest degree. Sunday-afternoon at 2 o'clock I went with Becker to the lecture-hall, where Mitscherlich, in the presence of the assembled University, made a Latin address, at the close of which he announced the names of those to whom prizes had been adjudged. Imagine my delight when he finished with the words:—*Auctor victricis commendationis est Carolus Christianus Bunsen*. I rushed off to Bunsen, who assured me that the joy of his friends

over his good fortune was more valuable to him than the prize itself. With Ulrich and Becker I walked round the ramparts to compose my mind: at four o'clock we returned to Bunsen, who had invited us, and here I met the assembled members of the Philosophical Society, with whom Bunsen made me acquainted. My place was between Dr. Tolken and Ulrich, and I was glad to have approached Tolken, who told me much of Italy, where he had spent five years, and admirably did he speak on the subject of the ancients. At seven o'clock we made a pause, and with one of the company, in whom the current of life runs strong, I wandered through the illuminated streets. At eight we returned to Bunsen: the professors, and such as belonged not to a youthful party, had departed, only Dr. Schütz remained, at Bunsen's particular request. Now, indeed, did life and joy quiver through all my veins: we became so excited that we fell to singing, but only the best kind of jovial songs, Dr. Schütz (who is also President of the Philosophical Society) being our leader, one of the most gifted and most amiable of men, in many respects like Henry Voss. He, Reck, and others, took leave at one o'clock; but Ulrich, Becker, Schumacher (one of Bunsen's earliest friends, whom I reckon among mine), and myself, declared it impossible to go to bed, and we remained till three o'clock together. We confessed, each and all, that we had this day allowed fancy to range unchecked, and promised each other to resume study with seriousness and zeal. Those were heavenly hours! and the engagement made I hope to maintain.

The following letter breathes the same exalted and enthusiastic sentiments:—

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 1812.

C. Bunsen on the blessed Christmas Day

Hails his friend Agricola!

Blessing and salvation in the New Year!

. . . When I think what an amount of all that is good and precious has flowed out to meet me in the course of the last year, and feel the joy of life within my heart, and courage by the activity of love to do good among my brethren—then this room becomes too narrow for me, the sky before me pours forth radiance, and with every gush my fulness of joy grows warmer, fuller, and more intense!

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And then does the consciousness seize me of the all-ruling Nemesis, which dwells in the bottom of man's heart, and recalls him from exultation to sobriety of joy in life, with more or less sternness compelling his return to self-possession, when happiness, even though fairly won and lawfully enjoyed, would have floated him in its exuberance over the bounds of humanity.

It is not so difficult to endure misfortune; but good fortune is a heavy burden, and to bear it as one ought is a difficult art to be learnt. This idea floated before me indistinctly in earliest childhood, in the brightest moments of existence; and more clearly in overlooking the history of the revolutions in things human—where the contemplative spirit may discern an influence above the whirlpool of events, by which all human purpose, when it has once transgressed its limits and ventured beyond its natural boundaries, is consigned inevitably to penal retribution. In the study of antiquity, this thought has pointed my way like a lightning flash; and never may it be lost to my consciousness!

Bunsen to Agricola.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 13th July, 1813.

. . . Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place. Heyne received me, guided me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of a high and noble energy and indefatigable activity in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him. He might have superintended and administered and maintained an entire kingdom without more effort and with yet greater efficiency than the University for which he lived: he was too great for a mere philologist, and in general for a professor of mere learning in the age into which he was cast, and he was more distinguished in every other way than in this. Consider what it was to have guided the studies, influenced the mental cultivation of two generations, during half a century!—and, what is more, to have estimated and rated at its just value a far higher condition of intellectual development, with a measure of insight and devotedness just the reverse of what was attributed to him by the narrowness of opinion, founded only on the casual and insignificant utterances of his mind. And what

has he established or founded at the cost of this exertion of faculties?

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Learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged; for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life. Yet, two things remain of him, and will not perish—the one, the tribute left by his free spirit to the finest productions of the human mind, and what he felt, thought and has immortalized in many men of excellence gone before. Read his explanations of Tischbein's engravings from Homer, his last preface to Virgil, and especially his oration on the death of Müller, and you will understand what I mean. I speak not of his political instinct, made evident in his survey of the public and private life of the ancients. The other memorial, which will subsist of him yet more warm in life than the first, is the remembrance of his generosity, to which numbers owe a deep obligation, and which in me at least has left traces not to be effaced.

Should I ever be able to effect anything not unworthy of him, at least in scope and intention, to his manes shall it be in gratitude consecrated.

[Translation.]

Göttingen : 16th February, 1813.

DEAREST PARENTS,—Yesterday, most unexpectedly, did I receive from the philosophical faculty of the University of Jena the diploma of Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causâ*, delivered by the son of the late P. C. Ulrich. The manner in which this distinction has been bestowed is yet more gratifying to me than the very considerable saving of expense, in its being given unsolicited. Two days before, I had received my form of dismissal from the University here in exceedingly gracious terms.

The 7th April of this same year 1813 is marked as the date of his setting out on a journey with Mr. Astor by Frankfort and Würzburg to Vienna, from whence they went on to Milan and the lakes of the north of Italy, receiving intelligence of the great events by which the French armies were driven out of Germany, like indistinct echoes from a distance, listened for with intense interest.

CHAP.
I.*Letter to Wolrad Schumacher.*

[Translation.]

Vienna: 14th May, 1813.

Although I have been for more than a month almost every day further¹¹¹ and further removed from you, it is as if I had in fact come nearer; for no difference of calling, no separate occupation, now keeps us asunder, and the former immediate contact of our souls, in which we lived only for our friendship, and were *one* in will and deed, I feel with all its strength vibrating through my heart's longings. If the course of life, after once drawing us together, has thus again parted us, let us nevertheless, in the innermost of our being, remain united!

Many days were required to rouse my mind from the benumbed and deadened state in which I parted from you and from my academic life. The overwhelming amount of various labours, the crushing mass of business, and the pressure of my feelings, during the last fortnight, brought me almost stiffened into unconsciousness, into the travelling carriage, and ended in a condition of exhaustion more of the spirits than of the body, with a sensation of emptiness and vacancy which it required strong endeavours to dissipate and overcome, by thoughts of my present calling and the ever-fresh prospect of life spreading before and around me. Not till I arrived at Frankfort had I made it clear to myself that I had not merely removed from the Seine to the Main, but out of my four years' edifice of study, out of my secure and tranquil habits, from the midst of friends each unique of his kind, never to be forgotten, into the great moving mass of the unknown future: and it seemed as incomprehensible how I could have made the most important step in life and thrown myself across the gap which separates youth from manhood, as if it had not been duly anticipated. Although feeling more than ever what I had lost, all was now well with me again, and the joyousness of life returned. Throughout the day I lived in the present scene with and for my friend, in the carriage; intervals of talk, and more especially the twilight of night and morning, being devoted to the past, to my friends; and to you. Reflection brought also the conviction that our travelling even as far as Vienna could not be of much use: in two or three days, the points of interest

in the neighbourhood, and such material objects, could be as far as was needed seen and known; but the human beings and their life could only be so far perceived as to give the consciousness of insufficiency. So it was in Aschaffenburg, in Würzburg, in Nürnberg, and Regensburg. We there took a boat and floated four days and four nights under the blue sky, onwards upon the splendid stream. Those were the happiest days that have fallen to my share since my departure. I sat or lay from the early morning, watching the thick fogs on the rocky summit of the bank, which the sun was clearing away before us, and observing the charming variety in the course which the ever-winding river has made to itself; now meadows on each side, between which the mass of waters glided gently downwards; then narrow defiles with dark pines and steep weather-worn cliffs which projected like owls from the region of night, and then again wooded hills and cheerful villages, mansions and palaces, intermixed with the ruins of the times of chivalry: then each evening the moon and the whole expanse of sky: at intervals short excursions through unknown regions and among their inhabitants, whenever the boat stopped for a time: in short, much that was either beautiful, or grand, or enlivening. At Vienna we found much discomfort; dirty inns, bad lodgings, dust, and the like; but as we became by degrees more settled and accustomed to circumstances, and had delivered our letters of introduction, things improved with us. Sounds of due import are heard from the north, such as rouse one out of all morbid susceptibility of petty contrarieties in surrounding scenes, as well as of all anxiety for my own future. We have here the Berlin and Hamburg newspapers, as well as those of Paris and Cassel, and we have intercourse with persons who are placed at the source of intelligence, and well-informed as to the plans of Austria—Frederic Schlegel, and in particular Adam Müller, with whom I have got on best, as also with Pilat, secretary to Metternich and editor of the Austrian ‘Spectator.’

Bunsen to Ernst Schulze.

[Translation.]

Munich: 1st July, 1813.

. . . I have found more in Munich than I had ventured to expect: by Jacobi I have been received with uncommon

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friendliness; he has interested himself in a truly paternal manner in me and my concerns, which was the more gratifying, as I had been informed from the first that he was often found, even by his friends, cold and distant, under the irritation produced in his sensitive nature by recent events. In his house and through his introduction, I have seen and made the acquaintance of many remarkable men—Niethammer and Rothe, author of the ‘Corpus Borussicum,’ a man who has metal in him, and others. But I have not thereby been confined to one set. Schelling before all must be mentioned as having received me well, after his fashion, giving me frequent occasions of becoming acquainted with his philosophical views and judgments, in his own original and peculiar manner. His mode of disputation is rough and angular; his peremptoriness and his paradoxes terrible. Once he undertook to explain animal magnetism, and for this purpose to give an idea of Time, from which resulted that all is present and in existence—the Present, as existing in the actual moment; the Future, as existing in a future moment. When I demanded the proof, he referred me to the word *is*, which applies to existence, in the sentence that ‘this *is* future.’ Seckendorf, who was present (with him I have become closely acquainted, to my great satisfaction), attempted to draw attention to the confounding the subjective (*i.e.* him who pronounces that sentence) with the objective: or, rather, to point out a simple grammatical misunderstanding—in short, declared the position impossible. ‘Well,’ replied Schelling drily, ‘you have not understood me.’ Two Professors (his worshippers), who were present, had meanwhile endeavoured by their exclamations, ‘Only observe, all *is*, all *exists*’ (to which the wife of Schelling, a clever woman, assented), to help me into conviction: and a vehement beating the air—for arguing and holding fast by any firm point were out of the question—would have arisen, if I had not contrived to escape by giving a playful turn to the conversation. I am perfectly aware that Schelling *could* have expressed and carried through his real opinion far better, *i.e.* rationally. I tell the anecdote merely to give an idea of his manner in conversation. But the result of my intercourse with him has been an unlimited respect for his intellectual powers and for what he has done towards rationalising the natural sciences; and I reckon greatly upon him for the

clearing up of several points, for the most part not of a speculative nature, which are ever pursuing one another in my head with contentions *for* and *against*.

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I.

I converse almost daily with Thiersch: he is animated, active, dexterous, and clever in a high degree, at the same time communicative and extremely obliging—most charming when in good humour. He lives here in most desirable conditions, and with prospects still better; and will, without doubt, hold the first place within his especial field of action. But upon one point we cannot agree, and that is no less than the fundamental principle of philology. We have already given up the attempt to convert each other: I at least have not swerved a hair's breadth from the point of view which I have held these two years, and I intend rather to apply what I mean, than attempt to *prove* it. At the suggestion of Thiersch, I have taken part in the instruction in the Persian language, which he and a few others receive from Scherer. But my principal occupation is the study of criminal law, and the collecting of generally useful knowledge, to me as unknown and foreign as to my friend, and which there is here every encouragement to obtain. We intend, for instance, to make a second excursion to Landshut with Wiebeking and Reichenbach, whose telescope is considered to be better than Herschel's. In reading law we are assisted by Feuerbach himself, who has granted to me and my researches a most encouraging reception.

Thus does the morning pass, mostly in work, which we occasionally interrupt by resorting to the collection of objects of art to behold the Apollo, or a painting of Guido's, or the like, or by making visits (which, I am glad to say, here are not stiff but generally agreeable), or by the sight of military exercises. In the afternoon various sights are visited, and the evening is spent in society or in the theatre. At the end of the day I let the present and the future contend with remembrance, until all are blended by the soothing power of dreams, and variously brought again before the soul. But the 'hour of prime' again belongs rigorously to the present and future. Thus does life glide easily along, and my position becomes daily more agreeable and valuable to me.

CHAP.
I.*To his Sister Christiana.*

[Translation.]

Göttingen : 21st January, 1814.

. . . You know that I travelled to Vienna and from thence to Munich. I left Munich the beginning of August and went into Switzerland and Upper Italy, then back by Stuttgart and Strasburg. The plan was to go by Frankfort and Mainz to Paris. In the latter days of October we learnt at Frankfort the entire defeat of the French at Leipzig, and the reuniting of all German populations against the common enemy. Thus serious objections arose as to the journey to Paris. Not only did Astor expect letters by way of England or Germany, but the cutting-off of all communication with the right bank of the Rhine was to be anticipated. I might expect to be made prisoner or at once sent out of France, the latter having in fact happened to several German men of letters at Paris. The question therefore was whither to go in Germany? Berlin and the other Universities were either in a state of total dispersion or of turmoil in consequence of the war, as the majority of the students have volunteered to join the ranks of the army: so only Göttingen remained to me, and here since the beginning of November, 1813, I live in my own private room, in the same house with my friend, being quite independent as to my time except that I give him daily two hours' instruction. Thus I can pursue my studies and make thorough use of the winter. Should the war continue, Astor would return to America, but thither I go not, as that would not further the plan of my life. But if it be possible for him to go by way of England, the probabilities are that I accompany him. Should peace ensue, we should continue on our travels according to the original plan. So there is a probability that I remain in Germany, and at present at Göttingen, which is now again re-united with England—for had it continued French I had made a vow not to live here. All things are disturbed and uncertain . . . but you perceive that in every case I can find at Göttingen the means of getting on. If travelling is possible, I prefer it—that is, when a desirable object is in view:—a journey of mere curiosity would never induce me to give up studying here. By my travels hitherto I have been taught to perceive and value the means they furnished of acquaintance with different centres of cultivated humanity.

Only by inspection of varieties in actual life can the man of study acquire and preserve a sense of the relation of action and thought. . . . Had I not been obliged to set out on my journey at Easter last year, immediately after printing my essay, I should at once have sent a copy to the excellent Wyttenbach, to whom classical studies owe so much, and from whom, as well as from other men of learning in Holland, I might expect a weighty judgment and instructive comments. An investigation of that subject would be in itself, I believe, not without interest to the studious in Holland, as the study of ancient law and constitutions originated there, and still flourishes, even since the death of the celebrated Luzac. In Germany my essay has met with much attention even in the present stormy times, and has been, as far as I can learn, received with unusual approbation. When developing the plan to which it belongs more fully, I hope to be able to write something better. The lines about Heyne,* after which you enquire, owing to accumulation of business were not printed.

A passage in the journal of Ernst Schulze, the poet, records and describes members of the band of intimate friends, who ministered so effectually to each other at Göttingen, and who all admired him as their ornament.† It is dated 9th May, 1815, but the intimacy of the writer with Bunsen was of earlier date; and many other parts of Schulze's MS. contain notices of meetings with his friend.

On recommencing his journal, after an interruption of nearly one year and a quarter, of which time about half was spent in active service during the campaign against the French in 1813, E. Schulze describes his state of melancholy on his return to Göttingen towards the end of that year, and then writes as follows :—' My

* This was a funeral ode, of which a MS. is preserved.

† In a letter from Bunsen of 1841, he thus mentions Schulze :—' He was one of my dearest friends, after whom I named my son Ernest. Of a circle of nine who lived together at Göttingen in the momentous years from 1809-1814, he was the first who left this earth; his affection towards those left behind, you will see expressed in his poem 'Cecilia.' There never was a nobler mind; he was a poet by nature, of chivalrous patriotism, despite of bodily debility: of immense learning, and as a friend, faithful and affectionate.'

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isolation led me back to my friends: By the untiring efforts of Bunsen our whole circle, consisting of Lachmann, Lücke, Reck, Bunsen, and myself, and further widened by the addition of the admirable Brandis—also in intimacy less close, by that of Brandis's brother, of Jacobs, Klenze, and Ulrich—was brought together again. A spirit of zealous but friendly emulation arose amongst us; and on a certain cheerful evening, at my suggestion, we made a vow, each to each other and to all, that we would effect something great in our lives. It was a noble circle, in which an oppressed heart could expand and breathe again. Bunsen, the man of kingly and all-ruling spirit, considering all branches of knowledge, all forms of mental exertion, but as means to accomplish a single great object,—who, open at all times to every sort of impression, could with indescribable power appropriate and make his own all that seemed in nature most opposite, who, with the keenest, and at times appalling clearness of intellectual perception, united a depth of sympathising feeling, and who, with an energy, ceaselessly diverted into a multitude of channels, never lost sight of his object;—Brandis, whose cheerful faithful heart beamed from his countenance, and in whom much learning and keen intelligence had not lessened the power of pleasing, and being pleased;—Lachmann, fine-grained, critical, satirical and witty, but with the vague longings of a heart that knew not its will or its way, of irritable fibre, and almost feverish temperament;—Lücke, in all the radiance of prosperous love and of religious enthusiasm, upright, firm, earnestly endeavouring after a sphere of active usefulness, yet deeply meditative, and inclined to mysticism;—lastly, the unimpassioned Reck, ever taking care of his friends, ever provided with good advice for every one, having a clear and intelligent but always politic view of life, and making amends to his associates by zeal and faithful attachment for his want of susceptibility of the beautiful, and for the absence of polish and

refinement. The bond which united us was at this time riveted for ever, and I hope that our country will experience for good the effects of our association.'

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This passage is in the original as eloquently expressed as it is fervidly conceived; and now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, it revives mournful reflections on the short and joyless career of the writer. He who records the troth-plighting of this brilliant group of friends was the first to depart from a life, of which the most desirable distinction was that of having been beloved, admired, and regretted by all within his sphere of influence, in a degree hard to be comprehended by those, whose only further means of judging of him, are divined from the biographical memoir compiled by Mankgraff. He therein appears 'driven on the waves of this troublesome world,' without rudder or compass, as having, even in such early youth, lost the freshness and elasticity of the moral fibre, so that a morbid longing after excitement, in order to escape self-consciousness, destroyed all capability of joy, or satisfaction in existence: and he died heart-broken, from having wilfully built on the sand. Poems of his were published, and are still much read, all showing poetic powers of a high order employed on insignificant subjects. His joining the Volunteers in the campaign of the year 1813 may be here mentioned on account of an anecdote proving the attachment of Bunsen; who, when he found that Schulze was not to be prevailed upon to desist from his purpose of risking with a weak constitution the hardships of military service, himself went to Hanover to make such representations to the officers who collected and commanded the Volunteers, as might induce them to assign to Schulze a position in the staff or otherwise among those least likely to be called into action. Bunsen on this occasion first saw, and made his application to Augustus Kestner, himself one of the Volunteers, and appointed

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I.

by General Beaulieu * to receive and register applicants. The request was, in fact, attended to, for Schulze had his wish of joining the ranks of the defenders of his country, and yet returned unscathed from the campaign. Lachmann attained the distinction anticipated for him, among critical and philological writers, being reckoned among the first in rank, as well as among the founders of the new school of criticism. His 'Edition of the New Testament' is now regarded as the basis of the purest text of the Gospels, and inaugurated a new epoch of biblical criticism. He therefore succeeded thoroughly in fulfilling the engagement entered into by the friends, though his course was cut short by sharp sufferings at a comparatively early date. Lücke was not called away from active and happy usefulness, till after he had accomplished his literary purpose, in a critical edition of the Gospel of St. John, attaining high estimation as a theological teacher and writer. Dr. Carl Reck, with Prof. Ch. Aug. Brandis, were the last survivors of that distinguished group: and the latter is to be congratulated as having also fulfilled the design of his life's labour, in completing a 'History of Greek Philosophy.' Extracts from Bunsen's letters will mark the love, and the high estimation, in which he held his peculiarly valued friend Brandis from the first years of University fellowship to the last hours of life; and it would be neglecting one of the near interests of Bunsen's heart not to mark that sentiments, analogous to those he entertained, have been the willing tribute paid by all minds, privileged to approach with any nearness to Brandis, whose portrait in the passage quoted from

* Charles de Beaulieu was descended from a family, Beaulieu Marconnay, emigrants from France for conscience sake in the persecutions by Louis XIV., which settled in Hanover. In this country he became Warden of Forests, but had never served under the government of Jerome Bonaparte. He raised a corps, in the war of liberation, in 1813, and had an enthusiastic assistant in Augustus Kestner, at a later period, in Rome, the valued friend of Bunsen and his family.

Ernst Schulze will still be found accurate in resemblance. Brandis, though deprived by death of the object of his deepest affection, was happy in the possession of what all nations and ages have proclaimed the best of earth's treasures,—a family of sons, well endowed in body and mind, high in merit and in honour. Reck, after being a guide and oracle to his younger companions at the University, lingered on at Göttingen until every living interest in the place had died away, or been withdrawn elsewhere: his distinguished faculties unemployed, except in writing occasional pamphlets, and his originally kind disposition soured, perhaps by comparing his own lot of insignificance with the distinction attained by his early associates. His letters, of unsparing comment; and advice, and clear-sighted calculation of the future, were always held in great account by Bunsen, gladly received, and carefully preserved. Another of the intimate friends of Bunsen was Wilhelm Hey, beloved and honoured by the whole circle, but not enumerated in the preceding list, because he had sooner quitted the University than the rest. His was a refined and poetical spirit, although he possessed mathematical genius and power of highest rank; and his beneficent life as a teacher and an example of the purest Christianity closed in 1855, in the parish of Ichtershausen, near Gotha. Agricola died a worthy President of the Consistory at Gotha; he and Becker were sons-in-law to Friedrich Perthes, whose biography (the work of his son Clement, Professor at the University of Bonn) is a worthy monument of a man, not merely good in himself and a promoter of good, but great in influence and efficiency, whose existence has in a manner consecrated the places of his habitation on earth, and whose spirit, in moral power, is yet felt to be living among his descendants. The letters received from Friedrich Perthes in Rome were among the most welcome to Bunsen, from his wide and intelligent

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grasp of fact and reality, whether in the moral, intellectual, or political conditions of society, as well as from the utterance of the cordial sympathy of the honoured writer. Becker was highly valued at Gotha as a publisher, and called by his fellow-citizens to posts of honour and trust, lastly to the German Parliament at Frankfort in 1848. He died in 1865. Hey's 'Poetical Fables for Children,' illustrated by Otto Speckter, ensure to his name the gratitude of posterity, as well as of his contemporaries. But, as is often the case with first-rate characters, the man was better still than his works.* The following letters are fragments of the correspondence addressed by Bunsen to some of his College friends. They derive additional interest from the momentous period of the liberation and revival of Germany at which they were written:—

Bunsen to Becker.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 6th May, 1814.

Meanwhile, you will surely believe that the world's destinies are not without their effect upon me. My obligations, both to my country and to letters, have increased. Within me, also, there was a voice rising in anger that I busied myself to think and amass, rather than act and give. When I saw how many a patriotic hope, almost despaired of, is now realised, the desire was kindled to carry out in practical life what had so often formed the subject of thoughts and conversations among us. But no way opened to me. My view of our system of learning, and of German mental activity generally, has been, not modified but, confirmed. Each labours mentally for himself, forgetting the general cause; whilst the present generation has its crying needs, we, of this same generation, are filling storehouses with provision for future centuries. The nearest is neglected for the most distant, the old for the new, the native for the

* In the days that preceded his dissolution Hey was for ever heard pouring forth his soul in beautiful verse, with sufficient distinctness of enunciation to be taken down in pencil by some of those that surrounded his bedside. 'Precious Elijah—songs like unto those of the dying swan!' exclaims Bunsen in a letter of November 1855, 'an instance of mortal man being carried to heaven alive, i. e. a spirit returning to the Father.'

foreign. Thus there have been moments, even days and weeks, when I have sighed after nothing so much as after practical activity; but then, I would not seek it *without* the pale of the learned professions, and yet within that pale I am sure to be ruined, whatever post I may attain to.

And so you must not be dissatisfied, if, with and after all these considerations, I remain not only firmly resolved to follow up, and strive after my earliest purpose in life, more felt, perhaps, than clearly discerned, viz., to bring over, into my own knowledge and into my own fatherland, the language and the spirit of the solemn and distant East;—but also, if it be possible, I would for the accomplishment of this object even quit Europe in order to draw out of the ancient well that which I find not elsewhere. I should need to write you a book, to be able to state all that has urged forward my resolution to this point. That it is not from desire of fame I call God to witness; the thought of *that* has never occurred to me throughout the whole time of consideration. My aim is, *first*, so to draw the East into the study of the entire Course of Humanity (particularly of European and more especially of Teutonic humanity), that no power on earth shall disunite them:—and, *secondly*, to make Germany the central point of this study, so far as my strength admits.

To strive in this line of research cannot be going wrong even in our times; otherwise I could not be conscious of such an irresistible impulse in that direction; and so much is certain, that sound knowledge has a worth of its own, and an influence upon the nation. All that we *learn* need not and should not be taught at our universities and schools.

Could I but now at once labour for the beloved fatherland, hand-in-hand with you and all like-minded! The study of our literature, particularly of the Nibelungen, has made me prouder than ever of Germany: and it is too true that our class (the guild of the studious) does too little with the object of working upon the nation.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 13th May, 1814.

. . . What season* could be better suited for the full and joyous consciousness of one's own happiness, or for the cheer-

* Congratulation to Becker upon a joyful event in his family.

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ful celebration of festivals of love and friendship, than the present? And also, when was a louder summons heard to joint efforts in the great work to which we look forward, for the awakening of the great day, whose faintest dawn already refreshes our innermost life, and gilds our holiest moments of joy?

Each of these sentiments has no doubt long possessed you, heart and soul. You have extended to me the right hand of fellowship in the first and last duty of man, to serve his fellow-creatures, even when I appeared to deviate from the line of our common aim. Nothing but the innermost conviction that on my return I should find myself more vigorous, more steady for the appointed task, could have excited me just in this festival-time of our nation to act unhesitatingly upon a resolution, long cherished, and acknowledged to be the right one. . . . Through the day each of us friends is busied in his own peculiar field of occupation, our paths remaining separate; but the leisure of evening brings us together to converse upon what our usefulness for the nation may be, and how to start upon it worthily and manfully. We are resolved to let no opportunity pass of labouring in the good cause in any way in which we shall be conscious of strength and calling. This spirit in us has been yet more roused by the entrance of a fourth into our circle, a young East-Frieslander, Mitscherlich,—who having studied principally Oriental literature at Heidelberg and at Paris, is preparing here for a long and important journey to those regions. The similarity of his convictions and aims soon brought him into nearer intimacy with us; and as his uprightness and candour of mind could not but open our hearts towards him, so did his clearness of understanding and strength of will command our esteem, as well as enliven and strengthen our own purposes.*

On these points we are, I think, agreed, viz.:—That now or never Germany ought to obtain a strong Constitution, sheltered from despotism: That every one should be not merely permitted, but bound to make known, openly and fearlessly, the opinions which he holds conjointly with many worthy and rational men: That in no European country more than among us has a political instinct for the common weal been so long wanting, and is still wanting so far as action

* Mitscherlich's purpose in life underwent a change. He distinguished himself greatly as Professor of Chemistry at the University of Berlin.

goes: That many have bent their necks under a disgraceful servitude, and also oppressed the free spirit in others: That no need is so pressing as to do for Peace what has been done for War. Most of all are *we* bound to serve the public, who have not been allowed to raise an arm in battle, and upon whom, consequently, the fatherland has double claims.

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A call from without soon made itself heard.

The remaining portion of this letter, and several more letters to the same friend, record the first occasion of Bunsen's writing for the Press, to remonstrate against threatened, and in part enforced alterations in the administration of his native Principality of Waldeck, by which the time-honoured remains of genuine Teutonic self-government would have been lost for ever, under a modern Napoleonistic centralisation. Whilst he was engaged in writing, a general protest from persons of weight in the small State was laid before the great Minister Baron Stein, then at the height of his power, and, through his advocacy with the Allied Powers, the Edict, though already in progress of execution, was revoked. For this reason, Bunsen's pamphlet, carefully worked out, and elucidated by references and documents, needed not to be published. Without any regret, but with a quiet satisfaction at having fulfilled a public duty, he laid aside this his first political Essay. Of the spirit in which he had conceived and finished it, the following extracts from letters will give an idea:—

[Translation.]•

I visited my native home shortly before Easter. The general confidence which I there happily enjoy opened me the hearts of honest men. Several expressed a desire that I would write. The Chairman (*Syndicus*) of the Estates laid all the documents before me.

[Translation.]

12th June, 1814.

The whole is welcome to me, principally as an opportunity for uttering frankly and strongly my opinion upon the chief points concerning our future German liberties,—the rights of the Estates, the freedom of city corporations, &c.

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. It is but too certain, that, either for want of good will or of intelligence, our Sovereigns will not grant us freedom such as we deserve; . . . and I fear that, as before, the much-enduring German will become an object of contempt to all nations who know how to value national spirit.

[Translation.]

2nd July, 1814.

Not only had the subject to be mastered, but the mind, also, to be raised above a kind of *impetus*, which, although good in itself, is ill-suited to disquisitions of this kind. By not over-hurrying my work, I was enabled to see the matter from all sides, to discover more correct general principles, to throw off what was too local, too *Waldeckian*, and to stand (so far as my ability would allow) not only above the party which is in the wrong, but above that also which is in the right.

The following interesting sketch of Bunsen and his associates at this eventful period has been drawn up by the last survivor of that little band of friends.

[Translation.]

Recollections of Bunsen in the years 1814 and 1815, by Professor Chs. Aug. Brandis, written in 1861.

‘Let not the following life-picture of the bright years of youth be dimmed to our perception by our present grief!’

‘It was in the beginning of May 1814, that I came to Göttingen, with leave of absence from the Philosophical Faculty at Copenhagen (of which I was then a member) for the completion of my earlier studies, and to seek new life in the intellectual atmosphere of Germany; and finding there my former schoolfellow, Carl Reck, I was at once introduced by him into a united company of young men, who, in spite of the greatest variety of scientific pursuits, had been drawn together into closest intimacy. Ernst Schulze, the philologist and poet, of a melancholy and sensitive temperament of mind; Lücke, devoted to theology, mild-tempered in his enthusiasm; Carl Lachmann, the acute and humorous critic; Carl Reck, who then sought refreshment in Shakespeare from the tyranny of the law, true-hearted but repelling; and *Christian Carl Bunsen* constituted the inner circle. The latter

had already given a splendid proof of his peculiar calling to philological-historical research by a Latin work on the Athenian Law of Inheritance; and it was not long before I perceived in him the actual soul and influential spirit of the association; exceeding all the rest in expansion of view, in rapidity of conception, and energy of will. Yet he was free from all self-sufficiency and arrogance, and therefore, almost unconsciously, exercised influence over all, because he entered into the peculiar endeavours of each with interest of heart, calling forth in each the best of his knowledge and power, and without selfish views or feelings attached himself to each with discriminating affection. Occasions of disunion failed not to occur among the friends, especially when the two extreme points came into harsh contact, when the rough jokes and uncongenial questions of Reck wounded the susceptible and refined nature of Schulze; then could Bunsen alone find out the means of restoring harmony, and with humorous cordiality to overrule both. Indescribably did I enjoy my place in this chosen band, and consider myself fortunate in having belonged to it. But more peculiarly did Bunsen act upon me magnetically from the first moment of our acquaintance, and to this hour I cannot comprehend, why he made such an early and abundant return to my affection. Lücke, alone, in our society was officially employed, as a member of the Theological Faculty in the University. The others either lived in joyous leisure, devoted to their literary and scientific pursuits, or guided the studies of the more advanced students. Bunsen, Lücke, and Lachmann inhabited the same house, near the Geismar Thor, and Bunsen's room, as the largest, was the accustomed place of meeting for the rest. There by his own desire he used to be called at an early hour to his daily work, and the man hired for the performance of this service was bound not to leave him until sure of having accomplished his object, in spite of the coaxing and deprecating utterances between sleeping and waking, which besought delay. Throughout the day he was ever as fresh and ready for conversation as I was to break in upon his occupations and draw him off from them for an hour together. If weariness came over him he would drop asleep at will, in a manner peculiar to himself, and after ten or fifteen minutes revived in full vigour. I found a Philological Society already established among

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these friends on my arrival at Göttingen, to which also the Professors Wunderlich and Dissen belonged, the latter peculiarly valued, on account of his amiable character, as well as his widely-extended learning. Its object was to propose subjects of historical and philological research for short essays and treatises, to be communicated and critically commented upon and discussed. I was admitted as a member of this society, as also of a second, formed soon after, which we called the Philosophical, in which questions the most puzzling, and problems the most difficult, were freely discussed and debated without shackle of party or system. On looking back upon our society, I consider it remarkable for the reality of individual regard and esteem, which made perfect sincerity possible. Truth was to be the object held in honour by every one, and strong concussion and repulsion among minds would often take place without causing bitterness or any cooling of friendship. Another peculiarity was the habitual equalising of the tenor of life by alternations of seriousness and gaiety, labour and refreshment; wit and humour, such as Lachmann's, were hailed gladly in the midst of the gravest discussions. Extravagances would sometimes take place, such as protracting our disputations until long after midnight, and then walking through the summer darkness to the top of the Gleichen, at some hours' distance, to behold the sunrise from that height. Now and then a game at ninepins in the Ulrich Garden, or walks to the mill, the Plesse, and other pretty spots had their turn.

'A more distant expedition was made, the party consisting of Bunsen, Reck, Lachmann, Lücke, and myself, through the Sollinger wood to the beautiful valley of the Weser, near Holzminden (where I had passed my school years) and from thence over the highest region of Westphalia, the Köterberg to Driburg, a small watering-place, which was overflowing with guests, so that we could obtain no place of rest but the eating-room of an inn, in which to stretch ourselves during the night. From thence Bunsen and I proceeded, unaccompanied by the others, to Pyrmont, where the Friedensthal and the vivid recollections we found there of the lovely Queen Louise of Prussia, interested us more than the company of strangers; and to save time we made use of the night for our journey back to Hanover and Göttingen, by Rinteln,

Bückeburg, and Eilsen (in which place we were struck at the dining-table by the animated features and eagle-eye of General Gneisenau). Another shorter excursion remains vividly impressed on my memory, when we accompanied our friend Lücke to the celebration of his wedding at Bodungen, all three on horseback. On our way, at Heiligenstadt, we were hospitably entertained at breakfast by the clergyman, afterwards preacher to the University at Halle, who seasoned our meal with passages of his sermons, which occasioned more subsequent mirth than edification. At Bodungen we were also gratified by the kind reception given us by a venerable old parish-minister, and returned, after three days' absence, refreshed to our serious occupations.

'Bunsen and I had a course of astronomical instruction together from Professor Harding, an excellent practical astronomer. If neither of us attained any firm footing in that science, the blame must be shared between our want of preparation in the higher mathematics and his want of clearness in demonstration. On our expedition to the Weser, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of an older friend of Bunsen's, Ludwig Abeken. They expected to meet at Minden, but being both short-sighted, were about to have passed each other without recognition, between Bückeburg and that place, had I not made out Abeken from description, and this incident caused me to be admitted as a third in their friendly union. Thus I came in contact with a noble and deeply enthusiastic nature, which afterwards sunk into morbid melancholy, and was early cut off by death. One of the first members of the Society of Göttingen friends, Wilhelm Hey, came thither for a few days in the course of the summer—he also one of those men, whom to see was to love. Seldom was such power and acuteness of understanding found in union with so much tenderness of feeling and poetical simplicity.

'In the autumn vacation Bunsen projected a visit to Holland to see his elder sister, and in fact to become acquainted with her, for he had not met her since his earliest childhood. I was drawn in the other direction, towards Heidelberg, but we determined to perform part of our journey together, and to make our way by Gotha, to enjoy for a few days the company of Hey, of Agricola, of Becker, of Fritz Jacobs, most

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of whom had belonged more or less to the close union at Göttingen, and with each of whom in his peculiar pursuit and object in life Bunsen had sympathising intimacy. After these social pleasures the question was, how to proceed further? The direct road to Holland was by Cassel, to Heidelberg through Franconia. Loth to part, we resolved to ascend the Inselberg together as not far out of the way for either of us; and, each laden with a travelling bag, heavy in books, that had seldom been taken out (among others the portly astronomy of Bonenberger), we reached in the brightest weather that highest summit of the Thuringian forest, and looked down on the richly-wooded southern declivity, with the plain of Franconia spread out below. Bunsen could not resist the enticement of the prospect and the renewed solicitations of his friend, and resolved to take Heidelberg on the way to Holland, in return for which I promised to accompany him as far north as Coblenz. How joyfully did we together rush down the hill to the delicious forest retreat of Liebenstein, proceeding the following day to Meiningen! As we wandered on by Mellrichstadt and Münerstadt to Würzburg, there was no want of little adventures, the most agreeable of which was being received by the family of the "southern" Ulrichs, as we called him, now Professor in Hamburg, a country pastor's family, such as Goldsmith might have portrayed, consisting of the venerable parents and two amiable daughters, in whose company our spirits were so refreshed and excited that, after retiring late to our village inn for the night, we long talked over the cheerful evening, till we fell asleep, while laughing at having detected each other in the artifice of giving the coolest commendation to the individual of the party by whom each of us had been most attracted. I must mention the Würzburg library as having absorbed as much time as we could spare, by its abundant store of illuminated manuscripts, to which I remained faithful while Bunsen went to visit the Professor of Philosophy, J. J. Wagner, by whom he was indulged with a lecture upon the history of the future, and on suggesting a wish to learn the grounds upon which this prophetic view of things to come might rest, was dismissed with the words, "J. J. Wagner has pronounced." This anecdote proved afterwards matter of amusement to Niebuhr, who, in his journey towards Rome in the summer of 1816,

could not resist the temptation of calling upon the prophetic philosopher. The oracle was, however, on this occasion dumb as to the future, but the opportunity was taken of giving the great historian a lecture upon the philosophical construction of Roman history.

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‘We wandered on through the vale of the Main, by Wertheim and Miltenberg, through the Odenwald to Erbach, where the collection of antiquities detained us part of the day in which we were bound to reach Heidelberg, and being without a guide, we continually went astray in the forest, not reaching the eastern gate of Heidelberg till late in the evening, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, so that the street which we had still to traverse to reach the Pfälzer Hof seemed endless. The eight days set apart for Heidelberg fled rapidly in the enjoyment of nature and of society, in visits and morning meetings, among the many distinguished men who then adorned the University. Daub, Kreuzer, the eloquent Thibaut, the younger Heinrich Voss attracted us peculiarly, and the brilliant gifts and qualities of Bunsen failed not to be felt and duly estimated by them. That I enjoyed the consciousness of the appreciation he met with, I need hardly say. I had ever gladly admitted, as well as felt, his intellectual superiority (it was only in the endurance of long walking and at the game of ball that I had the advantage over him), and this consciousness of inferiority was abundantly compensated by his affection.

‘My recollections are few of our further journey by the Bergstrasse, Frankfort, Mainz and the Rhine to Coblenz, where we parted about the 12th October, Bunsen proceeding towards Holland and I returning to Heidelberg, from whence in the second week of November, through ceaseless storm and rain, on foot and very scantily provided with cash, I made my way back to Göttingen. Our wanderings together from Göttingen to Coblenz had lasted six weeks, and although the present facilities of travel by railway might have brought us in less time over the ground, they would not have allowed of equal enjoyment—we could not have expanded so thoroughly in intimacy, nor have allowed high spirits and fun such full course; nor could the alternation of fatigue and refreshment have produced contrasts equally renovating with those afforded by travelling on foot.

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‘Not till January 1815 did Bunsen return to Göttingen; full of delight at having made the acquisition of a treasure of Oriental manuscripts as matter of future study; and his presence caused the renewal of our friendly association, which in his absence had experienced—what few of the members could ever have doubted—that he was the living principle and animating spirit of the whole. Bunsen and I followed a course of lectures, introductory to the study of mineralogy, by Hausmann (afterwards my brother-in-law), who kindly granted us many evening hours for enquiry and explanations relative to the subjects of his lectures; and Bunsen, who long before the journey to Holland had resolved to make a widely extended comparative view of languages the preparation for his projected career of literary labour, was too impatient to employ his acquired treasures of MS. not to begin eagerly the study of the Persian language, with the very insufficient help of a teacher who could but advise, not instruct him. My leave of absence from the Faculty at Copenhagen being now nearly expired, the earnest desire not to be parted from him led me to use all persuasion to induce him to accompany me for the purpose of continuing those studies in the Germanic family of languages, which he had commenced with Lachmann under Professor Benecke, and for which Copenhagen offered every advantage. The Icelandic and the dialects of the Danish and Swedish were not to be neglected in his comprehensive plan, which was to culminate in Sanscrit; yet did his mind ever grasp history and philosophy together with language, and, therefore, interesting subjects of disquisition and contemplation were never wanting in our habitual intercourse.

‘A small volume, entitled “*Theologia Germanica*,” made at this time a profound impression upon us; and among Bunsen’s papers a set of sheets inscribed “*Building-stones*” may yet perhaps be found, in which he wrote down notes on the subjects that occupied his thoughts, and were continually discussed between us. In his latest works I discern traces of those early-formed germs of vast results which showed, how soon and how strongly the need was felt by him, to follow and trace the various directions taken by the mind of man in the pursuit of its highest and most important concerns.

‘In the early spring of 1815 we set out on the journey to Copenhagen, spending a few days at Kiel, at that time fortunate in the possession of Twesten, Dahlmann, Falck, and Hegewisch, who lived in a close union of friendship and of pursuits. Among these persons Bunsen was at once received as essentially one of themselves. We made the acquaintance of the gifted naturalist Pfaff, and, on our further progress, were received at Flensburg by the learned and sagacious Dr. Stuhr. In Copenhagen we settled ourselves in the town, for the sake of more uninterrupted leisure for study, but daily resorted to the country house of my father at the dinner hour, and usually remained there until just before the time of closing the city gates, at midnight. What love my late father bore, from the very first, to the friend of his son, was proved in many and various ways; and the manner in which Bunsen returned that affection will recur to the memory of all those in the habit of hearing his conversation. Many were the Danish friends and notabilities who eagerly greeted the acquaintance of Bunsen—Oehlenschläger, both the Oerstädts, Bishop Munter, Count Schimmelmann, Frau Friederike Brunn: and he enjoyed the time spent among them, in the delicious country residences around Copenhagen, as well as in more distant excursions; one of which brought us to Helsingör and Hellebeck, and gave us opportunity of witnessing from a distance the coronation festival at Frederiksborg, though we were obliged afterwards to encamp for the night in the midst of the immense crowd of spectators. Bunsen also crossed the sea to the Swedish coast and saw the ancient university of Lund. The presence of the poet Chamisso (the French refugee and German poet) for a fortnight afforded us an opportunity of much-valued intercourse, and of receiving an impression for life of the high gifts of the man who united in a remarkable manner and degree the best qualities of the French and German national characters. He accompanied a Russian sailing expedition round the world, in the capacity of naturalist, and the detention of the vessel for the purpose of repurchasing necessary implements (which the crew had found means to purloin and sell) was the unlooked-for occasion of a delay by which we were gainers. Meanwhile the study of the northern languages, the first object of the journey, was not

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neglected. Bunsen received instruction from a learned Iceland-er, and read with him Snurro Sturlesen and the Edda, &c. in the original; not neglecting the language and literature of Denmark, although he never could attain to entire fluency in Danish, "our friends and associates being all quite at home in German. And yet he expressed himself sufficiently well in Danish to give occasion to a question on the part of a Swedish lady of Lund, as to "which of the provinces he was born in?" The conviction that I could not adopt Denmark as my country gradually ripened into a determination to return for good to my German fatherland, hard though it was to me to separate from my beloved father; and the plan was entirely approved by Niebuhr, who encouraged me to give up at once my appointment at Copenhagen and make the attempt to establish myself as a private lecturer at Berlin. Bunsen was willing and desirous to spend a few months with me there, and we left together the house of my father in November, and were rocked and driven about for twelve days in Copenhagen roads by contrary winds, at the end of which time a gale sent us in twelve hours in the direction of Swinemünde. The passage was dangerous, and we were at last glad to land in a boat in the neighbourhood of Aaclam just as a fresh storm was beginning.

'We were at first both strangers at Berlin; Niebuhr was scarcely accessible, being bowed down by grief for the loss of his first wife. Bunsen and I made together the acquaintance of Schleiermacher, Buttman, Rück, Savigny, Reimer, Solger: to all of whom, and in the society they collected, Bunsen was most welcome.

'Bunsen and myself having lived together in the closest intimacy for three quarters of a year, it seemed as though in January 1816, a parting was at hand for a period not to be measured. The event turned out otherwise. Niebuhr having been appointed Prussian Envoy at Rome, made choice of me to accompany him as Secretary of Legation, and, in the following September, on the way, I received at Verona the joyful intelligence that my beloved friend was at Florence in expectation of my arrival; and there, sharing his lodging at the Cascine, I spent eight delightful days, not overshadowed by the apprehension of a fresh separation, as Bunsen's coming to Rome was in prospect, and accordingly in November, he

took a lodging close to the temporary dwelling of Niebuhr in the Via de' Prefetti. Of that happy and animated winter period, I have only to mention my frequent meetings with Bunsen in the Villa Lante on the Janiculum, in January and February 1817, whither I was accustomed to repair after two o'clock, having worked previously in the Vatican Library; and there we read the "Dialogues" of Plato, sitting in the open air for hours together. Bunsen's relation to Niebuhr was at this time drawn into close intimacy, and how the latter loved and valued him was proved on many occasions, especially when in answer to enquiries addressed to the Prussian Minister by the late Mr. Waddington, he replied, "The talents, abilities and character of Bunsen are a capital more safely to be reckoned upon than any other, however securely invested;" to which he added, that "had he a daughter himself, to such a man he would gladly consign her." I was privileged to watch the successful progress of Bunsen's attachment to Miss Waddington, and afterwards to enjoy the spectacle of the wedded happiness of the young pair, whom God's providence had brought together. How was my spirit refreshed and supported under the melancholy consciousness of Niebuhr's declining health, by spending the summer evenings of 1817 with my friend and his wife on the terrace of the charmingly-placed Casino Accorambuoni at Frascati! which meetings were followed by those of the winter evenings in Palazzo Caffarelli at Rome. And even after we sorrowfully parted on the 1st April 1819, it was permitted to us in after years to meet again on the Rhine and at Heidelberg, and to feel that changes of scene and of condition in life affect not the reality of a friendship, and are not to be broken through even by the last and most grievous of earthly partings.'

The following extracts from letters relate to some of the incidents mentioned in the preceding sketch.

Bunsen to Becker.

[Translation.]

Heidelberg: September, 1814.

Here is our first resting-point since Gotha. I hardly know which has been the most enjoyable,—the things I saw for the first time or for the second; but the whole journey has been invaluable to me. Three days of resting and look-

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ing round at hill and valley have relieved me sufficiently from the fatigue of the long way on foot, to restore the capability of quietly contemplating the immediate past, when naturally the mind rests upon Gotha, and overflows in thankfulness for the reception of myself and my companion in travel, in the house of your honoured parents. But you yourself, dear friend, granted us so much of your time as well as kindness, that I cannot but fear to have intruded too much upon your scanty leisure, considering the amount of your important business. I have really resolved, against the time when I may hope to receive you, (be it at Göttingen or some other abode of mine in the course of my wanderings,) to contrive for myself *a great deal to do*, in order that I also may have enough to give up for your sake!

We are detained here by Boisserée's collection.* Göthe has been ten days with him, and is absorbed daily in contemplation of the paintings. He is resolved (as he says) to make good the wrong he has done in forgetting or doubting the merit of German art. All people are crowding round him, and thus we have judged it best not to increase the pressure, but visit Boisserée and his precious collection *after* Göthe's departure, therefore to-morrow.

As on a former occasion, the account kindly furnished by the surviving friend has not been interrupted, where it began to treat of a more advanced period of Bunsen's life.

Mr. Astor having been summoned to America by his father, left Göttingen in August 1814, under a promise, which he faithfully kept, even exceeding it in punctuality, to return to Europe within two years. Hereupon Bunsen had started also, as we have seen, in the company of his friend Brandis, with Holland for his final object, there to visit his sister Christiana. „I cannot express,” are his words, in a letter of 18th September, ‘how full

* The brothers Sulpice and Melchior Boisserée, of Cologne, succeeded in saving a vast number of fine specimens of ancient German art, at a time of indiscriminate destruction during the occupation of the Rhine-land by the French revolutionary armies in 1792. Their collection has formed the nucleus of that of King Louis of Bavaria.

my heart is in the thought of at last seeing you. Surely, in sight of the haven, Providence will not suffer me to be shipwrecked! But you must anticipate my arrival in a quiet spirit, and not form such an image of me in your fancy as would make me shy of presenting myself in person. May the Almighty keep and preserve you!

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Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Heidelberg: 7th October, 1814.

. . . I cannot arrive within the term fixed in my last letter from Göttingen, but at the earliest between the 17th and 20th of this month. Let not this delay make you anxious, as though anything unpleasant had befallen me, nor, on the other hand, be offended, as though I were negligent of the fulfilment of a promise, or slow in coming to see you. I have accomplished 100 hours' journeying on foot, and the last 74 have been comprised within seven days; and I am in better health than ever. From this time I shall get on quicker, mostly by water, and, if the weather proves not unfavourable, I shall have high enjoyment of the banks of the Rhine between Mainz and Cologne. Last year on my journey I came just as far as Mainz;—with what different feelings shall I now greet Father Rhine and behold his left bank regained, though it is not yet, alas! German again *throughout*! The vintage will begin here in a fortnight—but that shall not detain me from hastening to you as soon as possible—my longing to be with you increases every day.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Rotterdam: 1st November, 1814.

. . . After celebrating the Festival of Victory at Cologne (the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, Oct. 18) I hastened on, and found indeed my own sister, in heart and mind. A few days filled up the long chasm of eight years' separation. She has given way to my entreaties to accompany me back to our own fatherland. I shall not be at Göttingen before December 1.

The meeting which thus took place proved in its consequences an important epoch in the life of Bunsen,

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not only from riveting the bond which had connected him from early childhood with his sister, but from the deep impression which he received of religious life in Holland. He had imbibed the reality of Christianity from the devout habits of his earliest home, from the tenor of his father's conversation, and from the unflinching faith and courage of the paternal mind; but since he had been among men, no mind had been capable of acting upon him in such a manner as to develope and expand the religion of childhood, which, on the contrary, had to struggle for self-preservation in an atmosphere of indifference and forgetfulness. He had received his mother's Bible as a farewell gift on departing for the University, and was one of a small number of students who had not ceased to make use of such a book. In Holland he came into immediate contact with his sister's strongly defined opinions, and into the spiritual atmosphere of men and women of commanding intelligence, for whom Christianity was an all-pervading element and guide of sentiment and conduct. 'Their religion not a restless doubt, still less a composed cant, but a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating, the whole of life:—it testified incessantly and indisputably to every heart, that this earthly life, with its riches and possessions and good and evil hap, is not intrinsically a reality at all, but a shadow of realities, eternal, infinite; that this time-world plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of eternity; and man's little life has duties alone that are great' (Carlyle, *Past and Present*, p. 90).

Bunsen ever retained a grateful recollection of the short time spent in Holland, and of the kindness with which he was received there: and would dwell with pleasure on the respect inspired by the serious, unpretending manner of carrying out the weightier matters of the law, 'judgment, mercy, and faith,' conspicuous in Dutch society. From Rotterdam he made a tour to Leyden,

Amsterdam, and the Hague, writing from Leyden, November 25, 1814:—

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. . . I am here from morning to evening in society . . . and am so well provided with introductions to Haarlem, the Hague, &c., that it will be difficult to make use of all; to-day I am invited in the evening by Molena, German preacher among the Mennonites, a fine character; then I go to the literary society, and to Tydeman's to supper. The earnest endeavour of friends here (and it shall be mine too) is to create intellectual communication between Holland and Germany, and bring the two nations to better acquaintance with each other. What my insignificant powers can effect in this direction shall be done; and I am always asking questions and consulting books, in order to become well acquainted with the state of things here.

Again he writes from Leyden, November 27, 1814:—

I have this moment returned from the preaching of the eloquent Van der Palm, whose admirable reflections upon the utterance of Paul at Athens, 'We are the offspring of God,' have greatly edified me: as I intend to tell him to-day at noon. I should write to you more of this sermon, for I am sure you would be glad to hear it, but I must make haste. I am promised letters to all the remarkable men of the capital, and free entrance daily to *Felix meritis*, the Museum, the Palace Gallery, but I am told that to see each sight but once I should need to remain a week. It is my desire to do so, for I have begun making myself acquainted with Dutch literature, and to do nothing by halves is, as you know, my first maxim in life: besides, I find daily more to reward my trouble, and the hope to be able to help forward a better intercourse of mind between Germany and Holland with the help of friends here continually strengthens. Now I have an opportunity, which may never return. Who is possessed of the time to come? What you can have at once, take it at once.

The remainder of the letter suggests diplomatically that his sister may complete her preparations for departure as well or better in his absence, and assures her

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of his arrival within the week, if she shall announce being ready to accompany him to Sardam or Amsterdam, as she may decide upon one or the other as the point from whence to make their excursions together; after which they will direct their way to Corbach. But on the day for which he had announced himself, his sister received a half sheet of paper, half-burnt in haste and excitement, containing the words—

[Translation.]

3rd December, 1814.

(Birthday of my friend Ludwig Abeken.)

Triumph! triumph! dearest sister, could I but run and show you the spoils of this day! but I can only write, and that very shortly. Only think! to-day was an auction of Oriental MS., among which was one, of which perhaps only eight or nine exist in Europe—worth at least 300 thalers. I went without any hope of obtaining it, and I have purchased it for *twelve* florins! Besides this, I have bought eight others, which I could at once sell in Germany for 100 florins. These shall cover the expense of our journey, but the first I keep, Oh! I am so glad!*

Your

CHRISTIAN.

It here becomes necessary to enter into some details respecting Maria Christiana Bunsen, the elder half-sister, who exercised much influence over Bunsen's younger years, and remained during the whole of her life the object of respect and affection on his part, rather filial than fraternal. She was the first-born of her father's first marriage, and entered, on July 15, 1772, on a life which proved a nearly uninterrupted course of severe trial. Her power of quick observation and strong feeling was early exercised by sharing and witnessing the energetic struggles and patient endurance of her parents during the first ten years of her life. Calamity seemed to reach its height in the death of her mother and the twin infants. Her consequent removal, however, to dwell under the care of her Aunt Helene Stricker

* The MS. so peculiarly exulted over was of the Persian poet Ferdusi: this purpose of selling any of these acquisitions was never executed.

(married and settled at Amsterdam) was fortunate in its effect on the development of her character and the formation of her principles and habits of life; for the aunt was cast in a similar mould to her brother Henrich Bunsen, and united the same vigour of mind and character to the same clear-sightedness and self-devotedness. But her wholesome influence and judicious management ended too soon for the full benefit of her niece; for a short and violent disorder carried her off in the year 1787, when Christiana, barely fifteen years of age, had nearly been driven to follow her only protectress to the grave, by the combined effects of vehement grief, and of unmeasured blood-letting. Christiana was laid low for a time, and blighted for the whole of life, never having known aught before but the health and strength which her tall and well-formed figure and clear complexion seemed to indicate; and never throughout her lengthened existence did her nerves recover a healthy tone. The widowed uncle acted the part of a charitable relative in retaining the two sisters under his roof until the elder found a home for herself, and the younger could be received by her father at Corbach, after his second marriage. In the note-book of Henrich Christian is the statement that his brother-in-law had received into his family, and caused to be instructed in Christianity, his two daughters, Maria Christiana and Helene Friderica, with the addition, 'May God bless him and his only child for this!' The pressure of such unavoidable protection was not, however, lightened by a personal relation of affection as in the case of the deceased aunt; and it may be easily conceived how bitter to the high spirit and unsubmitive nature of Christiana was the necessity of waiting until she could attain a position in which her maintenance would depend upon her own efforts. She entered upon the arduous duties of companion and sick-nurse to an aged invalid lady. This difficult relation

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turned out satisfactorily, inasmuch as she was highly approved of, and returned by sincere attachment the kindness of her protectress, who bequeathed to her an independent provision, after a long period of service, in which her remains of natural health and strength were effectually dissipated by fatigue and nearly total seclusion from fresh air, in sharing the room inhabited by her rheumatic patient by night as well as by day; where every aperture, even to the very key-hole, was carefully closed up against the possible entrance of air. The date of the old lady's death, after which Christiana entered upon a period of unshackled activity, has not been ascertained, but the beginning of this laborious imprisonment must have occurred between the year 1787, when her aunt died, and 1789, when her father left Holland and the army, and settled in his native town, therefore when Christiana was between fifteen and seventeen; to which period is also to be assigned the short bright vision of the poetry of life, which came across her track but to vanish. Her acquaintance with a young officer of good family, named Faber, can have been but of very short duration, but it was sufficient to originate in him a preference so exclusive, and an attachment so decided, as to have lasted for life. On occasion of his being under military orders to remove elsewhere, he wrote to express the sentiments which had been no secret to her, and entreat her to write to him and keep him informed of her place of abode, against the time when he might hope to return in circumstances of fortune such as would enable him to marry: an expectation not vague and unfounded, as his parents were wealthy. This proposal Christiana with trepidation showed to her father, who had a paternal interest in Faber, from his having been in a manner consigned to his care by relations, and who on that account considered his honour concerned in not allowing of any engagement between the

young officer and his portionless daughter, whom he accordingly ordered to refrain entirely from answering that letter, or carrying on in any way any sort of correspondence with the writer. The harsh command was implicitly obeyed, by one as high-minded, and capable of any sacrifice to a sense of duty, as himself. It was not difficult to conceal the destination of Christiana, and the enquiries instituted by Faber, after her father had left Holland, failed to elicit the name of her place of abode. The regiment to which he belonged was ordered off on distant service, as forming a portion of the French army (Holland being then under the compulsory direction of France), and two-and-twenty years elapsed before Faber made the discovery that the object of his early and faithful attachment lived at Amsterdam, independent and respected. A meeting was appointed for them in the house of a female friend. Faber was easily recognised as less worn by the brunt of war than she had been by the struggles of every-day life; but in the pallid and emaciated woman of thirty-nine he could at first find nothing of the girl of seventeen, whom he had left in bloom and freshness; and the secret anguish of both, as in confidential conversation they mutually unravelled the web of their separate course, and traced the particulars of the divided existence which seemed as though it must have lasted for life—may be imagined by those whose sympathies have not been so absorbed by fictitious pictures of suffering, as to find the romance of real life insipid. The stunning shock of the first glance once overcome, Faber was not long in retracing the qualities of heart and powers of mind, which in combination with long-lost youth had so long fixed his affections. He urged upon Christiana the immediate fulfilment of the engagement which, though never formally made, had yet been faithfully kept, and the more, as he was under orders with his regiment to form a part of the myriad army then col-

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lecting by order of Napoleon I. for the campaign of 1812 in Russia, and his leave of absence was on the point of expiring. But Christiana insisted upon the delay of their marriage, until he should have returned from the Russian expedition—from which he never came back. Thus his departure from Amsterdam was to them a final parting. She had long to wait before anything like certain intelligence, that Faber was in the number of the fallen, arrived to confirm apprehension; and ere it came the failure of banks and of mercantile houses throughout Holland (consequent upon the unsparing extortions of the Imperial government) had swallowed up the whole of the funds from which she derived her maintenance—the result of the labour and endurance of the best years of life. Without health and without earthly hope, she was therefore thrown upon her own powers of mind and body for subsistence, the more difficult to obtain as her pride suggested the keeping her unmerited misfortune secret. For a while she struggled on, retaining the same neat lodging as before, executing fine needlework for the linen warehouses, and meeting her daily expenses as she could with the produce of her industry, until her sight began to fail, and the already shattered frame gave way. A kind-hearted physician came unsummoned, and suspecting the cause to be the want of care and comfort, communicated in confidence his observations to a few of her friends, whose character and kindness would have deserved at her hands a willing and not compulsory communication of her distress. From that moment all appliances for the sick were supplied anonymously, with that persevering delicacy of benevolence so remarkable in Dutch society. On her recovery, she submitted to the necessity of disclosing the facts of her condition to two female friends, one being Madame de Bischong (related to her former invalid protectress), a lady who considered her large fortune to be the patri-

mony of the poor, and whose life was spent in the endeavour to relieve misery of every kind. She, from that time, made Christiana an allowance sufficient for her comfort, as long as she was without other provision, that is, until her brother was in a condition to maintain her.

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The visit of Christiana to her father in her brother's infancy (which probably took place in 1798 or 1799) would seem to have been undertaken as a home-return for life; and the great affection which began and subsisted between her and the engaging child, whom every circumstance combined to make the sole hope and joy of a sorrow-stricken family, would have seemed reason sufficient for bearing and forbearing, in order to be able to remain under the paternal roof. But Christiana, though strongly attached to her father, had not enough of the spirit of conciliation in her nature to remain on peaceable terms with her stepmother and younger sister, except at a distance; and the perpetual contact and friction of uncongenial characters in a household of limited means became intolerable. Her return, therefore, to Holland, and to a life of independence, active usefulness among the poor and sick, and more desirable social relations, was felt by herself to be a necessity. But her father was never reconciled to the loss of her society. He had in her not only a beloved daughter but the child of his youth, the contemporary of his manhood, almost the only living being who remembered with him the wife loved and lost, and retained associations with that past which events had totally cut off from the present, in addition to the original sympathy which bound them to each other, from similarity of qualities and character, opinions and views of life. The need which the father felt of his daughter's presence must have been made clear to the son at a very early age, as is proved by allusions to the subject, and to the reasons which might induce her to prefer living in Holland; and

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even in schoolboy letters. This eager desire to make it possible to visit her, as soon as a journey from Göttingen could be afforded, is continually made evident, as well as the hope that his arguments, brought to bear in person, would be more effectual than in writing, to secure her returning to make amends, as far as might be, for his own absence from home. Of his sister's misfortunes and indigent condition he had no idea till they met as aforesaid in October 1814, when the day after a recognition, almost as rapturous as though the parties had been lovers instead of brother and sister, she disclosed in a paroxysm of tears, that she was not only penniless, but indebted to friends for her support, without prospect of relief but from him, as her bodily powers in their broken condition were utterly incapable of any kind of labour or exertion. The sympathy of the hearer was roused, as may be imagined, but no fear or mistrust was felt as to his being enabled to bear the additional weight, which so unexpectedly fell upon him, far as he was as yet from any distinct prospect of personal independence. He never, through life, shrank from responsibility, however great the personal risk incurred, and had a strong conviction that what ought to be done would be accomplished, even though the means of accomplishment were not visible; as Providence would help, if only he should not be wanting in courage and perseverance. His sister must not be left a recipient of the alms even of her high-minded friend—that was clear; and she must be prevailed upon to re-enter the paternal household (in a far less expensive country than any part of Holland), where it might be within his power to contribute to meet the cost of her maintenance, until he should be appointed to a Professorship, and thus be enabled to offer her to share a home of his own. He accordingly reconducted her, as it were, in triumph to his father's house, where he caused by his presence the last gleam of joy that ever visited it; for

not very long after this date his good father's powers of mind and body declined together, and the year 1814 would seem to have been the last of full intelligence and self-possession.

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In that year, in the accustomed note-book, Henrich Christian reckoned up the amount of his earnings—‘Account of cash-receipts, by God’s mercy obtained for transcribing law-documents, between 1793 and 1814: sum total, 3,020 thalers 33 groschen;’ and he made three copies of the whole, one for each of his children.

CHAPTER II.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH LÜCKE — NIEBUHR — PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES —
MR. ASTOR — VISIT TO PARIS — PROJECTED JOURNEY TO AMERICA AND
INDIA — ITALY — MR. CATHCART — ROME — LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

CHAP.
II.

THE beginning of the year 1815 found Bunsen again at Göttingen, in a course of vigorous study, and of a species of social intercourse, which, though affording useful relaxation from close application, brought his faculties into no less strong action. Such habitual communion of aspiring minds, all fixed on intellectual progress, enjoying their own and each other's development, not suppressing high spirits, nor losing individual independence in partisanship, but by common consent 'snatching the life of life' in a free interchange of thought and opinion, at the last moment before parting to be dispersed in various directions to their manifold destinations, is a spectacle which, it is to be feared, belongs to the past only; and the high poetry (Sophocles, Shakespeare, Göthe) which ruled the hour in these social meetings, alternating with 'heart-easing mirth,' will rarely perhaps be found among the pastimes of any modern University.

In a letter written in 1861, by Herr Von Bethman-Hollweg, mention is made of the sensation produced by Bunsen's suddenly quitting a lecture-room in the Göttingen University, in indignation at the unworthy manner in which the most sacred subjects were treated by a certain dignified teacher of rationalism. The '*Herr Abt*' (a title in some places retained from Romanist times) paused at the interruption produced,

and hazarded the remark, that 'some one belonging to the Old Testament had possibly slipped in unrecognised;' which called forth a burst of laughter from the entire auditory, all being as well aware as the lecturer himself who it was that had mortified him. The date of the occurrence is not given. The members of the circle of Bunsen's peculiar intimates were all well known as being, each from his own point of view, in opposition to the ruling system of so-called religious instruction at that time.

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II.

Bunsen to Becker.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 20th March, 1815.

My journey into Holland last autumn was one of the most agreeable that I ever made. All that this remarkable people possess—land, language, manners, art—is so entirely of one character, and, as it were, out of one mould, that nowhere, perhaps, could the connection of these appearances with one another be more clearly perceived. Thus also is the inner nature and the history of the poetry of this nation a counterpart of their school of painting. In all, the German, or, if you will, the Teutonic character, is worked out into form in a manner more decidedly national than anywhere else. Perhaps I may one day carry out the theme which rests on this example.

This journey has yet more confirmed my decision to become acquainted with the entire Germanic race, and then to proceed with the development of my governing ideas. For this purpose I am about to travel with Brandis to Copenhagen to learn Danish, and, above all, Icelandic.

To Lücke.

[Translation.]

Copenhagen: 16th June, 1815.

BELoved LÜCKE!—The sun shines brightly over the sea and the green slopes, which extend from the last line of waves to my cheerful dwelling: the noise of the town disturbs not the calm of my spirit, in which the sunbeams of memory are reflected, clear as the light of heaven in the water-mirror. Thus, I can fancy myself back again in your happy circle, on

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the flowery turf, in the garden, or in the snug corner of the friendly room. I have never thought more of Germany than in these latter days—now in gladness, and now in sadness—and often seem to myself as if transported, out of the ocean teeming with life and restless in motion, into an artificial pond, in which nothing short of a tempest from without could create even a ripple on the surface, and impede the process of corruption. This is a just image of the contrast between the present national life in Germany and in Denmark. The sacred enthusiasm for the common cause of the country is found to have died away, soon after you have crossed the Elbe, at least on my line of travel: the cultivator of the soil in his solitary abode exults in not seeing a soldier, and in not being obliged to become one, and knows and cares not what takes place beyond his own narrow horizon. The inhabitant of the town is only troubled by the stagnation in trade—and all national spirit is wanting. . . . In general I work alone with Brandis till three o'clock, then we join the Brandis family, and either remain with them till midnight, or from thence proceed in the evening to the beautiful royal gardens, or visit some friendly house (that of Oersted, Oehlenschläger, Kaalrupp, &c.), or return to our own peaceful rooms. Visits have become more frequent, as I had need of practice in Danish conversation, instead of poring constantly over books: but they will again give place to the regular study of Icelandic, which I am about to begin. I put off till later making longer expeditions through the garden of Freya, as the Danes, not unfitly, name Seeland. The society here is pleasing, as being easy and unconstrained, and animated by musical talent, but is not otherwise calculated to produce a strong impression. I am most intimate with Oehlenschläger, who reads with me his own tragedies, and is by far the most gifted and cultivated man among the Danes. He is vain of himself and fond of display, but in a childlike, rather than an arrogant manner. Brandis's father* is decidedly the most distinguished and powerful individual whose acquaintance the journey to Denmark has procured to me; his stores of universal knowledge, his penetrating intellect and extreme

* Dr. Brandis, after an extensive practice in his native city of Hildesheim, and having made himself known by medical writings of high merit, was called to Copenhagen as Physician to the King of Denmark.

animation, above all, his strong rectitude of judgment and unprejudiced views of life, proceeding from manifold experience, join to render intercourse with him profitable and invigorating, as well as enjoyable to me.

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My acquaintance with antiquity has taught me to contemplate with calmness the Indestructible in the lapse of centuries, those eternal objects of all human meditation,—religion, language, art, civil polity,—and, therefore, to despise all the trifling and transitory forms and trappings annexed to them, germinating and perishing with the course of generations.

On the other hand, the history of more recent times seems to tell with greater accuracy what is to be sought out as the truly human, the imperishable and divine, in those ruins.

Not till after my ideas as to the mode of research into the inner history of mankind, in its three chief periods, had been fully developed, could the regular study of Teutonic antiquity appear essential. My stay in Holland and the opportunity of journeying hitherward were my motives for giving a preference to these languages. Now, my duty and difficulty is to swim through the stream, and gain the opposite shore, for there is much to learn. The object of my research requires the acquisition of the whole treasure of language, in order to the completion of some of my favourite linguistic theories, and further to be enabled to enquire into the poetry and religious conceptions of German-Scandinavian heathenism, and their historical connection with the East.

Bunsen to Richard Bunsen, at Berlin.

[Translation.]

Copenhagen: 15th July, 1815.

No letter from home! but one from you, without which the day would have passed very gloomily, as the newspapers are not cheering; they have not yet announced the entry into Paris, and have been altogether silent about Blücher since the 26th. Yet I will dismiss anxiety—God will surely grant a good issue—and I shall give myself up to the feelings of joy called forth by the much that is to be rejoiced in. How often do I wish to be only for one hour in Germany, above all in Prussia, to share and communicate my enthusiastic

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II.

exultation and thankfulness with thousands and millions of souls equally inspired! That is the only thing here wanting to me. My friends, and the greater part of my associates, are of one mind with me: but national life is wanting, and that high self-consciousness which animates, rouses, and inspires an entire great nation, willingly to shed its blood for the restoration of the fatherland. This increases the longing I feel after my distant friends, and those upon the great field of action—and, therefore, above all, Ludwig Abeken. I behold him as in the winter of 1813, when the sacred flame which glowed through him could no longer be kept back by the arguments of his family, and on his birthday he came to me with the firm determination to take part in the conflict. In the murky days of winter and spring, 1812-1813, when the star of freedom as yet only gleamed through mist, often was the question agitated in our company of friends; and while several in turn uttered the resolution to enter the ranks of the combatants for freedom, I was silent, because, bound by my family duties and obligations, as to which, all, including Abeken, agreed with me; while he, childlike and timid among his elder and more robust companions (who seemed to take for granted that for him no such exertion were possible), was yet the one who, when the hour of action came, most intensely felt the calling, the longing and the strength required, and was firmer and more resolute than any: and as neither doubt nor reasoning had urged or restrained, so could neither be brought to bear upon him as a hindrance. His good fortune led him to the very company which, from the first, he had desired to join; in him the spirit invigorated the body, and, of all my friends, he had the most of that divine inspiration of zeal which shrinks not from death to attain its object; as distinct from the false and demonstrative excitement of fashion, as from the frigid unsympathising decision of the understanding. After a seven months' separation I saw him again, unpretending and gentle as before, but stronger and more cheerful. That he would not remain in inaction after the recommencement of hostilities, I was sure beforehand: but the uncertainty in which I am about him is tormenting.

*Bunsen to Hey.*CHAP.
II.

[Translation.]

Copenhagen: 22nd August, 1815.

I would not write to you, until my inmost soul had obtained the needful repose and clearness of discrimination, after the manifold impressions of the inner and outer world lately received. But time hastens on, and new images and ideas crowd unceasingly upon the mind, before those previously received have been subdued or regulated. The life of early youth is (as, indeed, all real and actual life, especially in the intellectual channel) a condition of ever-productive and ever-varying progression: and if the world in general is concerned in our *being*, so is it the friend's part to take cognisance of our *development*. Wherefore, accept from me what I have to give—my innermost and best—God will do the rest! The times also in which we live have been cleared by storm and tempest from the sultriness which oppressed all vitality, into brightness of hope and joy for every German heart, and the mind expands to a tranquil enjoyment of its own proper life and appointed sphere of activity.

[This passage is the introduction to a complete statement of plans of intellectual exertion, which need not here be repeated, as it has been given in other words elsewhere.]

Bunsen to Ernst Schulze.

[Translation.]

Copenhagen: 23rd September, 1815.

Although I hope that Brandis' letter (sent to Celle), and mine, addressed to Reck, will have strengthened your delightful resolution to travel hitherwards,—yet I must add a few words for greater security, by way of Hamburg, in the hope that they may in the first place seize and take possession of you. We delight so much in the thought of your coming, we have so much to say to you about the past and the future, and lastly, so much to make known to you that is beautiful in the present—that you must in every case come. You must set out as soon as possible—the wind is usually favourable at this season: in twice twenty-four hours you might be with us. . . . From here I go with dear Brandis to Berlin, from whence he has the best accounts.

CHAP. . . . Niebuhr (to whom he has written directly) will do
 II. all in his power. . . . And you must go thither also,
 into that stirring life:—place yourself upon the same step
 of Fortune that I shall mount—of that, more by word of
 mouth: only now come, and that soon.

The following extract from a letter of Lücke to Ernst Schulze gives an insight into the intimate relation of the group of friends:—

[Translation.]

2nd October, 1815.

In the enclosed richly-filled letter, you will recognise Bunsen's power and splendour of mind, and you will also not fail to perceive his thoughtlessness in making projects: he and Brandis are a pair of most amiable speculators, full of affection,—but one must meet them with the *ne quid nimis*. Reck writes to me, that he has furiously parried their attack upon you, at the risk of incurring their displeasure: but I consider Reck to be in the right. He has charged me, of all things, to dissuade you from listening to the syren-song of Bunsen from the Danish island; a journey to Copenhagen would delay your return to Göttingen, and be disadvantageous, as you are now engaged in the lectures: and I subscribe to Reck's opinion—although I willingly admit having sometimes myself the inclination, like Bunsen, to rush gaily upon the rolling sea of life, hoping like him to be a gainer. But *non omnes possumus omnia*—the daring are often gainers, but may be the reverse: and to seize the present with clear and not too hasty appreciation is best. I must denounce an error in Bunsen's letter. He insists upon the 8th October as being Plato's birthday, which we (by a decree of our society in 1814) are to celebrate regularly by a toast, and by writing to the absent;—but that is not the right day, it is November 7th. Bunsen cannot remember what I have so often told him, and demonstrated out of classical works. November 7th we will celebrate, when you are back among us,—I shall take care of that—and on the same day, by Bunsen's desire, we will celebrate the birthday of Luther, although this be really the 11th. . . . Peace and joy in God to you and yours!

LÜCKE.

*Bunsen to Lücke.*CHAP.
II.

[Translation.]

Copenhagen: 10th October, 1815. :

In answer to an enquiry addressed to Niebuhr by Brandis, he writes as follows:—

‘That State in Northern Germany which gladly receives every German, from wheresoever he may come, and considers every one thus entering as a citizen born—is *the true Germany*. That such a State should prove inconvenient to others of inferior importance, which persist in continuing their isolated existence, regardless of the will of Providence and of the general good, is of no consequence whatever; nor even does it matter, that in its present management there are defects and imperfections. Taking all in all, I would not exchange our nation for that of ancient Rome.’

We intend to be in Berlin in three weeks:—and there (in Prussia) am I resolved to fix my destinies. At Copenhagen, I have completed all that I could achieve nowhere else, and so far am entirely satisfied with the result of my journey. The Minister of State, Count Schimmelmann, entered warmly into my plans of study and travel: the English Envoy, Mr. Foster, also took interest in them: but he, and yet more Niebuhr, dissuaded me from all expectation of obtaining countenance for my purpose from the British Government.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 21st November, 1815.

We left Copenhagen on the 30th, and soon encountered heavy gales. Our little boat was nearly capsized by the waves. The greatest efforts of our sailors with their oars were required. At last, on the 6th, we reached the harbour of Swinemünde. To consider Berlin as the centre of action for the newly awakened spirit is just and right; but to suppose the results hitherto obtained to be equal to existing demands would be an error. As an ideal treatment of the empirical sciences, and especially of history, had formerly taken root here, in opposition to the ancient lifeless and material system

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II.

of study, so now a tendency to realism is wholly supplanting idealism; and it is on the ground of positivism that the new University is based; the impossibility having been felt of resisting the spirit of the age. Lachmann ought to come here with his Propertius: he may be sure, not only of subsistence, but of honour. Schulze must accompany him. With much awe and reverence did I approach the great men of learning, and left them, with increase of the latter, but discarding the former. My visits to Niebuhr, Schleiermacher, and Solger demand the first notice, but I can now only speak of those to Niebuhr. It would be hard to describe my astonishment at his command over the entire domain of knowledge. All that can be known seems to be within his grasp, and everything known to him to be at hand, as if held by a thread. He met me at once with the advice to carry out my project of an Oriental journey of linguistic research for the Prussian Government. I should gladly write to you much more of Niebuhr—in particular of his indescribably pleasing and benevolent manner, which alone accounts for his not being repulsive and harsh, with so much decision of character and opinion. His heart is evidently full of kindness. . . . On Saturday, he took Brandis and myself to dine with the so-called *Lawless Club*,* and made us acquainted with Savigny, Schleiermacher, and Reimer (the publisher): nearly all the members call each other by the friendly Thou.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

Berlin: 14th November.

[After an earnest request to his sister, to make arrangements, as well as she could, for the celebration of the 'silver wedding' of his parents, i.e., their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, on November 19th, he writes to her, that he was bound to proceed to Berlin, not only to await the return of Astor from America, but on account of his own prospects in life.]

[Translation.]

Prussia can alone become my country: this I told you already in Holland: and my anticipation has been confirmed, that if

* This Club was established by the efforts of Schleiermacher, to bring together at a friendly meal, once a fortnight, men of varied occupations, and of different shades of opinion. The name was selected, on the first occasion of meeting, out of a number proposed, to designate the absence of rule or pre-eminence among its members. The Club still exists.

any Government in Germany can do anything for me, it will be this, in spite of its present state of exhaustion. Here alone are found, near the seat of power, men who have the intention and the energy to carry out great plans: and only in such a truly great State, where the highest achievements of science are possible, can I hope for a good result in labouring for my anticipated discoveries: . . . The reception I have met with here exceeds all expectation. The principal advantage, to be attained by my Indian journey I consider to be, the procuring of materials for introducing into Germany the study of Oriental literature, for as yet in all Europe, it is only in London, and to a certain degree in Paris, where such researches are possible.

The winter of 1815 to 1816, spent at Berlin, was in many respects important, and in none more so than through the influence gained over Bunsen's mind by the preaching of Schleiermacher, aided by the personal impression of his mind and character. But Bunsen's chief object was the condensing and systematising of the subjects of his habitual meditation, with a view to the great ideal aim of his life; and the result, in a small number of pages, was submitted to Niebuhr, who granted it his earnest and approving, not to say, admiring notice, and thereupon formed the opinion, afterwards expressed on an important occasion, that Bunsen was 'perhaps the most distinguished of his younger countrymen.'

*Statement of a "Plan of Intellectual Labour, laid before
Niebuhr, at Berlin, January 1816.*

[Translation.]

After earnestly scrutinising and reconsidering the principles and views which have influenced and guided me in the original formation of a plan of study for life, and in that more complete modelling which it has undergone within the last three years, I venture to lay the outlines of it, with diffidence and yet with confidence, before *you*, whose encouraging sympathy seemed to call upon me to execute this preliminary design, and, at the same time, inspirited me to its execution.

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The two portions of philosophical and historical enquiry into classical antiquity, which stimulated me to further research, were first, *language*, especially in so far as its inner structure appears to me the clearest mirror, reflecting all the national peculiarities scattered through art and science; next, and conjointly, *religious* and *civil legislation*.

As often as I have been led, either philologically or historically, into either of these subjects, I have been conscious of continual oscillation between two points. When I gave myself up to single and individual portions, and felt the need of deep and clear comprehension of each, as the only safe groundwork of the rest, I was presently driven into general contemplation and examination, in the want of which I believed I had found the cause of the acknowledged imperfection of result in each individual scrutiny. And whenever I hereby succeeded in eliciting light, I was led by it to return to the enquiries which I had only on compulsion abandoned, and to discern that which the general view revealed, in actual reality and individual distinctness. Thus did the accuracy or inaccuracy of the original perception become clear and certain, by means of the renewed scrutiny, the continuation of which, however, on reaching a certain point, occasioned anew the former oscillation. Had I found it possible to cast off the one or the other as unnecessary, I should not have endeavoured to effect their union. By examples the most satisfactory and unsatisfactory, taken from the past and the present, I have convinced myself how greatly knowledge at its present stage needs to be advanced by minute accuracy of investigation, carried as nearly as possible to completeness; and nothing would seem to me more censurable, than the empty endeavour to fill out the insufficiency of investigation by verbose generalisation, and so-called philosophical construction.

The following concatenation of thought suggested itself as the only solution of the difficulty. If it be the office of *philology* to arrange and treat historical facts in their individuality,—of *history*, to discover and reveal their connection in the various existing séries of developement,—lastly, of *philosophy*, both to establish the fundamental principles according to which philology and history are to investigate the perceptible actuality as well as the laws of developement (*‘Sein und*

Werden’) of phenomena, and to point out a secure method of mediation between fact and ideal conception; it is surely only a combination of all these three forms of contemplation that can lead to a general and satisfactory solution of their common problem, and therefore to the highest point of human knowledge. But howsoever and in whatsoever degree that end may be attainable, it will be necessary to distinguish clearly between the three methods of approach, and to keep them rigorously apart, before we proceed further, if real advantage is to be acquired to science, which only progresses so far as all its parts advance in unison.

With the philological enquiry the beginning must therefore be made; and here also are two steps to be distinguished. Facts, in their widest sense, must first be collected and arranged completely and critically, which again is only to be done by the aid of philosophy in one of its branches. For since logic gives us the means of classifying all forms of phenomena in their necessary connection, therefore, in a manner capable of universal application, we are enabled to reconstruct much that we only meet with isolated, and in fragments, and to restore juxtaposition in the seemingly discordant. This scientific view will be the more needed, the more the variety of facts can and must be referred to a principle of inward conformity (as, for instance, in language), and the less complete is the store of remains preserved to us.

These phenomena, which can be adopted as symbols of the idea, must undergo a second philological analysis, to disclose the latent idea on which they are founded, and which gives them significance, and as it were reality. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the possibility and the extent of such interpretation, yet it is clear, that upon this exclusively depends the efficiency of the process, whether according to the philosophical or the empirical element. The same assertion holds good as to the three steps in historical contemplation; for as no intelligible result can be deduced from any course of development, without philological discrimination of the appearances therein contained, so must each course of development in its peculiar line, whether of science or art, of language or religion, of individual life or political existence, be completed in itself (assuming the practicability of such complete investigation), before it can

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be reckoned amidst the documents for the history of national developement, or of the human race.

The success of such an extension of philological and historical research, as far as materials exist, must depend upon the due selection, in the first instance, of a centre for investigation, in the leading nations of each period; and wherever the essentially Human in its various stages of developement has displayed itself the most splendidly, the most clearly and completely, it must also be connected and continuous in its manifestations. This enquiry, originating from the centre of historical contemplation,—whether *inwardly* according to the laws of universal history, or *outwardly* according to the possibility of establishing facts by monuments, especially the philological (in so far as philology is admitted to be the educating principle),—would seem to give the same result. From whatever point of view considered, three principal divisions present themselves, which together form that central group:—the Germanic nations, the ancient Greeks and Romans, and (for the earliest period) the Median-Persian-Indian race. For this portion, no nation can be taken in preference to the Hebrew, were it only on account of their records; and yet their significance in universal history consists in their being the means of preparation for Christianity, rather than in their rank in humanity, or their discernible condition of developement.

In whatever light this group may be viewed, its several members, nearly allied as they are to each other, form one great family of nations, and of languages, which may be traced through the various ages of history, and whose connection is the more to be noted and dwelt upon, because of all records those of language are the most important and indispensable towards establishing certain philological results.

Should it be possible to raise upon this basis a plan of life-study, the philological foundation can in the first place alone come in question; and believing as I do, that to this end a journey to the East and residence in Calcutta would be necessary, the following arrangements would seem the best.

The study of the Germanic languages in their fullest extent I should desire before all others, to carry up to the point essential to my object: which being in general only to ascertain the distinction between the ancient and the

modern (in short merely linguistic), I could not contemplate returning to at a later period; this study being intended to produce the result, *first*, of fixing the place of the various races and nationalities, particularly of the German and Scandinavian, according to language, and thereby ascertaining the connection of the various branches of Germanic philology; and, *secondly*, of contributing towards a general grammatical foundation for all. With reference to the latter, I have peculiarly studied the Icelandic.

I consider a twofold preparation to be called for, previous to treading the soil of the East. First, as to language, I will begin with the Persian, which, whether from the scientific or practical point of view, calls for earliest attention, as being the medium of communication; and I should devote all my efforts to master Ferdusi, in particular to the philological and critical interpretation of the first and mythical portion of the poem, as most important; for which study the MS. in my possession furnishes opportunity, and the places for study would be, first—Paris, and afterwards Oxford. Next would follow the study of Sanscrit, for which only England could afford opportunity. Only after the acquisition of these two languages could a judgement be formed as to the importance of the Zend-writings, and the possibility of a critical commentary upon them, as well as a grammatical exposition of the idiom, which, again, would depend upon the question, whether or not, before the journey to India, the manuscripts of Anquetil du Perron and his own (possibly unavailable) commentary could be utilised.

Together with this language-labour (which, without reckoning the Germanic portion, might be completed in three years) the remaining half of the philological reconstruction must go hand-in-hand,—that is, the collecting and critically analysing the facts relating to Oriental nationalities, which lie scattered amid the remnants of Greek and Latin literature, with a view to discerning their origin and connection, and also with reference to *civil and religious polity*, for all which enquiries I may reckon upon the means of furtherance in England, France, and Italy.

A systematic and connected study of classical antiquity, which ever remains the central point of all philological contemplation, must be carried on unceasingly, however

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restricted the compass, during the period primarily devoted to Oriental pursuits, and with that object I would commence with the critical examination of Herodotus, and have prepared especially for the *Persica* and *Ægyptiaca*.

A residence of three years in Calcutta (after the forementioned preparation) would give the opportunity of making use of the collections there—of finding help towards becoming acquainted with the languages and nations, and of acquiring the more essential records.

A letter dated Berlin, Jan. 27, 1816, expresses warm acknowledgements to his sister for her successful arrangements for the celebration of the 'silver wedding,' and for the full account she had written of the family festival, into the pleasure of which the parents would seem to have fully entered. The scene was soon, alas! to change. A violent attack of rheumatic gout, to which his father was subject, brought on a condition of debility of body and mind which continued, only varying in degree, until he was released by death four years later. His son felt the shock severely—it must have been the first sorrow of his life.

[Translation.]

And have I indeed looked upon him for the last time, as the ideal image of a fine old age, in health of body and mind? All, all that is past! Since I quitted the home of childhood, the most earnest wish of my soul has been, that he might have joy in me and in the conditions of my life; and now that my hopes and prospects brighten, he is become incapable of rejoicing over anything with full clearness or perception! This state of suffering pains me doubly, from its cause and nature—first because it has most probably been brought on, as you justly observe, by his unremitting and unsparing exertions by day and night; and next, because he is tormented by a number of anxieties, which he did not allow to prey upon his mind, as long as it was in its native unconquerable vigour. On this account, your being with him is an inexpressible comfort to me, as I know that you alone possess influence enough over his feelings, to quiet down his distress into a mere sadness, and bring him back to rest in

God and in the divine Mediator, and perhaps even to tranquil consciousness; so that you can, better than any spiritual guide, smooth his way to death.

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Mr. Astor, anticipating his promised return to Europe and to his friend by fully three months, arrived at Paris towards the end of November 1815. It was some time before Bunsen received his invitation to join him there, and this seems to have disconcerted the plans he had meanwhile formed for the winter. At first hopes were entertained that Mr. Astor would be induced to pay a lengthened visit to Berlin, then such an intellectual centre as it has probably not been before or since. A protracted correspondence took place between them. When at length it became clear to Bunsen that Mr. Astor had resolved to await his arrival at Paris, he started from Berlin for that city. After spending a few days with his friends Becker, Hey, Agricola, &c., at Gotha, with Lücke and others at Göttingen, and with his sorely stricken family at Corbach, Bunsen made all haste to cross the French frontier. The following letters were written in the course of this journey:—

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 19th March, 1816.

BELoved FRIEND!—This day is the anniversary of an hour of crisis, as strongly fixed in my memory as in yours; the origin not only of closer confidence and more intimate friendship, but of the peculiar love and estimation which binds my whole inward being indissolubly to yours. For even as the intensity of your suffering gave me occasion, to see more clearly than before into the depths of faithfulness and self-devotedness in your mind, so did also the moral energy, so eminently and powerfully developed in your manful struggle with grief, seize upon my mind with sympathetic attraction. When God shall send *me* sorrow, should I learn to endure and combat, should I ever attain to the power and the strength which I ask of God, I shall chiefly acknowledge the benefit derived from the contemplation of your doing and suffering in the past year.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Frankfort: January, 1816.

That I am here, and wherefore I came, you will have learnt from the diary in which I have written of the concerns of our friends. These lines therefore are devoted to my dearest friend, to yourself, my beloved Brandis, and to your sorrows. I know that your wound is fresh, and I need not apprehend, by my mention of it, to tear it open anew; for a man has nothing more sacred, of all that is essentially his own, than his grief. Let us then again clearly utter the fact, that God saw not good to grant your heart's desire; therein lies an abyss of suffering for your faithful and deeply sensitive nature, and also the beginning of a possibility of tranquillisation and of consolation. With the removal of hope, uncertainty (the most terrible of evils) has also been removed; wherefore, renouncing all delusion, let the mind's eye take in the whole affliction; and thereby, and therewith only, discern and receive the pervading ray of divine light and strength within us. Consider your calling, by means of hard-earned power and virtue to further the work of God in suffering humanity; consider our divine Forerunner and Example. If you place Him before your eyes, and feel the influence of blessing which flows from this immediate representation of God through the contemplative soul, and consider how you are called, more than many and most, to the exercise of the work of love, and that you have not far to look for opportunity, you cannot fail to experience the consoling power of the Spirit of God. I can only refer you to yourself:—but though mistrustful of my own slumbering energy, I yet go forward with integrity of will and aroused spirit to meet my own time of trial. My own words must fall back upon me, if I should in my own case forget them; you must then place, not only these my convictions but yourself before me. First, however, begin with the unhappy Schulze, who knows and will know nothing of that inward power, or of the demands of moral obligation. He is indeed wretched.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

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Metz: 2nd April, 1816.

[After thanking for advice given, he continues:—] I have thus received another proof, though for my conviction I needed it not, what a treasure of experience, judgement, and fortitude lies in your mind. Consider well, that whosoever has such gifts, should rejoice in the life of usefulness pointed out by God, and not be cast down, but joyfully rest in Him. I promise you work enough to do with me, and I will try to prove to you that I can learn to profit by your counsels.

Amid the confused sounds of lamentation, abuse and complaint of the French that one hears, one would fain stop one's ears. But I have contrived to conciliate my travelling companions and to listen to the detail of their grievances. Some will in a degree hear reason, others not at all; but as to admitting that they can have been beaten in a regular battle, that is out of the question with every one alike. There are many families still at Metz of German origin, the town having become French only since 1550; but the people will not believe that, as they know nothing of history. Only at two hours' distance from Metz German is still the language of the people—but, it is true, everybody speaks French as well.

At Paris he was received by Mr. Astor with all the cordiality of their long-tried intimacy. But there was a difficulty, and Mr. Astor solved it in the most considerate manner. Despairing of the arrival of his friend, he had engaged himself to accompany a few of his countrymen on a three months' tour to Rome, *viâ* Florence, thus giving Bunsen time to conclude his Persian studies at Paris, under the auspices of Silvestre de Sacy, at that time, probably, the greatest Oriental scholar in Europe. It was agreed that Bunsen and Astor should meet in Italy three months later.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Paris: 27th April, 1816.

. . . Of myself I must tell you, that I am deeper in work than ever. In order to get well into the course of study, and at

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the same time to abridge the time of waiting, I have ventured upon great, and what you may reckon audacious, undertakings. At first I only planned following de Sacy's lectures on Ferdusi, which the Persian scholars in general do not attend, but which he carries on with two French pupils, one of whom has been eight, the other twelve years studying under him. To the great surprise of the latter I appeared among them, as a listener, a week ago; and to their vexation (because I was a cause of delay) in the next following lecture (which was yesterday), I already translated my portion; and as each time from 170 to 190 verses are gone through, there was enough to satisfy my appetite. But thereupon de Sacy would insist upon conducting me also into Meschoud and Sadi, partly from love to the subject, as he is *de Sacy*, and partly from the sort of noble pride the French have in showing, how much they are willing to do for one; besides he thinks much of Germany and of his reputation there. I therefore entered upon those lectures also, and having prepared myself as well as I could, and thus understood something of Sadi, I shall next week take my place in the ranks, and translate with the others. But this step drew another after it. For the understanding of the two latter poets a knowledge of Arabic is indispensable, if the thing is not to be done superficially, on account of the use of Arabic roots and idioms. Wherefore de Sacy proposed to me to attend an Arabic lecture, which he would as much as possible arrange for me. As I had now got well into the work, and felt that I should be able later to read on in Ferdusi by myself, when I should have had the necessary practice, I accepted the offer, and shall begin next week to translate *Pilpai*, and possibly afterwards the Koran. When I now add that I continue twice a week to read Persian with Langlès, you will be aware that from morning till night I have enough to do in preparation and repetition: and this I do, with *fury* and delight, because I must get on, and I do get on. I have arranged my plan to my mind, with consideration of what I can learn here better than anywhere else. I work in the morning from five till ten; then, in the garden of the Luxembourg (only three minutes' walk), I drink my coffee. Then I work again, till five o'clock, when I dine. My hours are from nine to ten for Persian in the Collège de France (close by) and from three

to five with Langlés, at the distance of a quarter of an hour's walk. The Arabic is on Thursday from twelve to two; and between times I read MSS. at the Bibliothèque, or go to Schlaberndorf. From seven to half-past nine, or at the utmost ten, I am about some writing exercise; later, I mean to give that time to the French theatre, for the sake of improvement in the language.

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Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Paris: 11th May, 1816.

I thought I should have studied here all these three months only one language, the ancient Persian, that in which my manuscript is written. But the modern Persian is in another respect important, as being in the East what the French language is, or was, in Europe,—that which every person of cultivation speaks. This modern Persian consists more than half of a mixture of Arabic, a language related to the Hebrew like the Danish to the German, which therefore must be learnt together with the Persian. It had been my project to learn Arabic in England; but Professor de Sacy here has met my wishes in so very kind and obliging a manner, and his method of teaching is so admirable, that I have been induced to attempt that also in this place, and I have to thank God for such a blessing upon my endeavour, that my progress has been more considerable than I had hoped. I may look forward to being able, when I leave Paris after three months, to read both the ancient and modern Persian and to speak the latter. Thus very possibly I may gain a whole year in my preparation for India, for I should not require to learn any other language in Europe, having made out that of the Indian tongues very little could be acquired at Paris, and to appear at Calcutta as a learner with respect to those would be no disgrace, as I might even surprise them there by being prepared in Persian. There and in England I should appear with no other pretension than that of being a Greek and Latin scholar, saying nothing about what I may have studied and learnt besides. You know that the English demand of every man to make one thing his profession, and one who pretends to many at a time is considered empty and not to be trusted. My prize

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★ II.

essay, (which I intend to improve and complete and reprint) treats of the connection between ancient Indian and Grecian laws and religious mysteries, and will thus prove doubly useful to me. I look upon going from Italy to England with Astor as fixed; after that he means to be for some months in Germany,—‘you can remain in England and in Germany as long as you wish (Astor said); but then, go to India by way of America; my father wishes to see you there, and would send you on to India in one of his vessels.’ As to this point, I have come to no decision. I am perfectly well, and arrange my day as I like; work from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk, from six to seven sleep;—from seven to eleven work again. In that manner I can make it possible to work in the evening, which otherwise I never could. I have overtaken in study some of the French students who had begun a year ago. God be thanked for His help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament (last night Corinthians xii.), in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament; yesterday I began the Psalms from the first.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Paris: 15th May, 1816.

Brandis is on the way to Italy with Niebuhr, as Secretary of Legation, and must now be in the south of Germany. It is one of my most pleasing prospects in going to Italy that I shall find him in Rome; for of all my friends, he is the one with whom I have most shared joy and sorrow at Göttingen, at Copenhagen, and Berlin; and each variety of relation has but increased day by day my love and esteem for him. We are probably the only two of the whole body of friends capable of sharing a room between us, which is his merit, and not mine.

On June 15, when preparing to leave Paris, and proceed to Florence, to meet Mr. Astor, according to the promise given, he writes:—

[Translation.]

I can now help myself on alone in all that I had intended to learn here, as I have learnt in these two months

the method of study, and have become acquainted with the means of help; and an equally considerable gain has been the acquaintance of French Oriental scholars, and of a young German (Freytag), who is become a real friend, so that I can now reckon an Orientalist among my friends; and, lastly, of the celebrated and illustrious Alexander de Humboldt, . . . who intends in a few years to visit Asia, where I may hope to meet him. He has been beyond measure kind and obliging to me, and from him I shall receive the best recommendations for Italy and England, as well as from his brother, now Prussian Minister in London. Lastly, the winter in Rome may become to me, by the presence of Niebuhr, more instructive and fruitful than in any other place. Thus has God ordained all things for me for the best, according to His will, not mine, and far better than I deserve.

A letter dated August 6, at Florence, announces his arrival there on July 23, after a journey, tedious enough according to modern notions, but which he designates as prosperous and agreeable, even though he had experienced, as far as the frontier of Italy, an uninterrupted course of cold and rainy weather, 'so that cloaked and clothed as in winter, he had yet shivered in the midst of figs and olives.' It was on this journey that he was placed in momentary embarrassment, by his resemblance to Napoleon I. and his family, at one of the stopping-places of the Diligence between Lyons and Marseilles. He was called out by the police from the *table d'hôte*, where, he sat with his companions of the Diligence, and subjected to close examination, as a supposed *Napoléonide*, having, in spite of prohibition, crossed the frontier from Germany: the testimony, however, of all his fellow-travellers to his having occupied a place in the Diligence in their company all the way from Paris, and of one of them, that he had seen him at Paris, was finally admitted to be satisfactory.

In Florence he found at the banker's a letter from Mr. Astor, and immediately after he met his friend in

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person, who had left Rome precipitately, on his way to New York, in consequence of his father's having urged his speedy return. The disappointment on both sides was great. Mr. Astor renewed in the most pressing manner his request that Bunsen would accompany him to New York. When Mr. Astor found Bunsen obdurate about not leaving Europe, until better prepared for his Oriental journey, he took leave of him. The friends parted to meet again in Heidelberg, after a lapse of forty-one years.

After having seen Mr. Astor depart, Bunsen was left to reflections sufficiently discouraging to have crushed the energies of almost any other less buoyant nature—his own cherished prospects broken up, and his sister's letters giving the most heartrending details of the bodily sufferings as well as the mental decay of his father. His letters, however, make it evident that he found relief of mind in resuming the studies broken off at Paris, and refreshment of body in the Galleries of Florence, under the extreme and sudden heat of the weather, admitting that his not having been able to sleep, during the first week of his stay, had been more the consequence of a multitude of anxious thoughts, than of the temperature. He labours to quiet the apprehensions of his sister, assuring her that having received this check is a sort of consolation, as it had seemed to him 'unfair to be the only fortunate individual in a family visited by sickness and trial of every sort, which he had not been able effectually to relieve.'

[Translation.]

By the late event my soul has been brought into a wholesome shade, far more beneficial than the former sunshine of fortune; a feeling of repose, tranquillity, and peace of mind steals over me, and I am led to seek the inward, in proportion as I am deprived of the outward, support. And thus I become aware more than ever, of the power that God has placed in me, and also how much I have been wanting in the

full exertion and worthy use (in and through God) of that strength which He has given. The only difference I find as regards my studies is, that I can now work much more than in the former condition of things. The forenoon is devoted entirely to the Persian language; then I rest from exertion, and strengthen myself in contemplation of the wonderful works of art that Florence possesses; after which I dine, and return to my room, or wander in the beautiful valley amid vines, fig-trees, orange-trees, and cypresses. The only disturbance I experience is from the good-natured people with whom I lodge, and their children, who like to talk to me; but cheering and pleasing though they be, I know it is better to avoid this intimacy, and thus I am going to remove into the country, half an hour's distance from Florence, to a lodging in a park (the Cascine) with the finest of prospects, where I may be quite free from disturbance. The same day that I was busy with my removal one of my travelling companions arrived from Paris, an Englishman, who at that time, for the sake of going farther with me, took the Marseilles route, and on his arrival here sought me out at once. He liked the situation of my new lodgings, and immediately engaged rooms in the same house. He had a Frenchman with him as a kind of secretary, from whom he desired to learn French; but though studying with much application, he found his progress to be slow; and on my birthday (August 25th) he asked me whether I could not put him into a way of really acquiring French; if I would do him that service, he would gladly assist me in the execution of my Indian plans, of which I had informed him, when we were travelling together.

The letter goes on with particulars of Mr. Cathcart's having allowed his French companion to give up his engagement, and induced Bunsen to spare him three hours daily, for instruction in French for four months, besides showing and explaining to him the curiosities of Florence, and afterwards of Rome. This arrangement suited perfectly with Bunsen's plan of awaiting the arrival of Niebuhr at Florence, on his way to Rome, and he writes further to his sister, 'See! thus far has God helped me! you will believe that I am thankful!

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Giving lessons disturbs me but little, as I may choose the hours that suit me, and I profit much by the practice of speaking English.'

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Florence : 10th August, 1816.

I am working here with real fury : in the morning at Ferdusi till nine : from that time till twelve, at the Laurentian Library, over the Ferdusi MS. ; from twelve till three in the Gallery, where I imbibe undisturbedly the grandeur of those ancient forms, even to ecstasy, particularly the Niobe. At three dinner, and, from four to seven, again in the Library. At seven I return to my lodging, and find my landlady and her sister spinning in our common hall, and talk or read Italian with them. . . . I continue to read the New Testament, and desire to go through both Old and New in the original languages ; but I have need first of more inward comprehension of the sense . . . I contemplate working out a part of my general researches into the nature of language, as the beginning of the projected course well known to you.

Bunsen to Ernst Schulze, the Poet.

[Translation.]

Florence : 25th September, 1816.

Let me express to you something that I have borne about in my mind for years, and in full consciousness since 1813. Misunderstandings between you and me I have never apprehended ; but I did fear to wound the inner man, which ought to be held sacred, as the Egyptians shrank from unveiling the image of Isis. This, too, I now fear no longer ; if I err in my confidence, you can but tell me.

Every man, I believe, can only represent in entire truth, whether in life or in any other art, what he has himself really known, beheld, experienced. Now we find that each individual, more or less, particularly in an age of high mental culture, has received into himself the forms, and, so to say, the phantasms belonging to his epoch. To guard himself against the latter may well be difficult to one who, like yourself, is gifted with the seer's wide-reaching and sympathetic vision. The very creative power which God has given him brings forth, out of adventitious views, foreign to his

own, original forms of life and feeling in all varieties, and seduces the poet to handle such a world of supposed existence, as though it were properly his own, and a reality, by the working of his inner man. Thus does it seem to me that, in the days that are past, your poetical soul has seen and represented much, without its being *lived through*, as it were, *in yourself*; this therefore you could not inwardly feel and believe to be near and real. Now that is exactly what no mortal can do with impunity. Thus did you gradually lose the power of believing in what is true in itself; and for all your representations, whether of love, of faith, of all primary ideas in life, you ended by knowing no basis but that of your own fancy, which was able at any time to destroy the entire fabric of its creation. You suffered the fate of many a poet before you, viz. to be incapable of believing in that, by which you were bringing to consciousness the unspoken sensations of many a reader's soul.

But now, as I firmly believe, your life has taken a rare and most salutary turn. With few men has the leading hand of God shown itself more visibly than in your case. Heavy sorrow has been allotted to you. Truly, if you will but continue to *live through* in yourself what your verses contain, how glorious is the life that awaits you! The poet's fine perception will find itself combined with a warm love of real life, and the artistic power which God bestows with the ethical which alone elevates man into man's estate. Your first step must be, to throw off everything which threatens to separate in you the *poet* from the *man*. Tear yourself away, and—come to us!

Bunsen to Agricola.

[Translation.]

Florence: 7th October, 1816.

You must imagine what I feel, in wandering with Niebuhr over the ruins of the ancient, pre-Roman, Etruscan magnificence, and then again among the splendid monuments of the destroyed liberty of the modern Athens, the city of Dante and Machiavelli. What can be more venerable and affecting than the melancholy, the mourning of a great man over the human race? It is like the Divine Spirit in human form beholding with human sadness the vain rushing of the generations of men towards an abyss; or like Prometheus witnessing

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and deploring from his rock the gradual extinction of the sparks he had kindled. And with all this wide grasp of contemplation, what a clear and single eye has Niebuhr for everything individual, what a certainty in his knowledge of fact, in a word, what inward completeness !

Thus far have I written and am at the end of my paper, without a word in reference to yourself and your labours ! Do with your law documents as I do with the vocabularies of languages,—be subject to them for a time, and then you will be able to subdue them !

The connection thus entered into with Mr. Cathcart was carried through satisfactorily to the end, and it was the earnest desire of the latter to have protracted it much longer, and to have induced his young friend to accompany him to England, where he believed he could have forwarded the fulfilment of his wishes with regard to India by introductions to persons of influence. But passages in letters written even before he left Florence, prove that his conversations with Niebuhr, and reflection on the information obtained, had gradually brought about a change in Bunsen's view with regard to the necessity of his long-projected expedition to India ; and the question was considered, whether or not, the same end might be accomplished within the limits of Europe. In every plan or prospect for himself (that is, in order to work out those philosophical and theological problems to which he had early resolved to devote his life) he never failed to combine that of supporting and comforting first his parents, and secondly his beloved elder sister : the younger was married and provided for. The tenderest regard to spare the feelings of Christiana, as well as to minister to her needs in body and mind, is evinced in every letter, from the time of the renewal of their acquaintance and intercourse in October 1814 ; and his letters from Florence and Rome are peculiarly urgent upon her to accept quietly and without

murmur the dispensation of Providence, which obliged her to be a receiver, instead of a giver. 'My heart bleeds, not to be able to do anything for you, but to supply this wretched cash! I feel that I am not worthy of the happiness to be called upon to take care of you, my invaluable sister—you, who are so much more worthy than myself! Only my love towards you could give me a right to this privilege, and to the hope and confidence that you will not consider me unworthy to be the provider of those outward things, which it is a happiness to be able to give, and a proof of affection to accept. If it would but please God to restore your health and that of my old father, I should be the happiest of mortals!'

From the very precise accounts given in these letters of sums received and expended, it is clear that very little was used by himself, or laid out in books, his only temptation to expense: the greater part went to meet the present maintenance and past obligations of his sister, whose friends in Holland had advanced sums in her time of extreme need, which were considered by him as debts of honour, and entirely paid up by successive instalments, before October 1816, when he mentions rejoicingly that the last remnant of the debt was cleared off.

In another letter of October 1, he speaks with satisfaction of the 'connection with Mr. Cathcart, which I look upon as one of the most fortunate occurrences of my life;' and looks forward to the enjoyment of 'Rome, with all its treasures, still the capital of the world;' and of the society of Niebuhr, 'equally sole of his kind with Rome; him alone I can acknowledge as my lord and master, because his instructions, and his personal excellence in every respect, as well as in that of learning, stand highest in estimation among all the men I know; he is essentially the person to form me into a thorough man and citizen of my country: moreover, as regards the realisation

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of my plans to become a Prussian, he is equally the man.'

The following remarkable letter, explaining his inmost purposes and determinations, must be in reply to expressions of mistrust and dissatisfaction, on the part of his sister, as to the prolongation of his stay in Italy. The whole of his correspondence with her is full of reiterations of the intention formed, when he visited her and renewed the acquaintance of childhood, that she should share his home, or even accompany him, if he should accomplish his purpose of visiting India, she having imagined that a hot climate would restore her health.

[Translation.]

Florence: 13th October, 1816.

. . . Niebuhr and Brandis have been here a week: both so melancholy in contemplation of the destruction and decline of Italy, that I could hardly succeed in enlivening them. Niebuhr is most kind and affectionate to me, and as in Rome he will have leisure, I shall be able to learn from him, as a man and a scholar, more than from all other persons put together. . . . Brandis sought me out at once, and took lodgings in the pleasure-ground belonging to the Grand Duke, where I am settled. In the progress of my English pupil (Mr. Cathcart) I experience a real triumph as to my method of teaching. He has made great progress. I believe he is well disposed to do something for my advantage, if I could devote a few years to him; but that is impossible. I feel that I am on the point of securing, or losing the fruit of my labours for life. Driven as I have been from one place and one department of study to another, I should learn nothing thoroughly, did I not now make a stop, and complete what I have begun, up to a certain point, and render that actually my property which has been, as it were, taken by storm. You know that in every description of attainment there is a point which must be reached, in order with safety to let the matter rest. What a man is to learn and strive after, depends not wholly upon himself; but to learn and to do thoroughly that to which he is directed, whatever it be,—that is his part to accomplish. Consider in the first place, how

numerous the single portions of knowledge are, which I have begun upon as essential to my plans; secondly, that these my materials are principally languages which to be well learnt require both study and practice, and which I must now bring home safe as a property, if I would avoid having my life's action in maturity crippled by their incompleteness. Not less do I need the uninterrupted thinking and working through those general ideas in their due connection, which I have fixed in my mind, in order to combine them into a whole; for I have laid the foundation of a great edifice—as great, at least, as any which, from a linguistic point of view, has been conceived in these days;—all the worse for me, therefore, if I do not sufficiently secure that foundation, and see to the efficiency of all building materials. Lastly, and this is the principal matter,—what am I as a man, and upon what ground do I stand? The manifold providences of God, by throwing me into various relations to my fellow-men, into positions and connections, the most unlike each other, have roused and excited me in a thousand different ways, to perceive and feel what I need, and how I may, as far as human nature and its imperfection allows, become a man such as I ought to be. To bring such principles into life and action, nothing is more effective, than such a shaking about as I have experienced in the last three years;—but that they should stand the test, and be at command in due strength and efficiency, when the storms come, and the rain pours down,—for this, the ministering of the mind to itself, in the stillness of uninterrupted reflection, is essential.

How often have I made resolutions to bring order and regularity into my daily course of life! how often have I begun!—then something came across my path, and the purpose remained unfulfilled. Now, through my connection with this Englishman, punctual to a minute, and not only commencing with the most exact and orderly distribution of time, which I also can do admirably, but also maintaining the same, and even for four months in succession day by day, I also am making progress in this virtue. And thus it is with all things, only in mental matters it is less evident to the perception; not less real, but less tangible. When you have considered all this, take further into account that I have need of great objects of contemplation before me, during this

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period of labour in the innerst man, and the outer world; and remember, that I cannot be in Germany, and with you, dear heart! that there is but one Rome, and one Niebuhr; and then you will unite with me in opinion, that I must for the present remain there.

But if you will have me take pleasure in all that will surround me, do everything in your power to restore your health and cheerfulness, and consider that we two have but one destiny and one soul.

In another letter belonging to this period he admonishes his sister on the subject of her dissatisfaction in being the receiver of benefits from him.

[Translation.]

Why should you be pitying, not yourself (which could not be taken ill of you) but me, for my weight of care on your account? You are right in believing that your state of suffering goes to my heart; but as to the principal matter, your mental health and quiet, I commend both to God; and as to what concerns the wretched help and assistance, which one human being can give to another, and is bound to give to another;—but which between those closely connected by blood and friendship ought not even to be spoken of;—which it is only a consolation for the one to give, and a proof of love and confidence for the other to receive;—which you would a thousand times over have furnished to me, had you been in a condition to do so, without saying a word or listening to a word—how can you make a distress of such things? That would signify, that you cannot allow another to do towards you, what you would in the like case have done towards him, or that you doubt his affection towards you, and his having the consciousness, that you would have, of the pleasing duty belonging to such affection; or, lastly, that you complain of God's Providence for not having ordained things otherwise. You thus rob me of my greatest happiness; and I tell you so, because I cannot discover in myself the feeling that actuates you; it is foreign to me, and nothing gives me more pain than to behold in your soul, what is not in my own. On the other hand, I know that my willingness to accept in love, what is given in love, is no merit of mine; while in your case, after a life of so much struggle and suffering, with more pride of heart (in a good sense) than I have, it would be a virtue.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome: 13th December, 1816.

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. . . These lines must greet you instead of myself, and tell you how I should rejoice to press you to my brotherly heart, and share with you the joy and sorrow of the new year! May the Almighty grant to you and to our beloved ones peace and cheerfulness in fullest measure! And He will do so! He who has guided us all so wonderfully, and in particular you and myself by such different ways of mercy, will conduct us further! Amen.

Since November 24 have I been here, in this ancient capital of the world, which even in its ruins must still be called so; and although my three months' abode in Florence had made me feel thoroughly at home in that place, I nevertheless had begun to long after Rome, where a true friend was awaiting me. At first, like all other strangers, I was sensible of the relaxing effect of the air on the nervous system; but I soon became accustomed to it, and I now find the blue sky and mild temperature, as well as the sight of trees covered with oranges and lemons, in the middle of December, most enjoyable. But yet more do I enjoy the thought of the new year, when I shall be quite free from my studies. Niebuhr strongly admonishes me to employ my recovered leisure in the completion of a work which I have planned and prepared, . . . and by means of which I might be entitled to support from the Prussian Government. The principal work would relate to one of the MSS. I purchased in Holland, and which as yet has not been treated of in any language; at the same time I should work out some smaller things that I have planned and prepared in the course of the last two years. To have a year of leisure now is worth more to me than I can express. Although in my Oriental studies I must here help myself on without a teacher, except in Arabic, for which I have found a native instructor, Don Tommaso El Kusch, yet do I expect to get on here better than elsewhere. One part of my necessary work (in Greek) is performed with the co-operation of the friend of my heart, Brandis; and then I have daily the instructive and inspiring presence of Niebuhr, . . . and on all sides the grand monuments of mental greatness in days of old. . . . Such surrounding scenes and objects are calculated to raise the

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human mind above the vulgarity, emptiness, and insignificance of our time, which (with few exceptions) notwithstanding a vast parade of learning and enlightenment, is devoid of actual light and warmth; all that is great and true in character is lost in striving after external show. Where are now those marked and God-gifted beings, of whom one can say that they are complete men? —

It is matter of rejoicing, that among the young German artists here a circle has been formed of such as seek to revive among themselves the earnest, pious, faithful spirit of the ancient painters, and who are in consequence achieving works of such high merit as excite general astonishment.* Alas! some of these, who before were unbelievers, but had come to the conviction that no help was to be found but in God, in disgust at the indifference and infidelity of the Protestants of Germany, and in despair of the cause, have sought their salvation in Roman Catholicism, which in truth has in this place many worthy and pious, and at the same time intellectually distinguished members; while the acknowledged piety of the present Pope (Pius VII.), and the indescribable splendour and solemnity of the public worship, are yet more calculated to work upon the imagination. Brandis and I have told these new friends, that we shall never become Catholics, but that we honour them in their conviction, more than such as believe nothing. Now again would I call down the blessing of God upon you, upon our parents, our sister and brother-in-law. May He strengthen us all, whether for joy or grief, by His Spirit!

On Dec. 28, 1816, alluding to the anniversary of his receiving the announcement of Mr. Astor's return to Europe, he informs his sister of having again heard from him, and received the expected instalment of the sum still due.

[Translation.]

You will judge with what lightness of heart I can now close this eventful year; and with what thankfulness to Providence, with what consciousness of obligation to respond in action to the blessings received, I shall begin the new one!

* 'Their frescoes,' he says in a letter to E. Schulze, dated 14th December, 1816, speaking of Cornelius, Overbeck, and other artist friends, 'have so astonished Canova, that he intends to give them an opportunity of painting in the Vatican.'

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Rome: 14th January, 1817.

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. . . Rome is the world's metropolis, I know not whether more on account of the immortal works of ancient magnificence, and of modern genius, which she has still to show, or from the spectacle of colossal destruction and of awful solitude settled upon and about the Seven Hills. The grandeur of her vanished existence stands out clearly before the mind and eyes; signs of vigour, not yet exhausted, appearing here and there, while the common social life in its bewildering rather than exciting, ostentation is sunk to the lowest ebb of insignificance. Yet it is possible to feel at home here, keeping clear of the empty and commonplace, which always degrade one. It must, however, be remembered that Niebuhr and Brandis are the first, among other admirable German individuals, forming a union and a society such as can never before have been so good in Rome, as it is now. I came here not without some prejudice against the new school of art, knowing that several of its members had been Protestants and were become Catholics, and having been told that they could talk only of the arts; but, as it often happens, immediate intercourse has corrected this prepossession, and I soon perceived that the men in question were of honest mind, and many of them capable of a deep consciousness of the real and the great in every department.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome: 12th February, 1817.

My most earnest longing is towards the study of the Bible. Could I but read the Bible with you! God will doubtless help. Were there but a spirit of power, making itself felt among Protestants! not trifling and toying. In our time, as in Martin Luther's, the kernel must be laboriously extracted and contended for; strong and valiant minds are needed, which may God send! . . . This carrying on of pursuits so different, as enquiries historical, philosophical, and linguistic,—Plato, Ferdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Edda, &c.,—calls for tranquillity and order, such as cannot subsist externally without being founded within. But much has yet to be done for such a foundation.

CHAP.
II.*Letter from Ernst Schulze to Brandis and Bunsen at Rome.*

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 3rd February, 1817.

The bearer of this, whom I strongly recommend to Brandis, is Augustus Kestner, &c., a good friend of mine, whose acquaintance I made through Beaulieu, and who with Leist and Baron Ompteda, is to conclude on the part of Hanover a Concordat with the Pope. To you, dear Bunsen, I have no need to introduce him, for you formed a very favourable opinion, when you visited him with Ludwig Abeken, whose purpose was to enlist among us. He might be useful to you in Rome, as he formerly passed some time there. His amiable and upright character will interest you, as much as his enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good, and his musical talents. As a companion, he is most easy and pleasant to live with.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 8th February, 1817.

An English family with three daughters take an interest in me, and by them I have been introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire, and to other persons. A learned young Englishman (Mr. William Clifford) lodges now in the same story with me; I read German with him, and he corrects my English writing. I live altogether retired, to avoid interruption and loss of time, and am so absorbed in my own ideas and researches, that as to my susceptibility of heart, in every respect, you may be more at ease, if possible, than ever. How needful this repose is to me, I feel more every day. During the last few years I had taken in more than I could in the time digest, and had I been compelled to proceed to further researches, the fruit of former labour might have glided away from me. . . . Meanwhile Rome offers me everything that I could wish, for keeping me in animated activity, and in constant remembrance of what is alone true and great in life. At the same time, at this season it is truly an earthly paradise; the weather almost uninterruptedly fine, and the air never colder than with us in the finest spring. In my room, with a sunny aspect, I never need fire, and mostly sit to write with open windows; the almond-trees are full of blossom, and everything expanding into verdure. I

would willingly exchange with you as regards the cold, if I could thus enable you to experience the effect of the sun; but that is just now impossible.

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As to my writing on the subject of Holland, that is at present one of the many impossible things. When I am again in Germany and have all materials at hand and leisure, then I can take the subject into consideration; but to write a book upon it does not fall in with the course of my present work. I could only make due mention of it in its proper place in my projected larger work. But the Dutch ought now to do something for themselves in profiting by the renewed freedom of all communication with Germany, for they are in many respects behindhand.

The intention of earnestly advocating a closer correspondence and more constant interchange of thought between Holland and Germany had been entertained by Bunsen when in Holland, and is mentioned in a letter from Leyden. The especial sympathy which he anticipated from the theological mind in Holland has in a remarkable manner responded to his hopes since his decease, in the convictions of distinguished men at Utrecht and at Gröningen, whose system very much agrees with, and is, in some matters, founded upon his writings. All those who have intimately conversed with Bunsen must be aware how earnestly he desired the increase of intercourse between thoughtful minds of each and every one of the cultivated and free-spirited nations, and wished that the intellectual and intelligent of all lands had but as much acquaintance with each other's mental occupation as in the age of the Reformation, when mind acted upon mind in despite of distance, like the reflection and reproduction of light from corresponding mirrors. More particularly did he labour to convince his own countrymen, that although Germans possess eminently the privilege of acting as the intellectual instructors of mankind, yet they should not forget that other nationalities may also strike out truths, by which the common stock may be increased; and he

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regretted, and never failed to reprove, the spirit of exclusiveness, which he considered to be gaining ground in the world. The high value which he entertained for the English mind and the English nation is too well known, and too often expressed by him, to need further dwelling upon in this place; but he entered with fulness of interest into the characteristic excellences of every nation; and alien to his character and convictions as were what are termed French tendencies and principles, he had a high estimation of the intellectual and moral power and perspicuity of the French mind, and ardently desired and anticipated, that the debt due to human society would some day be splendidly paid, and the full contribution made which France is capable of making, to the sum of good in the Christian social system. A passage in his preface to the German edition of his 'Hippolytus' shows his estimation of the Italian, of the Spanish, and of the Russian nationality; and the image that he was fond of using with regard to Italy, of the 'absence and the need of the Italian chord in the musical harmony of Europe, in which as yet only the vibrations of the German, the French, and the English chords are heard,' might have been extended further, had but the mental conditions of all nations answered to his demands on the universality of intelligence, in all its varieties of form. Nor were his sympathies bounded by the Atlantic: he took the most affectionate interest in American progress, and deplored, as a public and private calamity, the existing causes of hindrance to that moral expansion, holding in highest estimation the capabilities of development, for the best purposes, of the young giant State; and among his last valedictory utterances was the observation, 'The Americans are in a difficult pass—have great difficulties to overcome—but they will succeed at last.' His cosmopolitan sentiments had their root in an entirely German heart: it has been well observed of him by those who had enjoyed much oppor-

tunity of judging, that his cast of mind and character was essentially German, and it was from his own national centre of thought and contemplation that he looked out upon, and entered into, every worthy variety of humanity.

The last letter to his sister notified Bunsen's introduction to an English family, consisting of father, mother, and three daughters; the next, dated April 30, 1817, after announcing that he had sent some Italian engravings, &c., to his sister by an opportunity, contains the following abrupt communication:—

[Translation.]

Another piece of news is, that for about eight days I have almost been a little in love. Be not alarmed: only a little, and without consequences. I visited the family mentioned in my former letter because they were very kind in inviting me, and I had frequent opportunities of intercourse with them. I conversed naturally with the eldest daughter most of all (the second being engaged, and the third a child of thirteen years of age)—she understands German very well, besides French and Italian. . . . I read German with her with pleasure, and liked to discuss and dispute with her—as she makes the same objections to the principles of German literature that you do, and is a very earnest Christian of the Church of England. All this went on well, until the time of their departure from Rome approached: and I yielded to my inclination to profit by the mother's extreme kindness in inviting me, almost daily, to walk and drive out with them. Having, at first, believed myself quite safe (the more so as I cannot think of marrying, without impairing my whole scheme of mental developement—and least of all, could I think of pretending to a girl of fortune)—I thought there was no danger. But I have really fallen in love a little with the amiable character and clear understanding and good principles of this girl—and so, of course, I no longer go so continually to visit the family. I laugh at myself very often: yet, I am disturbed and uncomfortable when I have passed a day without seeing her.

During the following month of May, the circumstance

CHAP. II. mentioned in the closing words of the last sentence (i.e. the passing a day without meeting), became of rare occurrence. In the enjoyment of the innumerable objects of interest in and about Rome, in the finest weather and most beautiful season, daily and hourly opportunity was found, in common unconsciousness of possible consequences, for that intimate, unchecked, and uninterrupted intercommunion of thoughts and opinions, by which human beings are enabled really and actually, not superficially, to become acquainted with each other, and to ascertain the existence of that degree of sympathy and fullness of satisfaction in each other, which is known by instinct, rather than reflection, to be no transitory feeling, but a life condition; as in the present case was the blessed experience of forty-three years, looked back upon by the sad survivor with unmingled thankfulness. A few extracts from letters follow, to mark the steps which led to the marriage that took place on July 1, 1817.

*To Mrs. Waddington, at Frascati.**

Rome: Via de' Prefetti (probably 24th May, 1817).

DEAR MADAM,—I am very happy that my return to Rome enables me to send you to-day the two enclosed letters:—I knew, dear Madam, that you would approve yesterday of my going to Rome, and I daresay you foresaw it. Believe me, it is one of the greatest blessings of life to me to be understood without words, as I do not like to speak when I have most to say. I have the full confidence you do not mistake me, in spite of the short time you know me, and of the difference of national character and customs, which few persons look through. Perhaps you mistake as to my studies (which are not myself, although belonging nearest to me) when you think I give my life to such as extend not their influence beyond the passing hour: what gives them value

* This letter and that which follows were written by Bunsen in English. The same remark applies to all the letters in the ensuing correspondence to which the word 'Translation' is not affixed.

in my eyes, depends sometimes more on days, than on months and years: and this part has not suffered in the last week. Let me say it, the beauty of virtue and excellence in female character (the heavenly charms of which few know, and those not before they have experienced what they were not aware of), is to me one of the bright meteors, or rather the brightest, the consciousness of the real existence of which, once fixed, alone can enable any mind to scorn vulgarity, to realise the pure conceptions of younger years, and, what is more difficult, to conquer self.

Express my best thanks to your whole family for the kindness I received from them during the week that I lived among you. Mr. Brandis presents his homage, and encloses a German note concerning Schleiermacher.

Ever sincerely yours,

C. BUNSEN.

To Mrs. Waddington.

Rome: 28th May.

MY DEAR MADAM,—As nothing in the world is more satisfactory than signs of real kindness, and as mankind have nothing more honourable to give to each other than confidence, you may conceive how many thanks I have to return for your note, which I received this morning. I particularly thank you for the really kind way in which you have taken what I wrote to you concerning my return to Rome: if I except that you much overrate my conduct as well as my feelings, you have quite spoken my mind. But more than for anything, let me give you my best thanks for the permission of continuing Miss Waddington's acquaintance, in that way which alone could answer my wishes and my principles, but which, after my conviction, could only be proposed and arranged by you. You are very right, that it is sometimes very easy to mistake, and to confound in yourself and in others, the feelings and expressions of friendship, in its true and full sense, with those more tender of love: but, as since the twelfth year of my age, my heart has been moved to a degree of enthusiasm, perhaps only known in Germany, by the power of friendship, I could not so easily be deceived in myself, nor induced to mistrust my feelings: and you know (vanity set aside) you generally mistake just as much in others as you do in your own sentiments.

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I, therefore, only might be blamed for the unrestrained expression of a feeling which, always increasing, has been in my soul from the beginning of our acquaintance—and believe me, had I not been sure that you were sufficiently aware of my, perhaps more than English, enthusiasm for excellence and amiability, as well as of the plans and circumstances of my life, I long ago should have renounced the delight of our almost daily conversation. Only when I felt that there could exist or arise anything equivocal in my conduct, I, of course, could not hesitate a moment to depart. But I part with regret. Now, as you have said, what only by you could be said, everything is clear and settled, and I feel as happy as I always do, when heart, mind, understanding, and principles go all together. You will see me to-morrow, and as much and as long as you permit, during your stay at Rome, and, if it is not intruding, I shall accompany you at least as far as Terni, supposing I am in town when you go off. The Miss Allens were glad to accept your invitation to visit you at Frascati, and I, of course, come with them, although certainly Mr. Clifford can come very well without me. We shall arrive about 8 o'clock.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Tivoli: 6th June, 1817.

The fate of a man is often decided so quickly, that on becoming conscious of the new and unexpected turn in the path of life, one seems to awaken from a dream, in which a space of months or years had been leapt over. Your heart, which, from the first moment, understood mine without words, will tell you what I mean,—what has taken place in me and round about me,—for which you, dear pious soul, have long supplicated the guidance and favour of Heaven—what you, with alternate fear and hope, have ever looked forward to as decisive both as to my happiness and my course of life. I have found her, the inseparable companion,—my wife,—your friend, that I know for certain, and your sister: and I feel, not only that the step is a decisive one, but that it is decisive for my happiness.

My last letter will have given you the explanation what this is: and as you know the human heart better than I do,

you will have had some anticipation of what the next letter would contain. You will have smiled over my rationalising, critical, considerate commendation of the clever and amiable Englishwoman, and have believed that from such friendship, sympathy and high estimation, love was not far off—although at the time I was firmly convinced of the truth of what I wrote to you. The principal reason against the supposition will have been to you that which I expressly mentioned,—that I could not think of the possibility of such a connection, and that honesty, as well as pride, permitted me not to deceive myself or others as to my plans or my position; lastly, that my attachment to my old love,—viz., my plan of travel and of study (as I had ever considered it), strengthened, as it was, by trials, contrarieties and hindrances,—would effectually prevent the devoting of my heart and whole being to another and a human bride.

The following letter was written two days after his marriage :—

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Frascati : 3rd July, 1817.

Even yesterday I wished to have written to you; to-day, however, I shall wait no longer, for although my soul ‘dwells in blessed silence,’ yet do I feel urged to communication with you, the dearest friend of my heart, on my actual condition. First I must tell you that I am conscious of an immensity of space between the new life just begun, and the latter unquiet weeks, and again between these and the period preceding. As if by a magic stroke, a thousand things seem to be brought near to me, without driving the rest into distant space: and though joyous and frolicsome, as I had not been this long time, I am yet serious and contemplative. Never will the evening of arrival at Frascati be forgotten! Not till after long silence had I been able to speak—the solemnity of the marriage ceremony had agitated me through and through. . . . The evening sky was glorious, the sun sank just as we entered the town-gate, and when after the shadows of the long street, the sunset glow burst upon us, in which our neat dwelling was wrapped, it was like immediate entrance into Heaven. . . . Our first wish is to see you. You must give us the assurance, that we are really living in a human and

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natural condition—everything here being so ideal! No tumult of daily life,—myrtles all around,—cheerful rooms: on the east, the olive-grove with Villa Mondragone on the summit; to the north, the Apennines; to the west, Rome and the sea, and over all the brilliant sky. I shall endeavour to propitiate Nemesis by an earnest dread of growing presumptuous or indifferent, when I reflect that all this is but the framework enclosing my happiness.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

12th July, 1817.

As it has often happened to me, that on a decisive day all circumstances unite as one might wish but could not hope, so this time I received your dear letter just the evening before my marriage. I had been since the morning at Frascati (making arrangements in the Casino Accorambuoni), and entered Rome in the cool of the evening, at nine o'clock, when Brandis met me with your letter. Latterly my thoughts had been peculiarly busy about you and about home, and most of all this day; and altogether I have been more serious in my meditations during my month of engagement, than I had perhaps ever been at a time of inward consciousness of happiness. You may therefore imagine how my spirit dwelt with yours on the past; for of the future I think little in similar states of mind; remembrance is more full of life than any other state of contemplation, and of the future I have no clear conception, when a great change is in prospect. I anticipated sad news from home, which should in the moment of my happiness remind me of the lot of mortals. How did I thank God that it was not so! The lines written by my dear old father rejoiced me, unconnected though they were, the first lines from his hand that I have seen for above a year. I told Fanny of this before we parted at night, and she received the intelligence as I did,—thankfully, as a peculiar sign of the grace of God. And how remarkable, that in this very letter should be the portrait of your beloved Faber;—the recollection of an attachment so deep and pure and heroically faithful, yet visited by misfortune through the inscrutable decree of God—just on the eve of my own union with my heart's beloved—moved me more

than ever before to acknowledge and perceive that only by the most devoted love, and a life worthy of it, could I deserve the entire possession of her. I felt how hard and heart-crushing misfortune is,—but also that great happiness is hard for man to bear and deserve; and I resolved to be on the watch over myself, not to become self-confident or indolent. On the 1st of July, the marriage-ceremony was performed after the English form, by an Anglican clergyman who was fortunately still at Rome; a serious man, and personally known to the family (Rev. Mr. Carrighan). The English ritual for the celebration of marriage (as also that of burial) is the finest, the most simple and elevating that I have ever known. I must describe it to you. I was deeply affected by the whole, and it required a strong effort to conceal my emotion. I felt how well-judged the English custom is, that after the wedding, when the pair have signed their names, they depart at once to the country, to remain alone at least for the first fortnight. In the carriage we spoke not a word at first, but as we passed by the Colosseum and looked towards the Cross at the foot of which we had sat, when we exchanged the important words,—we pressed each other's hand. The sky was as clear as possible, and peculiarly deep-blue, and the sun set just as we entered the gate of Frascati. Our house stands free, unconnected with the town, surrounded by a courtyard, flower-garden, vineyard, and fields; when we had entered and passed through to the windows on the other side, we beheld the evening sky glowing red, which had been concealed from us by the buildings of the town.

With my mother-in-law I am on a good footing, although I have been under the necessity sometimes to oppose her will. For instance—I found that she had written to Thorwaldsen (the greatest sculptor of the age) to make my bust in marble, for her to place in her house in England. This was a great compliment from her, and equally so from the sculptor, who is so much engaged with his own great works as to have been obliged to decline many proposals for executing portraits. But I at once desired Fanny to inform her mother that I should decidedly not consent to this; to my feelings there would be arrogance and presumption in suffering such a dignified representation of myself, when I had not yet done anything worthy of being recorded.

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Extract from a journal:—

[Translation.]

Frascati: 19th July, 1817.

Eternal, omnipresent God! enlighten me with Thy Holy Spirit, and fill me with Thy heavenly light! What in childhood I felt and yearned after, what throughout the years of youth grew clearer and clearer before my soul,—I will now venture to hold fast, to examine, to represent.

The revelation of Thee in man's energies and efforts, Thy firm path through the stream of ages, I long to trace and recognise, as far as may be permitted to me, even in this body of earth. The song of praise to Thee from the whole of humanity, in times far and near,—the pains and lamentations of earth, and their consolation in Thee,—I wish to take in, clear and unhindered. Do Thou send me Thy Spirit of Truth! that I may behold things earthly as they are, without veil and without mask, without human trappings and empty adornment; and that in the silent peace of Truth I may feel and recognise Thee.

Let me not falter, nor slide away from the great end of knowing Thee. Let not the joys, or honours, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit; let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee, in so far as mine is a living soul, and in proportion as that soul 'lives and moves and has its being' in Thee.

Preserve me in strength and truth of spirit to the end of my earthly existence, if Thou seest good; and should I not finish what I shall have begun, if I attain not that after which I endeavour, let me find peace in the conviction that nothing shall perish which is done in Thee and with Thee; and that what I have imperfectly known, imperfectly conceived, and indistinctly expressed, I shall yet hereafter behold in completeness, in perfection, and in power:—while here some other man shall perfect, by Thy help and blessing, what I in will and deed shall have endeavoured to do. Amen.

To Mrs. Waddington.

28th July, 1817.

When in the month of June I reflected on the course of my life, I was aware, as you will remember, that something

would be taken from me, to remind me of the nature and condition of human existence. But the blow came from a quarter whence I did not expect it; and you know, the more the heart becomes capable of real enjoyment and happiness, the more it is open to grief. The young man who died (Ernst Schulze) at the age of twenty-nine, was one of the most distinguished in Germany as a poet and as a man of learning. He leaves behind him a poem in twenty cantos, known to his friends for two years, but yet unpublished, as well as other works. The history of his life is one of the most interesting I know, although only a tale of inward struggle and growth. Since I received the letter with the sad intelligence, I have felt hourly, and more than ever, the blessing of such a wife as I have.

A letter to his sister, dated July 27, 1817, replies in much detail to her expression of well-founded anxiety as to a connection, of which she had need to know all attendant circumstances more exactly than in a distant and foreign position was possible, in order to be assured of the prospect of happiness, which (God be thanked!) proved a reality. The same letter describes the delightful place of abode in which the first unclouded months of married life were passed, Casino Accorambuoni, on the farther side of Frascati, towards the south-east.

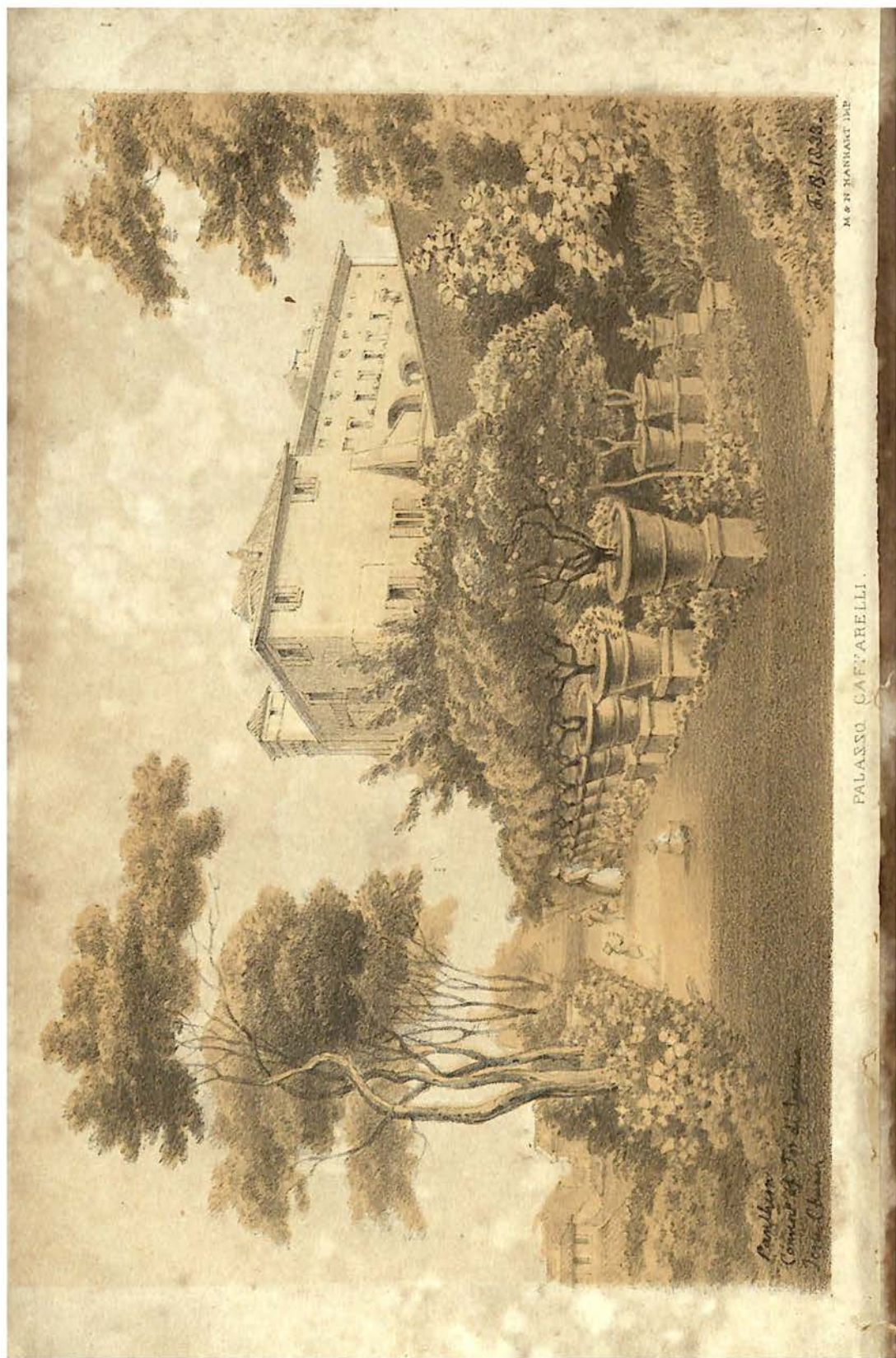
[Translation.]

Our abode is a new, clean, neatly furnished summer-house, the only new building I have seen here, where everything else is old and out of repair. It lies at the end of the town, on a slight elevation, all alone. Towards the east, on the first story, is a terrace, upon the balustrade of which are pots of myrtles and flowers, in the centre a marble basin with a small springing fountain, which in this hot climate is refreshing to see and hear. This terrace is 15 feet wide, and extends as far as the breadth of the house, about 30 feet; below is a vineyard enclosed by a wall covered with ivy, also a field of maize and fig-trees, behind which extends a fine olive-ground and a long alley of cypresses and pines, belonging to the great Villa Mondragone. Towards the north is my study, with a balcony, which is the coolest place to

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inhabit in the morning ; from this room we see on the left the Mediterranean in the distance, and Rome in the centre, while on the right are the beautiful Sabine Mountains, which form a semicircle round that extremity of the plain ; and when there is no sirocco wind, they are so clear that even dwellings on the slope are distinguishable, though ten miles off—so transparent is the air. Before the window is a small flower-garden with two springing fountains. Towards the south are my wife's rooms, which in the latter part of the day are pleasant, being entirely closed up from the sun in the morning. We can only go out in the morning from four to seven o'clock, and in the evening after eight. Nothing can describe the charm of early morning and evening ; by day the heat is now 30° of Réaumur.

In a letter dated October 17, 1817, he commissions his sister with messages to his friends in Holland (Sharp, Tydeman, Molenaer,) and a charge to tranquillise them as to his purposes in life ; ' for when they hear that I have given up my journey to India, and am married, they may, like many of my acquaintance (not my intimate friends) in Germany, apprehend that all my undertakings are given up. But my journey to India was only to be a means to an end ; and there was nothing grand or praiseworthy in the design to give the best part of my life to an undertaking, which, however it might be useful as a preparation for later undertakings, would absorb all the strength and time I should have to give, both for the beginning and the end. Even though it may sound presumptuous to declare, that I think to attain that object without those means, that I hope to succeed in forming a clear view of the earliest life of the Oriental nations, without crossing the line—yet do I make that declaration without misgiving.'



PALAZZO CAFFARELLI.

R.B. 1238

M. H. HANNAH DEL.

*Palazzo
Caffarelli
Rome
View from the Garden*

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN ROME.

RESIDENCE ON THE CAPITOL—REFORMATION FESTIVAL—DIPLOMATIC EMPLOYMENT—CHRISTMAS EVE—CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA—CORRESPONDENCE ON GERMAN NATIONALITY—FIRST CHILD—CHURCH MUSIC—HYMNS—ILLNESS.

THE beautiful summer months were passed in a state of animated tranquillity and busy repose, Bunsen returning with renewed activity to literary occupations for a time neglected, and carrying on that regular study of the Old and New Testament, which continued through life to form the unbroken net of thought and contemplation, into which other subjects might be interwoven, without changing its habitual texture. He began from the first, daily to read the Scriptures with his wife, whose enquiries as to the explanation of passages he earnestly applied his mind to satisfy. At a very early period she observed to him that she had hoped, by becoming acquainted with the German translation by Luther, to have difficulties removed that she had experienced in the English translation, which in the books of the Prophets, and in many other parts of the Old Testament, often fails to present any intelligible construction; but the contrary had been the result, the German translation presenting at least as many passages which to the common reader gave no sense whatever. He hereupon commenced an examination of the German and English texts, with reference to the original, which convinced him that her observation had been just, to a greater extent even than she could have

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imagined; and the project of an improved translation, of which that of Luther should be the groundwork, originated in his mind at that time, although he did not begin till some years later to work upon Jonah and the Psalms. For the English translation of the Bible he had a great respect: the Dutch translation he considered still more perfect, as having profited by the merits of the English; and avoided some of its imperfections.

Besides this beginning of biblical studies, he again took in hand his prize essay on the 'Athenian Law of Inheritance,' because it was the wish and advice of Niebuhr that it should be published in German; but to retread a former track was always repugnant to him, and the plan was finally abandoned.

The society of Brandis, Cornelius, Overbeck, Platner, gave an inspiring variety to the day's occupations, and one or more of these intellectual companions failed not to join in our evening walks. Brandis was the inmate of Niebuhr's house at Frascati, as well as in Rome: Overbeck was for a fortnight in August a welcome guest in the Casino Accorambuoni, where he was busied with designs for the fresco paintings after the 'Gerusalemme' of Tasso, to be executed in the Villa Massimo at Rome; and where he finished the last water-colour drawing that ever came from his hand—a very lovely Madonna with the infant Jesus—of which he permitted a copy to be taken, still extant and valued as a record of the time, and of the short-lived intimacy with the gentle and heavenly-minded artist, who soon after this period withdrew from all companions of a different religious persuasion from that which he had adopted. Cornelius and Platner, each with his wife, and each pair having two infant daughters, were lodged in a house close to the entrance-gate of Frascati, which had been by the generous kindness of Niebuhr hired for the summer months, and given for the use of both families, who

had each a separate apartment in it. Cornelius was engaged in designs for the fresco paintings from Dante, for the Villa Massimo: his first great works in fresco, in the Casa Bartholdy, Via Sistina, being nearly, if not quite completed. Niebuhr, with his wife and only son Marcus (born in April of this year) were at Frascati the whole summer, but too much out of health, and therefore dispirited, to admit visitors otherwise than exceptionally.

In the beginning of October the much-enjoyed dwelling in Casino Accorambuoni was given up, and a removal effected to the Palazzo Astalli, Via di Ara Celi.

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Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Rome: 6th October, 1817.

I have the satisfaction of seeing everything at last in order, and I recommence my studies with the pleasing consciousness of being now at home, that is, the wanderer's home. Whatever the consequences of my studies may be for the world, to me they are my life's nourishment, the consciousness of my existence, sharing my love with Fanny and my friends.

The size and proportions of one or two rooms, and the convenience of the apartment being on the first story, and attainable by two flights of easy stairs, constituted the temptation to be satisfied with this dwelling; but when the young couple had procured and placed the small quantity of necessary furniture, and taken possession of the house, it was found that the want of sunshine would preclude the possibility of comfort; the height of the opposite houses shutting out prospect, light, and warmth. The first walk undertaken was up to the neighbouring Capitol, and there, in the Palazzo Caffarelli, we discovered an apartment on the second floor, which proved a home for twenty-two years, to which our children look back as their birthplace, and which remains to all the scene of hallowed recollections. Its

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condition *then* was beyond conception uncivilised; but how little impression in its disfavour was thereby made upon the far-seeing mind of Bunsen is clear from the expressions, in which he informed his sister of his final establishment on the Tarpeian Rock:—

[Translation.]

15th November, 1817.

From the second story of this Palazzo (where, according to tradition, the Emperor Charles V. was lodged) there is a view all round Rome; on the N. one quarter of the town, with gardens and hills behind; on the W. another quarter with the Tiber; on the S. the ruins of ancient Rome and the Latin mountains, on the side of which lies Frascati; on the E., close to us, the Capitol. The prospect has not its equal, in beauty and interest combined, in Rome, nor, as far as I know, in the world, yet is it little known, the Romans being too lazy to climb the hill. I at once resolved to make every effort in order to have this for a dwelling-place; the difficulty consisted in getting rid of the other house.

The letter goes on to relate in much detail how the difficulty was overcome, and the wish accomplished: suffice it to say that a family of English friends found the Palazzo Astalli would suit them for a six months' stay in Rome, and the transfer was made, so that Bunsen and his wife were settled in November on the Capitoline Hill. Their apartment indeed long required much to meet common demands, or to become what it was to be in process of years, when in the year 1858 (twenty years after Bunsen had left it, and forty years after he first took possession) it was preferred to the first story, as the residence of his late Majesty Frederick William IV. and his Queen: but at first and for many years Bunsen and his wife were satisfied in the abundant space, fresh air, and sunshine, the splendid prospect, and unbroken tranquillity of their abode.

The very short period, only part of the month of October, passed in Palazzo Astalli, was, however, marked

by incidents of interest: the first being the unexpected introduction of Bunsen into diplomatic employment; the second, the celebration, at his suggestion, of the tercentenary jubilee of the Reformation, which on the 31st October was to be solemnised in all parts of Germany, and which he desired should not be passed over unobserved by the numerous German Protestants in Rome.

The following details regarding this celebration are found in the letter already quoted from:—

You know the Reformation Jubilee was to be celebrated in Germany the 31st October: we had often (Niebuhr, Brandis, and I) spoken of it, and how desirable it would be to collect all the Germans in Rome for such a celebration. I proposed the arrangement—no German Protestant clergyman being at hand, I would myself translate the English daily service, with alterations suited to the occasion, which I would read, and Niebuhr should make a discourse; the celebration should be in his house.' To the two last points he objected, first, that he had not the least bit of a preacher about him; secondly, that, as Prussian Minister, he must avoid giving offence. He therefore desired that I would undertake the whole and have the celebration in my house. . . . The matter had become known, and many expressed the wish that it should take place the following Sunday. Brandis and I invited all German Protestants to attend by a notice posted at the German coffee-house (the Café Greco); Niebuhr and his wife, the Baroness Von Humboldt (wife of the present Prussian Minister in London) and her daughters I invited especially, and they came; about forty individuals besides, for whom our large hall was arranged with two rows of seats.

The English service begins with texts of admonition; I selected, as suited for the festival, those in the Liturgy for the Restoration of Royal Authority, Daniel ix, 9, 10; Lamentations of Jeremiah iii. 22. Then admonition to penitence, confession, absolution, the Lord's Prayer, and Gloria Patri (which in English is repeated after every Psalm). Then the 145th Psalm (instead of the usual 95th) then three Psalms—I selected the 15th, 19th, and 148th. Then the First Lesson from the Old Testament—I chose Isaiah lx., the Te Deum followed, and then the Second Lesson from the New Testament

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—1 Peter ii. 1-10, and after it the 100th Psalm, the verses read alternately by minister and congregation. As a Collect for the day I chose that for Deliverance from Popery, another Collect for Peace, a third for Grace. After this the Litany, followed by the General Thanksgiving, and a peculiar Thanksgiving for the Reformation. The Epistle, from Romans xv. 4-13; the Gospel, Matthew vii. 21-29. All this I read standing, then sat down and read a discourse * which treated of the present condition of the German Church, and the results which ought to follow from the design of the Reformation. After this, a very fine prayer, for Christ's Church militant, translated from the English, and a peculiar prayer, held in Lübeck in 1717. After all was finished, Niebuhr embraced me, and the hearers in general seemed much moved. To our Roman Catholic countrymen here (among whom are some of our most intimate friends) the thing was very startling, and the Italians are angry—which, however, matters not. I hope our grandchildren in 1917 may celebrate the Reformation in Rome in a church!

* The discourse referred to in the text has not been preserved. But it would seem that the following memoranda in Bunsen's handwriting, found in a MS. book, contain the heads of his address on that memorable occasion:—

[Translation.]

Reformation Festival.

'Consequences of the Reformation: It was fraught with blessing; domestic piety; knowledge of the Word of God; discernment of free grace, through faith; the spreading of the Gospel over the whole earth.

'And yet, sorrow possesses the mind on occasion of this celebration.

'First reason of such sorrow: The thought of the separation from our brethren, who rail at us, and condemn us. Luther thought to heal the wounds of the mother Church, not to cause a separation. Yet that ensued. Afterwards, much sin on both sides; unbelief held fast by the maintenance of things indifferent, disregarding the main point; and thus the rent became greater. Now the two are entirely parted: and salvation can only proceed and develop on that side which "worships God in spirit and in truth," and is filled with His Spirit.

'Second reason: The melancholy condition of our own Church in most respects. Want of faith in Christ the Redeemer, Christ in us, in whom alone we are blessed. Want of knowledge of the Bible, as the book of salvation, as the Word of God fraught with blessing. Want of Christian works of love, faith, and hope.

'Should the world ever revive, it must be through Christianity, and with it.'

The circumstances which led to diplomatic employment are related by himself in the same letter:—

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[Translation.]

The Prussian Envoy to England, Wilhelm von Humboldt, before his departure from Berlin, had written that my being appointed at this present time (i.e. to a Professorship at Berlin or Bonn, with permission to remain abroad for three years) would be a thing of great difficulty, the Minister of the Interior being much disinclined to expenditure, and the whole system of administration extremely economical. At length, the other day, I received a letter direct from the Ministry, saying 'that under the specified unusual conditions, the Prussian Government could not make use of my valuable services.' Niebuhr was very angry, and said to Brandis, 'Were I Minister at Berlin, without knowing anything more of Bütsen, than was to be known by reading his letter, I should have granted his request.' His advice was, to work out the Treatise on Athenian Law of Inheritance into a German book, and then repeat the application, or to go as soon as possible to Germany, and make myself known by giving a course of lectures. All that would be well, but with a wife in fact, and a child in expectation, and a dwelling arranged for a time, one is less moveable than formerly. While I was reflecting on these things, Brandis, the faithful friend, became seriously ill, and his weakness increased rapidly to such a degree that he could scarcely walk, and his brother Charles (who lately came to visit him, and is a physician) urged upon him the necessity of no longer concealing from Niebuhr his long-entertained wish to return to Germany. Yesterday evening, I was commissioned by him to go to Niebuhr, and prepare him for a conversation on the subject, and found the case to be, as so often happens in life, that two persons have an urgent desire to make a communication to each other, and yet each waits for the other to begin. Brandis had not spoken, in the fear that Niebuhr might suppose him weary of their close connection; and Niebuhr assured me that he should long since have taken steps to secure to Brandis a Professorship in Prussia, had he not feared to hurt him in his present state of low spirits (consequent upon ill-health) by a suggestion, which might have created a suspicion of a lessened value

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on his part for Brandis's company. I hereupon explained fully the various motives which induced Brandis to desire to be settled in Germany, and Niebuhr resolved at once to insist upon his immediately taking two months' leave of absence, to go to Naples for the benefit of his health; and afterwards, in the spring or summer, as he should desire, to return to the fatherland. I offered to supply his place to the best of my power in the business of the Legation, during his two months' leave. Niebuhr went up to Brandis's room to speak with him, and the matter was settled in a moment. As soon as Niebuhr and I were again alone, he asked me, whether if Brandis should finally give up and go to Germany, I should be willing to take his place? I thanked him for his kindness in thinking of me, and said, 'If it is your opinion that I am fitted for the situation, and that it is good for me, then, in God's name, I accept. My first feelings (I continued) at this moment are, on the one hand that to remain, for a time, longer in Rome is no loss, and to enter into closer connection with you, I regard as the highest good fortune: on the other hand, I know too little of the diplomatic calling, to be aware, whether it may not in the course of time quite draw me away from the execution of my plan of study and literary labour.' He replied, 'If you are once in public business you may afterwards do what you will—leave of absence or permission to retire cannot be refused.'

I cannot, of course, think of leaving Niebuhr if I am once engaged with him; but afterwards, I would on no consideration remain in the diplomatic career, even though it should not be difficult for me after his departure from Rome to supply his place as *Chârgé d'Affaires*, and perhaps even to become Minister Plenipotentiary, as Niebuhr now is, after twenty years. I detest that course of life too much, and therefore only look upon it as a means of becoming independent. But in three years, Niebuhr will certainly have finished, and when the Concordat with the Pope is once settled, he will remain here no longer. You can well imagine, that on many accounts this arrangement is most welcome to me: I now stand on firm ground. The warmest thanks of my heart to God for it! Towards Easter, probably, I shall enter on the position.

*To his Sister Christiana.*CHAP.
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[Translation.]

Rome: 30th November, 1817.

I am writing at Palazzo Savelli (where Niebuhr resides), and am despatching the business of the Legation in Brandis's absence. Niebuhr has written to Berlin on the subject. In three months the matter will be settled, and then it will be decided, whether Brandis finally departs in the spring or the summer, and whether I enter on the post in April or in June. We have nearly finished our house arrangements, and live in a very retired manner, seeing only the Niebuhrs and a few Germans and English. I am busy in the morning here, and in the afternoon at home, in my own room or Fanny's; in the evening, we read or talk together. I feel more and more, daily, the obligation to execute some considerable undertaking, in order not to be quite unworthy of so much happiness: with God's help, I hope at last to write something worth writing. But what I propose to myself is enormous, and I shudder at the contemplation of it! I was present yesterday for the first time at the public service of the Church of England, which is held every Sunday in a private house.

To Brandis.

[Translation.]

Palazzo Savelli: December, 1817.

. . . Here I am at last in the dignity of office, writing and sealing and despatching, with the best business deportment I can command! Niebuhr has all possible patience with me, and I congratulate myself on being for once occupied in this manner. I assure you, quite in earnest, that I consider it a great advantage in every respect, whether it be only for the present interval or for a longer time; therefore be not distressed on the subject, for I could do nothing but work out my treatise on Athenian law."

I have arranged for myself a private working table here. The Greek orators I have from Niebuhr's library, the other works I find among your books, and thus I shall read myself into the subject again. When I have made some advance in this direction, I shall draw out other organ-stops, but not before.

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The time is precious, and becomes ever more so; all depends upon increased exertion and well-ordered activity in the years next to come—otherwise I should remain stuck in the mud. But that shall not be! ‘Eyes open! ears listening!’

In Germany an act of the collective public is generally an absurdity. Those five or six hundred youths on the Wartburg have proceeded from the allowable and suitable to much that was improper and inconsiderate. They burnt books on the 18th October, without any rational choice or distinction between the merely indifferent and insignificant, and the scandalous, deserving universal scorn. What was the use of all this—or, rather, what harm will it not do?

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington (in reply to Admonitions on the Necessity of frequenting Society).

Rome: 6th December, 1817.

What society is it of which you speak? What society is in one's power? What is one's place in it? Is it in one's own country? &c.—are questions too wide for present discussion. I could write a treatise in time upon this, if it would interest you. Now, I shall answer only in regard to myself and Rome, after having stated a distinction to which I must appeal. There are some who have no fixed object in life, neither as to a certain acquisition of knowledge, nor to a certain practical application of it, and there are some who form projects in the manner of a conqueror with the objects of his ambition, or of a coquette with those of her vanity. Among those in the first-mentioned class are many diletanti, who select, here or there, an object to think of and study, much or little, as they may find convenient; yet their case is still entirely different from that of the class mentioned secondly. If the latter have indeed an inward call, and according to that, have chosen and fixed on a given point for their study and reflection, which is worth a man's whole life,—be it a dictionary like Johnson's, or a Roman history like Gibbon's;—and, however great or small their powers may be in comparison with those of others, they have to consider, as sole master and ruler of their time and occupation, the required mass of acquisition in all its extent, which is called for by their serious undertaking; but, yet more, to cultivate a certain disposition of

mind and elevation of spirit, such as can alone enable a man to overcome difficulties and distinguish between things, and so to follow out his purpose, as to raise and purify and instruct his own soul; and that of his fellow-creatures. Both directions of life seem to me quite natural, and the last as natural and belonging to humanity as the other; and he who follows this latter makes no more pretension to become a Newton or a Leibnitz, than a common soldier to become a Napoleon. Therefore I do not hesitate to declare to you, that I really and truly reckon myself as one of this class, not as a sign of distinction for particular talents, but only as a mark of the direction I have given to my life, and shall, with God's help, keep to as long as I live. I had a fixed object in my mind from a very early period of life, and became conscious of it eight years ago, since which time I have never ceased to regulate the employment of my time and the line I was to keep in life, in accordance with this same object; and my friends and my sister know the thread, that rendered plain and easy the way through the labyrinth of travel and occupation in those years. Whatever it be, therefore, it is no object of ambition, or vanity, or pride, but my need and my love.

I wanted, therefore, and I yet want, first, time and leisure for my studies, secondly, uninterrupted direction of the mind to those objects, and what is congenial to them, thirdly, firm courage and fresh hope in doing all this. Were it only the first that I wanted, time, I could try to gratify you: having spent the whole day in my studies, I might give the evenings to the purpose of frequenting and receiving society—English, Italian and German circles, balls, concerts, &c.—although I think I should consider myself unwise, thus to deprive myself and my wife of the only opportunity of enjoying each other's company, and that of one or the other chosen friend or acquaintance. But the two other points make it impossible. I know I have it in my power to go every evening into company, pay attention to grantees and to ladies, and talk away time to the insignificant; and I have done it, I quitted University employment in 1813 on purpose to see and know the world. I have seen and known the most distinguished men in my own country, and, wherever I was, I frequented the circles of ambassadors, princes and ministers: I was

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reckoned *amiable* by some of their ladies, clever by the learned, and *bon enfant* by the men. This cost me some time, but has been a great lesson for me. Almost always in these societies I was liked and valued for that which I ridiculed in myself, and I could not go on in this way without scorning myself and my fellow-creatures too, and without losing that respect for human life and the human species which is indispensable to me; even (I fear when I consider my nature's frailty) without losing my natural horror of the custom, or rather disease, of talking without thinking and without interest.

There are, I know very well, sometimes useful facts to be picked up in this way, sometimes even persons found, that may be good acquaintances beyond the moment; but the above-mentioned rulers of my life and time will not allow me to purchase them so dearly, particularly as I do not know any mortal so rich as I am in real friends and valuable acquaintance, adding to all these an excellent wife. Therefore I thank God that just now I live here, having no place in society but that of a pilgrim.

To Lücke.

[Translation.]

Rome: 17th December, 1817.

Can we consider the present time as capable of bringing forth an individual creation, wholly and entirely its own? Is there not everywhere a motley mixture of far-fetched notions, distorted and perverted? The first necessity would be the existence of a real, clear, firm, positive, biblical belief; but that would seem no longer to exist among us. Luther himself, except by some few theologians, would hardly be acknowledged as a Christian. It seems to me that all are endeavouring, by dint of ingenuity, to effect a compromise with positive dogmas, whether in a mystical, political, philosophical or historical sense, such as may best suit each; and Göthe, Jacobi, and their contemporaries would have a right to say, 'With all your fume and vapour, and vehemence, and preparation, and sermonising, and high contempt of our times, what at last have *you* of Christianity more than *we*? In what have *we* differed from *you*, except in the greater sincerity of plainly declaring, that we believe not in positive

religion? We have beheld such faith and acknowledged its value, and were conscious of not possessing it; no more do you, according to your own admission.' A truly Christian faith has need to be newly engendered in these days!

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The date of Christmas 1817, the first that occurred in Bunsen's married life, would seem the most suitable place for a retrospect of the manner of observing Christmas-eve, faithfully adhered to from first to last, and the feeling which actuated him in every arrangement. He had often described to his wife the joyous family-festival, to which he had been accustomed from childhood; and he pleased himself with decorating a tree, not the fir of the north, but a bough of the *lauro nobile*, or bay tree of the south, with tapers and fresh-gathered oranges; to give an idea of the 'German Christmas-eve,'—one of the gifts provided being an engraving of the 'Madonna della Seggiola' of Raphael, so placed as to be brightly illuminated by the tapers on the tree, and pointed out as containing the loveliest infant representation of 'Him who brought good gifts unto men.' The combination, thus made, of an image of the infant Saviour with a tree, hung with gifts, in token of human kindness, was felt to be just and satisfactory. The explanation of this custom appears to be simply this, that the remembrance of the Redeemer, on the anniversary of His *birth* into the world, was brought in to sanction and sanctify the ancient German custom of hanging gifts on a tree, dating from the time of heathen life in the forest. A similar arrangement was made as regularly as the 24th December came year by year, in the Bunsen dwelling on the Capitol, and in each successive locality; only varying in the greater or smaller measure of accompanying ornaments,—in the substitution of a picture instead of the unpretending engraving (first possession of the kind in a house so overfilled in after time with works of art!)—in the addition of German

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hymns when voices were there to sing them, and of the 'Pastorale' of Handel (played at the moment of opening the door to the family group); and finally in the ever-increasing number of spectators, consisting not only of added children, but of friends and associates, assembling to join in what was felt to be a religious celebration, and not merely a meeting for the consumption of cakes and interchange of presents. That the 'highly favoured among women' made a part of the picture, shadowing forth her blessed Son, was not disturbing to those who considered her as worthy of all reverence, though not of worship; and it would never have been supposed that the circumstance could have been misconstrued, until it was said after Christmas 1831, that H. R. H. the late Prince Augustus of Prussia (who, by his own desire, had been present in Palazzo Caffarelli, with his suite), had made remarks to the effect that the Bunsen family had imitated Romish practices!

In the accustomed Christmas-tree festivity, as now existing in Germany, not a particle remains to indicate the sentiment which originally connected it with the memorial-thanksgiving for the event, which 'brought life and immortality to light.' The present joy of children and the sympathy of their elders, through a reminiscence of their own days of unconsciousness and animal spirits, combine, with the light of tapers, to gild a fabric baseless and hollow, both figuratively and practically, as is every demonstration which belongs only to the moment, and is unconsecrated by any immediate and visible connection with the past and yet enduring—with the universal and yet individual. The term *Christ-kind* (i. e. Infant-Christ), applied in common parlance to a common gift of any kind whatsoever, bestowed on that occasion, remains in its degradation to indicate the pious will and intention, ruling the practice of the German forefathers, when issuing out of heathenism into Christianity, to 'walk in the light of the Lord.'

*To his Sister Christiana.*CHAP.
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[Translation.]

Rome: 28th December, 1817.

I begin this letter to-day, in order to finish it at leisure by the end of this year, that you may receive it early in the next. My thoughts have been much with you the whole of this month, but particularly in the last week, when I was preparing for the Communion. It was in Corbach that I, the last time, attended at the Lord's table, in the vacation, before starting on a journey with Astor. How long a time has elapsed since! and how many more proofs of the love of God,—evident, tangible, peculiar,—than there have been days in the year! I have not arrived where I intended to go: I have not done what I intended to do. I have arrived where I thought not to be, and I have done what I had not purposed. And in all that, what grace of God have I experienced!—not less, assuredly, but more, in what has been denied, than in the much that has been granted to my prayer. Let me speak of my proposed Indian journey, my principal plan, as I used to think, and as you have thought much more and much longer: but my object it never was, only the means to an end. *The consciousness of God in the mind of man, and that which in and through that consciousness, He has accomplished, especially in language and religion*, this was from the earliest time before my mind. After having awhile fancied to attain my point, sometimes here, sometimes there, at length (it was in the Christmas holidays of 1812, after having gained the prize in November,) I made a general and comprehensive plan. I wished to go through and represent heathen antiquity, in its principal phases, in three great periods of the world's history, according to its languages, its religious conceptions, and its political institutions: first of all in the East, where the earliest expressions in each are highly remarkable, although little known;—then in the second great epoch, among the Greeks and Romans;—thirdly, among the Teutonic nations, who put an end to the Roman Empire. And now, nothing was ever so certain to me in my life, as that the journey to India, had I been able to accomplish it, would have caused me to miss the attainment of my main point; not that the journey would have been without use in

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itself, but I should have been crushed under the load it would have brought upon me, and, in the means to my great end, the end itself would not have been reached. To what should that mass of means serve, what could I do with it, without acquaintance with Christianity? To what should the circle serve, without its centre? or an assemblage of all colours, without the light? At first I thought of Christianity only as something, which everyone, like the mother-tongue, knows intuitively, and therefore not as the object of a peculiar study. But in January 1816, when I for the last time took into consideration all that belonged to my plan, and wrote it down, I arrived at this conclusion, that as God had caused the conception of Himself to be developed in the mind of man in a twofold manner,—the one through revelation to the Jewish people through their patriarchs, the other through reason in the heathen ;—so also must the enquiry and representation of this developement be twofold ;—and as God had kept these two ways for a length of time independent and separate, so should we, in the course of the examination, separate knowledge from man, and his developement from the doctrine of revelation and faith, firmly trusting that God in the end would bring about the union of both. This is now also my firm conviction, that we must not mix them or bring them together forcibly, as many have done with well-meaning zeal but unclear views, and as many in Germany with impure designs are still doing. But herein I erred, that I supposed one might understand heathenism by itself, and that as regards Christianity, one needed only so much knowledge as might easily be acquired: its documents and dogmas I supposed to be long known and understood, as far as understanding them was possible,—and that that must be sufficient. Herein lay my error: for who knows Christianity, but he who makes it the central point of his thoughts and actions? who knows the Bible, but he who makes it his confidential friend, his dictionary, and his grammar? Thus it is also with the calling to a comprehension of the highest things. To know Christ, and the Bible, and to extend on earth the kingdom of Christ, is the duty of every man, more especially of him who is busied with the contemplation of the highest things.

All this has been working in my head almost daily for the last six months, and little or nothing would I write on the

subject, because I desired, that it should ferment, and clear, and shape itself. Next to God, my wife has had the greatest influence on my meditations: for as since 1814 you by your life and your faith have directed my mind to the contemplation of Christ and His teaching, so has Fanny now, in the same twofold manner. We have read the Bible together, as she was always accustomed to do before: and her acquaintance with the Scriptures (of which she knows a great portion by heart), her faith combined with clearness of understanding, and the Christian spirit which regulates her life,—have pointed out to me more and more the treasure of all treasures; and I see clearly, that without thorough and deep study of the Bible, and of Christianity and its history, I can neither accomplish anything good in my other philosophical and historical undertakings, nor find for myself tranquillity of spirit, and the means of quenching the thirst for enquiry, and for regulating contemplation. Wherefore I am firmly resolved to undertake *this*, and see how far the Holy Spirit of God will help me forwards. . . .

Extract from Bunsen's Journal.

[Translation.]

1st January, 1818.

My heart is with thee, my beloved fatherland, in thy hopes, thy blessings, thy dangers! and with you, beloved friends, who have joined with me in calling upon God to save and relieve the oppressed land of our birth, and whose wishes and prayers will accompany mine for the same land, now returning to life. O Lord! could I ever forget that which Thou hast committed to me to do, then let me not return to my country, nor see my friends again, nor even look again upon my beloved parents and receive their blessing! I am conscious of Thy call, I feel strength in Thee! When my heart humbles itself before Thee, and seeks to be sanctified in Thee, then I feel secure and firm; but the power of indolence and of pride is great. Yet I know that Thy grace is greater.

Grant me, above all things, truth inwardly,—for without that I cannot behold Thy truth. Let me not externally enclose my heart with a factitious, applied form of faith.

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Forasmuch as Thy truth is the truth, man need not, on the way to it, be terrified by any truth. Let me bring everything into connection with this central point. Let me not strive to add decoration to that which is in itself sufficient. Let me despise the world, not from pride, or from a spirit of opposition, but from love to Thee, and therefore in love. Let me tame my rebellious heart!

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Rome: 24th February, 1818.

There has been much mirth here latterly, and in my house, too. I was told by Ringseis, that the Crown Prince Louis of Bavaria intended to come in the evening (but I was not to know beforehand), when a set of our accustomed friends were collected. I could have wished for another day, in order to make some preparation, as one cannot command amusement on the spur of the moment; but there was no help; . . . I summoned together those I could find, Bekker, Cornelius, Eberhard, Müller, Rudolph Schadow, Rhebenitz, Schnorr, Ruscheweih, Koch,—at eight o'clock; Ringseis then came, and began singing, so that all were roused to join, by the time the Prince entered with Senzheim, when he was received with the song, 'Landesvater.' I must say that he entered into everything with much spirit, and in the best manner; desired to offer 'Germany' as his toast, and, in less than half an hour, brought the whole company into such thorough mirth and noise, that the former occasion (of which he had heard, and therefore offered to join such a party) was nothing to this. Every one sought to contribute his own portion of opinion, likely to be welcome; but Cornelius had without doubt the advantage over the rest, in bluntly declaring the truth, and urging upon him 'to continue, as now, *trustful* towards the whole German people,—valuing all persons of merit without exception,—for instance, Jacobi.' To which appeal the Prince replied, 'But he is now become an *old woman*.' Cornelius suggested that 'what a man has been and has done in former days, is that, which should be remembered.' The Prince, however, had the last word, in declaring that 'Jacobi's reputation was founded upon his

good kitchen'—after which, Cornelius could not but let the subject drop. I proposed later the health of Niebuhr, as 'a patron of German art, and a true friend of the fatherland;' on which Cornelius observed; 'he who in silence provides for artists.' The health of Eberhard was called for (he had played on the pianoforte some clever compositions of his own), as 'the general magician' (*Hexenmeister*); somewhat in a spirit of opposition to the Prince, who noticed Schadow more especially, and told him 'he was the most graceful of sculptors.' The Prince proposed many patriotic toasts—'All that speak German must become German,' 'Germanic feeling,' 'Germanic union'—with ever-increasing merriment of the whole party, which when he was gone (about twelve) grew wilder than ever. Previously, however, I had preserved composure enough to make my observations; and I am not as much enchanted, as most of the others. Patronage of the fine arts is not sufficient to constitute an heir apparent to a royal crown. To rouse with cymbals and trumpets a Third Punic War will not be the rebuilding of a Holy Roman Empire. Behind the zeal for the fine arts there lies hidden a vehement power of self-will, and behind Germanism peeps forth decided Bavarianism. The prejudice against Jacobi proceeds from the ultra-Bavarian party: I gather this from the spirit of a pamphlet forwarded to the Crown Prince 'on the renewal of learned monastic institutions,' . . . in which complaint is made of the 'introduction of arrogant strangers' (i. e. Germans not belonging to Bavaria), 'to the mortification of deserving Bavarian men of letters, consuming in salaries thousands, belonging by right to the country.' May God grant that the Crown Prince may achieve the happiness of Bavaria, but the salvation of Germany will not proceed from him! Enough of this: we shall see what comes of it.

. . . People seize the thing by the tail—have no conception of the one only solid basis, inward truth, rectitude, and the fear of God. When I think of these things, I am furious against myself for inaction. Ought one not, as soon as one has free leisure, to seek after nothing so much as to be clear on these main matters? should one not labour day and night, and deny inclination, in order to develope and to work out reality and right? With a resolute good will, and

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perception where the need is, it matters not whether genius be granted into the bargain. Or shall we rest satisfied to be stunned by empty vociferation? to be dragged along in the crowd of the young generation?

From the beginning of this year (1818) Theodore Rhebenitz of Lübeck must be mentioned as one of the most habitual members of Bunsen's inner circle of associates in Rome. During a dangerous illness of Bunsen in 1820, when constant watching by night was indispensable, and the patient's disgust at the Italian manservant and the hired nurse was ever increasing, it was to Rhebenitz, that his nearly exhausted wife addressed the request, that he would share in the exertion: a service, which only from one felt to be a true friend could be asked or accepted. This exertion of friendship was continued as long as needed, through sixteen days of apprehension and anxiety: the fatigue being divided between Rhebenitz, Schnorr, and Schmieder. After such a long course of intimacy in Rome, years of separation ensued, until, in 1855, Bunsen and his family being settled at Heidelberg, Rhebenitz was induced to make the long journey from his home at Lübeck, to become the guest in turn of the house of Bunsen, and of that of his University friend, Herr von Dusch, an honoured ex-Minister of the Grand Duke of Baden. The occasion of the invitation at that moment was the wish to see him among the guests at the wedding of a beloved daughter, Theodora, with the Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, Rhebenitz having been present at the baptism of the bride and her twin-brother, in 1832. Rhebenitz was not as happy in life as his qualities deserved, from having mistaken his profession: at the time of enthusiasm of the year 1815, he followed the impulse which brought numbers to the study of painting in its new revival, and quitted his studies at the University, in which he had made considerable progress, for the

fascinating art, in which his talent was not sufficient to attain excellence in the high style, to which he aspired. He outlived Bunsen little more than a year.

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In a letter to his sister, dated February 28, 1818, after speaking of the study of Scripture in the original languages, follows the reflection:—‘But all that, in truth, is not the main thing, not the thing itself, only a means to it. Christianity and real faith is a fact of the inner man, far above all erudition and outward knowledge; which can only originate in an inward consciousness (not a merely empty admission) of our fallen nature, and of the impossibility without God’s help, without the grace of His Holy Spirit, to do any good thing. Out of this, when it is genuine, proceeds inward sanctification and true illumination of mind, which two are inseparably connected: there is no real holiness of heart and will without enlightenment of the Spirit, that is, without vivid consciousness of our life in God, and the entire nothingness of all that is external to it, and there is no true and lasting enlightenment without inward sanctification.’ Here he relates to his sister the passage quoted by Luther from the legend of the Egyptian St. Anthony, in which it is said that after earnest prayer to be led to the acquaintance of a servant of Christ, who should be still further advanced in the kingdom of Heaven than himself, he received in a dream indication of the name and abode of the person, after whom he inquired; and, following the directions, discovered the saint superior to himself in a poor shoemaker, who in reply to the earnest entreaty of St. Anthony to be instructed in his secret of holiness, assured him that being obliged to labour day by day, and the whole day, to earn bread for himself and his wife and children, he had no leisure but for a short prayer and thanksgiving with them morning and evening, nor for communion with God and increase in divine knowledge but such as was compatible with incessant industry of the hands. (All those who were much in Bunsen’s

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intimacy have heard him allude to this and similar anecdotes, which made a great impression upon his mind.) He goes on with the reflection—‘Certain as is the truth resulting from these anecdotes, so true is it also, that for every one there is a different way; and for me it is essential that I study the Bible historically and philosophically and philologically, in order to concentrate my thoughts entirely upon it. We live in a time when in Germany the craving after real Christian religion may be remarked in manifold utterances.’ He goes on to express sanguine hopes of the benefits to be derived, and the increase of religious earnestness to be hoped for, from the union of the two Protestant Confessions, of which Frederick William III. laid the foundation on the occasion of the celebration of the tercentenary festival of the Reformation; and proceeds to express an opinion, which he held to the end, that indifference to religion in general, and the absence of positive faith, formed in France the strength of Romanism, and that the great majority of the nation, could they but become serious, would turn Protestants.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Rome: 1st July, 1818.

. . . Some newly-converted Roman Catholics have sent about among us, within the last few weeks, a pamphlet entitled ‘Voix de l’Eglise Catholique aux Protestans de bonne Foi,’ a mere declamatory effort by a French priest (Martin de Noirliu). to drive into the fold the Protestant sheep, here straying far from home. Brandis has replied to it in a letter, which has had a stunning and silencing effect, and the writer of the pamphlet himself made no further rejoinder, than that ‘it had not been his purpose to offer proofs on a subject where Bossuet had left nothing further to be said.’ Yet these persons obtain much influence here. You will say it is contemptible to be thus easily caught, but the greater share of blame falls upon the theologians of the day, in whom so little of the true Christian spirit is to be found. . . . The chief misery is, that the finest spirits among our contempo-

aries ignore the nature of Christianity, and its influence even upon themselves: they are what they are, and act as they act, not as Christians, but in imagined autocracy: and the more feeble-minded, who judge only by what they see, are alienated by the spectacle of insignificance and decay in existing Protestantism, and driven astray, as soon as in the progress of years they become conscious of religious needs. This condition of decay and insignificance commenced, indeed, at least with us, immediately after the Reformation, owing to our having assumed and fixed, instead of articles of faith, conceived and expressed in the simplicity of evangelical liberty, mere hyper-orthodox subtleties and views, concerning theologians only, and wholly unintelligible to the congregation at large.

As to what concerns the Liturgy, you have misunderstood me, as though I were willing to adopt any one ready-made. My idea is this, that we should take cognisance, in this matter as in every other which concerns Christian edification, of all the really good productions of former times in use among the people, and make them known at a time when men are unconscious of the chief principles of Christianity, and of Christian worship, and spiritually powerless to pervade with fresh life the long-subsisting void and nullity, which yet the general mind cannot endure. Now I maintain that the English Liturgy was constructed from a grand point of view, and adapted, with much wisdom, to the wants and to the people of that time, and that it represents Christian worship far more thoroughly than anything that I have seen in Germany, Holland, or Denmark. Singing is not excluded, on the contrary, in addition to that of the congregation, the ancient style of choral song has been retained, such as the Tractus, Graduale, &c., used in the Church of Rome,—the simple grandeur of which mode of composition, from Palestrina to Marcello, exceeds all else that I know. I am much busied in spare hours with a comparative view of various rituals: as to what concerns our own, I have not yet found any, that formed a whole:—confession, absolution, thanksgiving and prayer; and therefore can form no judgement, until I have really seen those ancient forms of which Niebuhr speaks with admiration. Let not the poetical character of the German mind, nor the ‘pathos of our language’ be urged upon me, when you speak of present

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times!—those terms may well belong to the 15th and 16th centuries—but what do we know practically of those times among ourselves? Not much more than of the better times of foreign countries.

Bishop Wessenberg attracts much attention, Niebuhr had his papers before him, but only for one day, therefore I have not read them. His judgement is, that many of Wessenberg's changes are good, but that the whole betrays shallowness of mind, such as might be expected from a pupil of the Prince-Primate Dahlberg. . . . The Bavarian Edict on religion has been a great vexation to the priests here: they take it ill of the King of Bavaria, far more than of the King of France, considering the latter to be excused by the power of his Chambers, whereas the hands of the former were free.

I have begun to read Schleiermacher on St. Luke, and acknowledge myself by no means ready to admit all that he premises, by way of general maxims; but I will study the book thoroughly. The preface is admirable, written with the wisdom of Christian freedom and fearlessness.

It is a year this day since I was married: and to all those I love, and towards whom my thoughts turn with double affection on this day, I can wish nothing better, than that they should feel as happy on their first wedding-anniversary as I do.

Bunsen to Hey (on occasion of his having entered on the duties of his parish, and found a welcome beyond his anticipations).

[Translation.]

11th July, 1818.

I like your having been so cheered by the sympathy of those around you: there is something in it of a consciousness remaining from better times gone by, and perhaps of a better future in store; not only, in general, for the union of the German people into one nation, but, in particular, for their becoming Christians, and being combined into a Christian organisation. As Antæus felt himself strengthened, by contact with the maternal earth, so does your spirit experience a new buoyancy, in uniting with your own nation and community. The feeling of singleness, of separateness, of a torn condition, is deeply roused, in order that by sympathy (the only means of healing granted to our nature) the soul's craving

may be satisfied. As the other nations of Europe have no conception of the power of inner life in the individual, which exists in Germany; so do we not possess the consciousness of collective life and force, except in such moments as you have experienced. The communion of spirits is the highest communion, and that of the saints in Christ the most perfect: and though to us invisible, it claims to be represented in the domain of reality.

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Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Rome: 27th July, 1818.

That death is the awakening of the soul to a higher life is my innermost conviction. Never do I become more intelligible to myself than when I follow up that thought. It bids me, in view of actual life, to consider the divinity of the nature I share—urges me to quell the phantasms of the senses, to contend against indolence and inaction, as the infirmity of the soul; and preserves me in the clearer consciousness of existing under Divine protection, so that nothing can betide me, but in accordance with the will of God. And when I behold the nothingness of all human designs and endeavours, not based upon the idea of duty, and the conviction of being alone thereby brought nearer to God—when I look upon the torn and worn condition of existence and the tangled web of the times in which we live—it becomes ever clearer to me that Divine Grace only can enable me duly to carry out and execute what I have purposed. Intolerable would it be to me, in the solemn hour of departure, to confess to myself that I had sought my way through life to death, impelled by any other consideration than that of duty: my very soul seems to fall into dust, all spirit and energy to be annihilated, by that thought. In the fullness of this conviction I perceive how great is the degree of obscurity of the Divine nature in actual humanity, how powerful the evil principle. It must be something diabolical in us that makes us so easily lose this consciousness, this vision of truth: and most commonly, by a merely apparent life of the soul, by a false, substituted activity of intellect, through which we become, in fact, mere deteriorated animals. To express my whole thought—the Oriental mind has been, from the first, attractive to me, and an object of longing; solely on account of this especial characteristic, the grandeur of its perceptions with regard to

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the nothingness of human action, and the child's play of unceasingly wasting powers, and efforts after things earthly, and in things earthly. My error was, the folly of seeking, in that which was without, that which only could be found within myself. God be thanked for present light, if I only faithfully seek after it. Let us unitedly act on this conviction—for the sake of this, despise everything else inconsistent with it—in this find all repose! I have no other notion of my life for the future, but that it must consist in cropping off, and in concentrating: from such a consolidated centre alone can I venture with joyous hopefulness upon outward activity, which then indeed will become a need to me. I know not how to believe that such enormous good fortune should be intended for me, when I reflect that it might have been my lot to live and die in the confusion and scattering of thought and power that I behold around me. . . . One of the diseases of our time is, the seeking to patch and mend the inward with the outward. As the want of community of feeling is to be repaired by uniformity of fashion in clothing, so the want of religion of the heart by the building of churches, or by reflections upon the political necessity, the æsthetic beauty, the deep-seated reason of religion! Wherefore, religion, taken in by the understanding, has become the food of vanity in the common world, as a means of displaying the intellect which deals with it.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Rome: 1st September, 1818.

I am happy to begin this letter with the notification, I expected this long time to be enabled to give, that I have been officially informed of my appointment as Secretary of Legation. This is the first time in my life that I have a public situation, because the one I held in 1811-12 at the Göttingen School was only provisional, and I never intended to enter into the public service there, because I wanted to leave Göttingen, and for ever to get out of that detestable kingdom of Jerome. The considerations to which this has led me are many. First, I could not avoid being conscious of having given up my independence in some degree, and the entirely free use of time and choice of residence. But as this is not more the case in this appointment than in any other, and as I

never intended to live without public employment, even had I millions to dispose of, this consideration does not afflict me. And I am still more satisfied with this my entrance into business, by reflecting that I have not sacrificed by it my real independence, that of my spirit and my principles, as I am not indebted for it to anybody in the world but Mr. Niebuhr, whose political principles, as to constitution and other essential points, I admire and approve more than any others. And I thank God almost daily that I can look on to the future, without fearing ever to endanger this most precious gift of Heaven in a man's life.

The letters preserved contain, fortunately, such abundant particulars of Bunsen's inner and outer life, that much addition would not seem to be required. The winter of 1817 and the spring of 1818 were full of bright interests, from Bunsen's peculiar pursuits, from his daily intercourse with Niebuhr, and from the cheerful society which collected around him in his own house, chiefly consisting of his own countrymen, studying and cultivating the fine arts at Rome, with some intermixture of travellers—for instance, Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, and Mr. Thirlwall (now Bishop of St. David's), who have preserved through life the friendship which Bunsen then inspired, not to name others. The presence in Rome of the Crown Prince of Bavaria (since King Louis) caused great excitement of hope among the artists, to several of whom his munificent undertakings for the decoration of Munich gave occupation for years after. He liked to enter society without pretension, and was pleased, on more than one occasion, to join in the unconstrained cheerfulness of a party of young men in Bunsen's house.

We have already heard of his giving the toast: *Was Deutsch spricht, soll Deutsch werden!* (May all that speak German become German!) his mind and speech dwelling much on the hoped for recovery of the German provinces of France, Alsace, Lorraine, &c. Towards Bunsen he was well inclined, but soon perceived that he was not the man

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for him, after an evening when, the spirits of all present being, by dint of free discussion, excited to the point of absolute openness and sincerity, Bunsen was led to assert the incontestable fact that the free cities of Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Italy, had been the real fosterers of the fine arts, whose patrons were found far oftener among citizens than among princes. Although the Prince of Bavaria well knew that he did not share the blame of disregard of the fine arts, yet did he feel instinctively that he had to deal with a free spirit, for whom, though art and poetry were much, yet science and philosophy were more; and the Prince loved not literature and science, nor those devoted to such pursuits.

A letter from Bunsen to his sister gives an account of the remarkable fête, contrived by the painters to offer a parting homage to the Crown Prince of Bavaria, on the eve of his leaving Rome, April 30, 1818:—

[Translation.]

The festival might well be said to stand alone of its kind, in design, arrangement, and decoration: it was given to the Crown Prince by the Germans of every class then living in Rome, one hundred of whom were artists. The Prince had addressed a poem to the artists, in which he declared it to be pre-eminently the calling of Sovereigns to patronise the professors of fine arts, whose works would survive states and nations: and the designs had a reference to this thought, arranged as they were in the large hall of a villa opposite to the entrance, with lamplight behind. Three arches were represented: in the centre of the middle one there was an oak with wide-spreading branches, 'on which the birds of the air rest:' under it a goddess-like figure with the lyre, representing Poetry extending her wings on each side, under which, to the right, as sitting figures, were Music and Painting; to the left, Architecture and Sculpture, designed to represent the Divine creative power in man, by which he shows himself to have been formed in the image of God, and to be able to extend the proofs of his being beyond the span of natural life. It is impossible to give you an idea of the

expression of these countenances. In each of the side arches there was a representation of a procession, descending from a height towards this open Temple of Poetry: on the right came a procession of poets (in the widest sense, as painters also form poetic conceptions) with King David at their head, followed by Homer and Dante, then Raphael and Albrecht Dürer, hand-in-hand, and many others, as from a hollow way through rocks. On the left, was the line of those great ones of the earth who have obtained undying fame by love of the fine arts. Below these compositions a row of figures was painted, so as to appear executed in marble, showing in the centre the chief painters bearing the ark of true art, preceded by others blowing trumpets, at the sound of which the walls of Jericho—i.e. of the edifice of false taste—are seen to be falling, and among the ruins are scattered the works of Kotzebue, and of other writers proscribed as immoral and slavish, doomed to be buried in forgetfulness. To the right, Hercules cleansing the stable of Augeas by conducting a stream through it, to denote the serious labour that the genuine artist must go through. On the other side, Samson destroying the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. (You are aware that the term 'Philistine' is appropriated to those who place the highest value upon things bad or insignificant, and have no consciousness of the higher meaning, that artistic designs ought to possess.) On the sides of the hall were painted transparencies of Moses, Solon, Numa, and Charlemagne—intended to remind the Prince of his calling, particularly as he is now returning home to share with King Max and the Estates of the country in the construction and establishment of a free Constitution for Bavaria. On his arrival, the Prince was received with music before the closed entrance of the hall with the paintings; over which was the representation of St. Luke, the patron of Painting, as keeper of the gate, inviting him to enter and behold. He was astonished and moved: remained, amid mirthful singing, dancing, and supper-eating, till two o'clock in the morning, then shook hands with each person present, and set out on his journey. Much may be hoped from him, he has already caused the construction of an edifice (the Walhalla) in which the busts of the great men of Germany are to be placed, Blücher, Göthe, &c.

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The fête, here recorded, will be remembered by the very small number of survivors of those present* with the sensation which attends the recollection of a fresh spring-day in life's springtime: the present scene exhilarating, the nearest future full of hope. No one who witnessed it will ever have beheld again such an amount of poetic and artistic talent brought together to decorate and dignify a moment; had the composition been matter of long premeditation, or the execution been lengthened and laborious, the effect could not have been so striking and satisfactory. The design was no doubt that of Cornelius, who in many subsequent works has shown an unequalled gift of bringing clearly and intelligibly into a piece of poetry offered to the eye, everything far and near, in history or in fiction, ancient or modern, that could be found to have an intellectual connection with the subject, or a latent bearing upon any part. A remark having been made on the amount of historical, antiquarian and biblical knowledge, displayed by the works of Cornelius, and surprise expressed that he should have had time for the requisite study, it was replied, that his knowledge very possibly extended no further than the visible instances thus given—but that he had an instinctive power of seeking out, acquiring, and retaining whatever suited his purpose.

The majority of guests wore the mediæval costume called 'ancient German,' but in fact worn by all civilised nations in the fifteenth century, and now patronised by the Crown Prince of Bavaria,—a plain close-buttoned coat with full skirts; the ladies with large ruffs and in picturesque attire. They were few in number, and the most remarkable was Frau Henrietta Herz, the early friend and correspondent of Schleiermacher, much advanced in years, but with undiminished symmetry of

* An account of it is preserved in a charming volume of letters written by Atterbom, a Swedish poet of note, and lately published, 'Aufzeichnungen des Schwedischen Dichters Atterbom, übersetzt von Maurer, 1867,' p. 180.

features, denoting and expressing the well-balanced mind and amiable disposition, which must have chiefly contributed to the preservation of her renowned personal attractions. But the admired of the evening was the future wife of Overbeck, the painter, beautiful, engaging and influential, from Vienna.

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The happy birth of the first child (a son named Henry) and a multitude of minute particulars relating to mother and infant, form the subject of joyous communications extending through many letters of Bunsen to his sister; from one of which extracts will follow: but it ought to be mentioned, as generally applying to all similar instances, that his tone of animated delight and of devout thankfulness never varied, and was never lowered, as is too often the case with parents, whose offspring bears a large proportion to the visible means of worldly provision. The birth of a child was matter of unmixed rejoicing to him, from the first to the twelfth; and he did not suffer his soul's exultation to be checked by gratuitous apprehensions; practically exemplifying the sense of a verse in his favourite hymn—

[Translation (by Miss C. Winkworth).]

Was unser Gott erschaffen hat,
Das wird er auch erhalten;
Darüber wird er früh und spät
Mit seiner Gnade walten.

Still for the creatures He hath made
Our God shall well provide;
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guardian every side.

Bunsen to his Sister.

[Translation.]

Rome: 11th July, 1818.

* What would I not give that you could behold with me the dear, innocent face of our little Henry! for nothing is so cheering as the spectacle of a vigorously unfolding infant life. And this development begins so soon, surely sooner than is generally supposed. . . . The fixed and undivided attention, with which young children contemplate objects, and the seriousness with which they endeavour to understand and take in what they see, is remarkable and satisfactory; and proves that the carelessness and dissipation of mind, the

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hastening away from one object to another, too common in later periods of childhood, is an acquired defect, not an original one, and often occasioned by the irrational practice of driving children unnecessarily from one impression to another. You would laugh at me, my dear Christiana, or, if unwell, you would scold me, if I told you that I am already making great plans for this child's future—always, however, under the supposition that his Heavenly Father has designed for him the best gifts, and has not provided otherwise for his soul here below. I wish he might go to India, and so redeem his father's pledge, and, please God, accomplish more than I should have done. External circumstances would seem to be in his case as favourable, as in mine they were unfavourable. Let that be, however, as it may, my boy shall study the Bible and the ancients—I mean the old Greeks, Romans, and Germans; and till then there is time enough for forming a decision. May it please God to preserve him in health! I study diligently now, and think often of what I should like to teach him. My essay upon the 'Athenian Right of Inheritance' is finished, as far as the first volume is concerned: I wish the same could be said of the second, for 'everything has its season,' and that for this subject is gone by. My thoughts have taken another direction, and I no longer live in the work. I should go on far otherwise had I but cancelled the old debt, and could work out freshly what is now passing through my head; but I hold fast, as well as I can, by the principle not to let fall anything once begun. My regular work for the Legation, and my salary, began on the 1st July, and I find that I have much more spirit for work, in the time that remains free for my private occupations, than I had before, and also that the loss of time is really inconsiderable, and more than compensated by the closer and more intimate intercourse with Niebuhr, which results from it. Also, these diplomatic relations are a fine school for exactness—for never was man more punctual in business than Niebuhr.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

You ask me a difficult question,—What may be the reason that our languages express our inward feelings only by signs, taken from external objects? One might write a treatise on

this matter; but if I am to state my opinion, I think the reason is this:—Our nature and our whole life is calculated to exercise our faith, and in everything we live upon it. We trust our senses for no other reason, but because man would become mad, if he doubted of the reality of what he sees and touches. We have no idea of things internal, infinite, and eternal, except by the symbolical use of exterior and circumscribed things. Our speech, as the most general and original image of our mind, partakes of this common law of our nature; it utters the mind's dictates only through the reflex of the surrounding world, it imitates irrational things, alludes to the inanimate creation, by uniting the means of sound and form, or music and painting, in order to communicate to others the state of our mind, and make ourselves conscious of it. We cannot but believe this, and still there is no other reason to be found in explanation of it, but apparent arbitrariness or revelation.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Tivoli: 13th June, 1819.

The departure of my beloved and brotherly friend Brandis has at last taken place, and for the first time these many years have we parted, in great uncertainty when and where we can meet again. His way leads first to Florence and Venice, then to Paris for the winter, from thence to England; and in 1820 he intends to be at Berlin. May God grant me to see him again! But I have sorrowful anticipations. He has worked this last winter much too hard, and his chest is more affected than ever; besides, in addition to his former excellence, genuineness, purity, and equipoise of character, he has become of late so heavenly minded in benevolence, inward peace and clearness, at the same time so convinced of the near approach of his end, that I cannot avoid the apprehension of his not remaining much longer on earth. But my feeling on this point seems strange to me; he has so impressed me with the consciousness of his being made by death free from pain and grief, and of his ripeness for a free and spiritualised and endless existence, that it is, as it were, a legacy that he bequeaths to me; and I do not experience such pain in the contemplation of losing him, as I should have expected. The passage into another and more glorious state,

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in which the wings of the soul shall be unfettered, seems so natural in the case of a spirit like his, that earthly sorrow withdraws before the brightness of the glory approaching. And yet no one would be so hard struck by his death, as myself; for a friend in heart and mind, the confidant of all my efforts, thoughts, and contemplations, such as he has been, I have none beside him, and I shall never find one like him again. He left us on the 2nd May.* On the 4th, intelligence arrived, some time anticipated, of the death of —. The history of her life-long illness is remarkable. She had shared in a species of education, founded on a combination, to me ever inconceivable, of earnest Christian convictions and habits of thinking and acting, regular Bible-reading and the observance of times of Divine worship, with a no less scrupulous performance of all that the customs of courtly and cultivated society demand. From testimony, and the inspection of papers, I have received convincing proof of the strength of character and reality of conviction, with which, in the quiet of an almost uninterrupted country residence, the system was carried out, also of the steadfastness of the love of truth and right, upon which all was founded; and I perceive that I was originally unjust in my estimation of the person in question, misled by the strangeness of the mixture of which I was conscious, and the aristocratic mode and almost religious strictness of observance of forms, wholly conventional. Such a combination is, and remains, ever unnatural; for one influence or the other must be ruler and leader in the mind, when it bursts forth in power, and it cannot be wholly penetrated but by one. Much may be explained in general by the strongly-marked and strictly-observed forms of society among the English; and, more, by a peculiar position in early youth. Although the influence of such characters in spreading right principles among the higher classes is not to be disputed, yet their pedantry in admitting things external to the rank of duties must be acknowledged in its reality, as such, equally with their actual uprightness and integrity; and to them the words of our Saviour must apply, although not in the common sense, that ‘it is hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven,’—in so far as the entrance into the kingdom of hea-

* Professor Brandis survived many years, and outlived Bunsen himself. He died at Bonn, where he filled the Chair of Professor of Moral Philosophy, in July 1867.

ven shall be held to signify the disregarding all earthly considerations and personal inclinations, to be occupied solely with the highest good. Unavoidably a breach must be caused by the forcible conjunction of opposing forces; and as to the lately deceased, there was an additional cause in her marriage for this breach between two natures or tendencies. Her husband, of English origin but bred in Italy, and essentially an Italian, naturally insignificant in character, and by training incapable of a fixed purpose and steady occupation in life, gained her affection by attentions bestowed at a time when her invalid state precluded much variety of occupation or amusement. They lived here for a time to all appearance happily, very fond of each other, he showing for her all possible consideration and care, as far as he was able; on her part there was the constant endeavour to make his house agreeable to him and to his Italian friends, and to gratify his vanity by receiving large assemblies of English and Italians together, and by living much in mixed society; concealing carefully from him, that this course of effort was exhausting her slender portion of strength. But the most fatal circumstance was this, that he, being a Roman Catholic, was, as such, a hindrance to her religious course, not by absolutely preventing her religious observances, but negatively, by not joining in the modes of edification, to which she had been used in her own family, and she was not accustomed to stand alone and self-supported. He avoided all conversation on religion, except such as tended to persuade her that there was at bottom little difference between their several persuasions; thus were her best feelings and thoughts repressed, or brought in conflict with her affections and new habits of life, a conflict so much the more painful, as she allowed nothing of it to transpire to her beloved relations, lest a shadow of blame should rest upon her husband, or upon the fact of her marriage. This was the state of things when the journey was undertaken which brought her back to the home of her childhood, to die. The travelling arrangements were not calculated for her declining state of strength, and before she reached the shelter of her parent's house, her symptoms threatened her life, and, as she afterwards admitted to her mother, she had during the latter days of the journey the greatest difficulty in concealing the reality of her sufferings from her husband. Soon after her arrival she declared

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her conviction that she was dying fast, and that God had heard her prayer, not to be again parted from her mother and family, as long as she should live; and expressed herself as being joyful in spirit for the first time in the last two years, wishing only that two requests might be granted,—one, that her husband might not be informed of the certainty of her death, but that he might continue to indulge his present hopes of her recovery; the second, that in the prayers held in her presence, not a word of petition for recovery might be uttered; as she had not the strength to endure so terrible a thought. From this time she lay tranquil and resigned, but could seldom speak; all symptoms showed the entire break up of nature, although she had still strength to endure much pain, and for a longer time than the physician had deemed possible. ‘I pray for the happiness of my husband,’ she said; ‘he loves me, and has ever cared for me to the utmost of his power; but all that is now past; all ties are broken, except that which binds me to you, my mother, by whom I was taught the knowledge of God.’ Thus did she die, of exhaustion of all vital power, four months after entering her refuge. How sad her lot, and how happy her death! Often did I contemplate her when here, and ask myself the question, what was to become of her life; and now is the knot unloosed, which for this mortal existence had become inextricable: and therefore is this history so remarkable to me.

We are come to Tivoli for a week, on a visit to Niebuhr, who inhabits the Casino of Cardinal Consalvi. My boy has his sixth tooth, and runs alone very well, and becomes daily more delightful. In four weeks we expect the chaplain to the Legation, Schmieder—in whose coming I rejoice, and hope to read Hebrew with him.

This melancholy subject is forcibly treated in the following passage of another letter, dated May 5, 1819:—

There are few cases in which one may venture to say as positively as in this case, that according to human wisdom and perception there was no other way to come out of this really tragical complication of circumstances, not one of which one could have thought of without despair, but by the release of nature. Man has in himself, when not agitated by vain fears and hopes, in many cases a feeling of the physical

impossibility to recover, which seldom fails to prove just; but there is another and more awful consciousness in his soul, of which there are many examples, the certainty that life internally and morally is at an end, that all earthly ties are dissolved, and that it is morally impossible to return to what is actually already dead for us. This consciousness, in the majority of instances, is connected with the first feeling; but there are instances which prove its separate existence. I cannot express myself in writing to you as I wish, and as I should; but must add one remark—can there be a clearer proof of that truth, which so few people in our time can comprehend, that all conviction and faith is not a thing made, not intruded upon our nature by education and custom, or by our secret interest in the matter, and therefore only arbitrary and changeable, depending upon circumstances and times, different in every age, nation, even perhaps individual,—but, on the contrary, that, by a divine and innate necessity, it finds itself in a true, upright, and well-preserved mind as soon as those obstacles are removed, which stand between ourselves and the truth; that then that strength and that light appears which no one had imagined, and then all derived and single reasons and arguments, by which we labour to convince our understanding, and keep ourselves in memory, of the conventional, disappear with their prop, because the soul comes back to its natural consciousness, which is the decisive evidence of all other truths, and itself its own proof. Happy those who come to this consciousness already in this life! they alone are the seeing among the blind; they alone can have undisturbed judgement of the things of this world, which to the rest appears confused and disturbed, as the complicated circles of the planetary system to those, whose point of vision is taken from our globe, and not, as with the astronomer, from its invisible centre. I have no other idea of deadly sins, but those that corrupt the essence of the soul so entirely, that, at least in this earthly existence, it cannot return to this consciousness, but is precluded from it as the blind from the light.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 19th June, 1819.

. . . I have had much conversation with Niebuhr as to my future plans; he insists upon it that I ought to devote myself

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to public business, but rather in the Home, than in the Foreign, Department. Should he become Minister of the Interior (which is more to be wished than hoped, unless great changes take place), I should have no doubt as to taking this direction, believing that some leisure would still remain to me for learned pursuits, and that I should make myself acquainted with those State and Church affairs, and all those interests of humanity in relation to the present decisive condition of my country, which are to my mind of the highest importance, and upon which I might hope in time, with the help of God, to bring the result of my acquired knowledge and experience to bear, for the benefit of my fellow-men. For things most weighty are impending; the introduction of a free Constitution is in agitation, and the improvement of legislation; the Church needs to be built up again out of the ruins, into which it has fallen through the unbelief of teachers, and the indifference of the people; all things are to become new; but most of all is it needful, that life and faith be infused into the minds of men, that a better condition may become established and enduring, and the longing after novelty and subversion, which has seized upon the nations of Europe almost without exception, may cease, and give place to a happy and calm condition, to follow after the long period of decline and destruction. But the help of God is of all things the most needful; for opinions are as numerous as heads, and books still more so. Many preach revolution in direct terms, many advocate the same cause without intending to do so, many cherish its growth by the very measures they take against it; and the greater part await, in a dissatisfied and irresolute mood, an outbreak somewhere, because the present state is not to their mind. No man equals Niebuhr in acquaintance with the state of Germany, in the knowledge of what ought to be done, as well as in insight and energy to carry it through; and I am indebted to him inexpressibly for opening my eyes to the actual state of the time, to the existing wrong and its causes. One would be without a heart not to be willing to give one's whole self to work with all one's feeble powers for the good cause, and, possessing the friendship of such a man, other things might be left, in order to work under his guidance. But, on the other hand, the commonplace life of public business is so pitiful, compared to a course of philo-

logical and literary labour, that were one not, by a connection or peculiar calling, driven into the former, a choice between the two could not be perplexing. So much seems to me clear, that if Niebuhr departs from Rome without the appointment as Minister of the Interior, I should get free from my present diplomatic post, and after spending a year in England (where I have so much to learn) . . . I should by lecturing at the University prepare myself for becoming a Professor. I have little confidence that things will actually turn out as I have now stated; rarely do they happen according to expectation, but I have the firm confidence that God will point out the right way.

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Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Rome: 6th April, 1819.

. . . All this (i. e., pursuits in life and principles in action) has come more clearly than ever before my mind, in the parting from you, the only friend of my heart. We are one in conviction: whether we shall succeed in the performance, we know not; but I feel my mind so enlarged, when I think of all that binds us together spiritually, that never has the consciousness of endless existence come with more power upon my spirit, than through this separation. I dwell upon you with a cheerful heart; and it is as though there were no barrier between us.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

21st May, 1819.

I must tell you of my visit to Tivoli, from whence I returned with Fanny, yesterday. Those were the brightest days that I ever passed with Niebuhr, and will ever belong to the happiest of my life. Cardinal Consalvi had offered him the use of his house at Tivoli, and Niebuhr invited us to occupy one storey in it, as his guests. I walked out with him daily; he was very cheerful, and enjoyed the situation. Fortunately, I had found a book which treated of ruins not commonly noticed, indicating the place of the original falls of the Anio. . . . At dinner in the evening we were always together, which I particularly rejoiced in for Fanny's sake, who for the first time had occasion to know Niebuhr in his simplicity of greatness, and his inexhaustible animation.

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Niebuhr, too, treated her with much consideration and kindness, and his wife was very good to both of us. To me Niebuhr was most encouraging; and I communicated to him all circumstances and questions.

The visit to Tivoli, here recorded, remains strongly impressed in the memory of the one survivor of that cheerful party, in manifold images of pleasure, from beauty of nature and season, and social intercourse, in which the mind of Niebuhr was unfolded in its variety of power and intensity of interest in 'all that is good, all that is true, all that is learned, all that is wise,' as it were expanding in sunshine, enjoying the external world, and at ease in spirit; not haunted by the gloomy visions of public or domestic calamity, under the influence of which its balance often seemed lost, and its native lineaments became scarcely recognisable. The richness and charm of his conversation, when under benign influences, cannot be so described as to characterise it justly: he was peculiarly distinguished from other gifted talkers by commanding the whole range of subjects, to which he led attention, not being absorbed or trammelled by any one in particular: he guided the mind's eye from one class of ideas to another, not confounding them, but relieving one portion by another: communicating anecdotes with a spirit, enhanced by scrupulous exactness of detail; illustrating and developing without overcharging: as remarkable for essential weight and abundance of matter, as for the absence of everything trivial and commonplace.

The extreme scrupulosity of Niebuhr, in a matter of barter and exchange, in which a very different practice is general, was evinced by his declining to purchase coins, by the rarity of which he acknowledged himself to be tempted, because (as he assured the poor proprietor) he could not afford to pay what he knew to be their actual worth. The man begged him to set his own price upon them, as he knew not what to ask, but Niebuhr left him

with a written list of the demands he would be entitled to make upon some purchaser, who should have larger funds at command than himself. The only surviving witness of this scene finds gratification in recording an anecdote, however insignificant, which does honour to the memory of Niebuhr.

An extract shall here follow from a letter written at the close of this year 1819, as it records a sort of farewell homage on the part of Bunsen to the favourite branch of study of his University days—a last instance, or nearly so, of studying in learned leisure. Soon after this date the task-work on the ‘Description of Rome’ drew him more and more, as it were, into a vortex; and, when once free from this, the subjects of his life’s meditation engrossed all the powers and time not claimed by his office.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Rome: 27th November, 1819.

. . . I have passed the last week in great enthusiasm for old Lysias, having entered, more closely than before, into his life and political character, as it may be elicited from his undoubted Orations. The bad ones, that is, many of the juridical orations, are decidedly not genuine. But philosophy was not his calling. . . . I begin now to understand the justness of Niebuhr’s democratic tendency with respect to Athens, which formerly (as you know) seemed to me to do wrong to Plato and the others. When one comes to be better acquainted with the aristocracy of Athens, the cruelty and insolence of their conduct, the absence of all counteraction of democracy, except by the steady oppression of an oligarchy, and to discover their panegyrists to consist of fools or rascals, or at best of coxcombs, like Xenophon,—then one understands that there was no alternative between a democracy, such as Demosthenes craved, purified by a return to simplicity of life, strengthened by warlike exercises, and by the dismissal of corrupt orators and magistrates, and the admission of Alcibiades as *tyrannos*. Proofs without end are furnished, in combination with the orators, by the ‘Lives

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of Plutarch,' which I have been reading with the greatest pleasure. Had I but time now to read Thucydides! But I will keep to the resolution of breaking off in February; hoping yet to get into Plato's Laws and Aristotle's Politics. On the first I wish to write a treatise,—that is, to make out the relation which the legislation of Athens bore to that dreamed of by Plato. A melancholy appearance is that of a man like Plato, full of desire to amend the condition of his nation, full of love to its actual existence, yet not knowing anything better to do, than to lay as his foundation an imaginary condition, which neither represents the ideal of an actual State, nor fulfils the conditions of the State supposed, but drops through between both. It is melancholy, as announcing the wrong position of so great a mind, and thereby denoting the unsoundness of the time; and I am not to be persuaded that Plato's Laws have reference to any real existence. But only those times are happy, in which the man of knowledge is also the man of action, beholding the idea in itself, and the outward reality clear before him: his fellow-citizens the objects of his teaching, and his books their laws and ordinances. The reason of the difference between such a time and that of Plato is moral, and not founded in external condition. In fact, all separation between knowledge and action is unsound and enfeebling. But what power will unfetter the soul's pinions? how rouse to action and sustain in suffering?

Were I not convinced of the fact that I should for ever repent in not having employed next year's last opportunity of studying political economy under Niebuhr, I should not depart from the ancients: but at some later period I shall rejoice to return to them, for I am convinced one may keep time enough for them, should one not die very early. I consider the matter thus: first, one must learn with some exactness what in reality exists; what may be done; and how, according to system and principle, it can be done: and then, every one, according to circumstances and his sphere of being, has to try what he can effect: after which, with most men, comes a time when the longing after contemplation, and enquiry into the past returns with new force. Man is not blessed in the one course any more than in the other; and time and circumstances must decide which shall engross him the most.

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[Translation.]

Niebuhr meditates organising with Schmieder a congregation, and with that an establishment for the poor and sick, for Protestants are very ill off in the hospitals here.*

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 24th July, 1819.

A happy event for us all is the late arrival of a Protestant chaplain for the Legation, sent by the King at the request of Niebuhr. Divine service now takes place every Sunday morning, and a meeting for prayer and edification every Wednesday evening. The congregation consists of about seventy persons, of whom about twenty are working tradesmen, some of them having lived here as long as ten years without any religious edification or exercise, almost all without Bibles, which (even if they brought such with them) would have been taken away at the frontier; and yet they are not so alienated from Christian communion as might have been expected. The chaplain—Schmieder—makes the impression of a real angel of peace. He is a young man of my age, from the Prussian province of Saxony, and the University of Wittenberg unanimously resolved to propose him to the King for this appointment. When he received his nomination, he had been very long engaged, and only awaited an appointment to marry,—he could not venture to undertake bringing his wife to Rome on a salary of 800 thalers (120*l.*), nor could he reconcile his conscience to decline an important sphere of duty, to which he believed himself providentially called; wherefore he resolved to accept the position for three years, to celebrate his marriage then, and leave his bride so long in her parents' house. The King granted an addition of 200 thalers for her, to facilitate this arrangement, and Schmieder arrived here alone. Niebuhr's humane heart was hurt by this separation, and he encouraged Schmieder to make his wife follow him, contributing himself towards the

* The mind of Bunsen took up and never gave up this plan formed, but not executed, during the period of Niebuhr's residence in Rome; and the hospital for Protestants of all nations exists to this hour on the Capitol, established and maintained in the face of difficulties, seemingly insurmountable.

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expense of her journey, and undertaking to furnish and prepare a small apartment for their abode. Schmieder is in truth a distinguished man, of rare merit: although bred up among unbelievers, he has attained to a genuine Gospel faith in Christ, as though he had been taught by Augustine and Luther only: his mild and benevolent demeanour, combined with a native dignity, inspires both respect and confidence, and his hearers are astonished at the preaching, in Rome, of a pure Christianity, such as they had seldom or never known at home. Others, however, consider him to be not sufficiently enlightened, and some take him for an enthusiast. For, instead of giving moral contemplations, and sentimental rhapsodies on the beauty of virtue and the goodness of the human heart, his sermons treat of repentance and conversion, of sin and guilt, of the incapability of the mere human will to attain to regeneration, and the consequent necessity of faith in Christ's all-sufficiency. This he shows forth in a double manner, first as faith in Christ, who has died *for us*; secondly, as faith in Christ, who, living *in us*, must be the death of the old man, in order that the soul, having suffered with Christ-Man, shall rise again with Christ-God, and expand into a new life: thus having begun with penitence and pain, and passed through the gloom into light. Human nature likes this not; but yet it is satisfactory to perceive how the congregation by degrees, great and small, in high or low station, gathers round him and feels an attraction in this kind of teaching, in the midst of Rome, and of pompous ceremonies and dead observances in churches, decorated with gold and precious stones,—contrasted with the small number collected to hear the pure, unmixed Gospel in the stillness of a simply-arranged place of worship, who join in prayer, and in hymns and psalms of praise and thanksgiving. It is peculiarly satisfactory that my wife should make acquaintance with German theology and worship in this manner; for, as things stand in general, I was afraid for her of the effect of such acquaintance. . . . Were but all preachers like Schmieder, and all devotional arrangements like this—full of life and Christian spirit—then would the German evangelical church be the first in the world.

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*Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.*CHAP.
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[Translation.]

18th September, 1819.

. . . I have been well throughout the year, and grow accustomed to the climate; even that enemy of human nerves, the sirocco, does not affect me so much as it did formerly. I have worked much, and done much,—for which first I thank God, and the instructive intercourse by Him granted to me with Schmieder. For since I attained to a clear consciousness, by inward experience, that there is no way of satisfying the needs of the soul, or tranquillising the heart's longings, but by the inner life in Christ—aspiration after eternal blessedness, and consequent direction of the mind and all its powers towards God—I am aware of an increase of power for the work of my calling, whatever it be, and of joy and spirit in performing it. Nothing external, no learning, no philosophy, no study of the various religions of the earth, can help towards the soul's blessedness, and living consciousness of salvation: it is the inward man, the essential centre of existence,—after all that is accidental has been cast off,—that must with the grace of God accomplish the work. Since I have clearly perceived this, I seek no more the things of religion far off and without me: nor do I delay the seeking after the one thing needful, or suppose the finding it to depend upon the higher degree of enlightenment, to be attained by this or the other acquisition of knowledge: (that is, it is my deliberate resolution so to do.) Human learning, although it cannot confer eternal blessedness, is and must be for man's benefit; for God Himself directs us to cultivate the intelligence He has given.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

1st November, 1819.

. . . There are so many things to be finished here at once, on pain of their being left unfinished for many years, or probably for life, that I scarcely see how to get through them within the year before me. I do not speak of linguistical enquiries, because want of the necessary books, together with many other weighty reasons, made me determine, as soon as I had finished the philosophical studies

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I had proposed to make here, to put them aside, at least for the next four years. All the studies, I am employed in now, are of an historical and political nature. The *first* part of them I hope, with God's help, to finish in the beginning of next year. The *second* object is a more complete and profound knowledge of the constitution of ancient Rome, according to the researches and original views of Niebuhr, partly delineated in the two first volumes of his Roman History. The *third* is the study of the principles of finance, national economy, and political constitutions, with particular regard to modern history and the present state of things. For both, many preparations have been made, and my present occupation is none of the least necessary. Two reasons combine to make it a duty to me, to make every effort, to accomplish these remaining objects before going to England; either of them being sufficient in itself to influence and decide me. The first is, my living with Mr. Niebuhr, whose principles and views in historical and political matters I have found as much superior to those of any living individual known to me before, as his learning and observation of reality. I believe I may say without presumption that no one knows more of his views than I; but it is impossible to understand them thoroughly and follow them through all details of history and practical life, without making a particular study of the most important historical and political phenomena. The confusion of our age is such, that in many things people boast of their transcendental knowledge of a matter, in which they are yet entirely ignorant of essential points. To give a single instance, I shall only refer to the arguments of Malthus, and those which are generally brought forward against him. I have a great repugnance towards the fundamental principle of Malthus's system, but even his adversaries hitherto have accepted, as indisputable, the facts adduced by him in support of it, as to the proportion of increase of population and production;—whereas Mr. Niebuhr has given me a series of authentic data to show how little they prove. For instance, neither Germany, nor Sweden and Denmark, nor Italy, nor France, are near as populous now, as in the middle ages; in the case of some parts of Germany, not even as they were before the Thirty Years' War (1618); which decrease has been occasioned in

part by wars, but yet more by epidemical disorders. Another series of facts concerns the ratio, according to which nature proceeds in the increase of population, as to the proportion of inhabitants to the extent of the country and the moral state of society; but it would take up too much time and space to enter into detail. I have found these facts nowhere so put together, as to make the drawing a result possible. The same is the case with many more important objects, where oral communications, such as I can have, will save me years of error. The second reason is, that the more I enter into historical and political studies, and the more I understand of the present time, the more objects of enquiry, investigation, and observation, I perceive in England for myself, so that, once arrived there, I shall have no time to spare for any other occupation, since much is required to profit fully by the advantages, such a stay will afford me.

Letter to Mrs. Waddington (after statement of different plans suggested to him).

11th December, 1819.

My decision must depend for the present upon Mr. Niebuhr's retiring or not retiring from public life. I feel the impossibility of making myself rightly understood, till we meet. I might say the same as to the political situation of Germany, and of Prussia in particular, just at the moment, when the new Constitution is in the act of forming, which very soon will and must give a decided direction in many respects, and exercise an influence, not so much depending on persons and circumstances. I may say with full conviction that there is no danger of revolution; but a general feeling of discomfort prevails, which is a natural result of many causes,—one of them, certainly, the indescribable rousing of all minds, good and bad, and of all classes of society in the war of liberty in 1813: and another, the false measures of all German Governments alike, although in a very different sense. Something positive is wanted: no doubt it will appear, and at first create more disputes than many suppose; but it will give a *point de ralliement* to many forces which are now lost individually; and in this struggle for Prussia I feel sure the good will prevail.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

. [Translation.]

27th November, 1819.

. . . We live almost entirely out of what is called the world; and that has come about naturally, without effort. Throughout the day, I work undisturbedly, till dinner time (at this time of year five o'clock). Not always have I leisure before, or after dinner, to walk out for an hour. The evenings from seven o'clock are thus engaged:—Sunday and Tuesday we read the Bible with Schmieder, and he expounds to us and a small number of friends: we have already read through Genesis. Every Thursday we are at Niebuhr's, who receives the Germans on that evening. Monday we remain at home, receiving any friends that wish to visit us, or to meet for the singing of ancient church music. Saturday, I have to work for the post, the hour of departure being late: therefore Wednesday and Friday are the only evenings when we are alone. Fortunately for us, the Niebuhrs have a similar plan of life, and that is a great means of preventing my being compelled to join in any artificial relations of society. . . . My various labours have advanced well in the latter months, and meet with Niebuhr's approbation. . . . Our chaplain continues the object of our affection and respect, due to him not only on account of his public teaching, but also because of his whole course of life. The congregation, however, has shrunk into a small compass. There is no spirit of piety among them, and the charm of novelty is past: the preaching of repentance and amendment is not to the taste of this generation. We live in an age of relaxation and lukewarmness, and yet what great things are demanded of the age! Great are the events, and little the men: great is the grace of God, and little the receptivity for it, and capability to make use of it. That much is wanting in Church and State is very generally felt; but it is far easier to begin with reform from the outside, than inwardly, and yet a durable improvement is only possible through the latter method. There is a fermentation in minds everywhere, and changes seem impending in many directions, although few know what they would have: prejudice contends against narrow-mindedness, and both are heated into passion. The one set labours to stave up a crumbling edifice with unsound props, and the other strives

to build a new one without foundation. I think it is the will of God, that this unsettled state of men's minds should lead the best of them to dwell more on heavenly things, in proportion, as they perceive, that there is no longer any room for them on earth, and that thus they are prevented from placing all their hopes on things of earth. Meanwhile, everyone should, according to his strength, do what conscience dictates, and leave the result to God, whatever he may expect it to be.

Extract from Journal, in the concluding hours of 1819.

'Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.'

[Translation.]

Give strength, O Father, yet Truth first of all, and prayer to Thee above all.

Preserve my fatherland, for its need is greater than can be helped by men.

Preserve to Thy kingdom those whom Thou hast given me.

Relieve, release my father, and console my unhappy sister.

Strengthen my beloved wife, and preserve her to me and our children.

Preserve Brandis, and enlighten him to become a light to many.

Let Niebuhr increase in inward power, and outward influence, that he may glorify Thee, and save his country.

Strengthen Reck and Hey, and lead Lücke from the external to reality; to each and all grant what is best for them. Thy blessing on Schmieder.

Fortify me, purify me, lead me to Thyself.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 7th January, 1820.

My last letter will have wished you joy in the coming year; might God see good to fulfil the wish! . . . Oh that I could be with you, attend to you, cheer you; and that we might have a mutual outpouring of heart! My feeling is, that this year something peculiar and unlooked for is impending; might it but be our meeting again!

My last accounts from home will have filled you with grief for the ever-increasing weakness of age in both parents; you

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will be prepared, therefore, for the intelligence of my mother's blessed end! Yes, dear sister, she, the faithful and affectionate mother, is no more with us on earth; on the 27th November she expired, in full consciousness of her state, and having two days before partaken of the Holy Communion together with our father. . . . He has become more calm than he was at first; would not hear of removing to the house of his son-in-law and daughter, saying that he would only be carried out of his own to the grave. He is quite satisfied with the care and attention of the maid servant; yet I anticipate that the separation and change will be more than he can long bear, and that he may soon follow the dear companion of his old age. May we all be reunited to her! for surely she is with God. Deeply painful though it be for both of us, to look forward to the dear father's death in our unavoidable absence, yet have we the comfort of certainty that Helene and her husband perform every duty of children towards him. . . . I received the letter telling me of my mother's death, when on the way with Fanny to make provision for Henry's pleasure on Christmas-eve; thus does the fresh life, ever germinating and progressing, form fresh bonds to connect us with earth, while the old stem dies away below!

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

26th February, 1820.

It is now four years since I set out from Berlin to go to Paris; how can I be thankful enough for the blessings God has granted in this period! how unworthy am I of all I receive! But, alas! my beloved parents are both taken away, and Corbach becomes a desert; no spot in it remains to me, but my sister's house and the graves!

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 29th April, 1820.

The last fortnight of my dearest father's life was a time of less violent emotion, but of deep sorrow and constant lamentation over the loss of the companion of his age; and in the uninterrupted consciousness of his own near-approaching end. He comforted Helene, when she could not refrain from tears, on hearing him speak of death; and often spoke of me and my

wife. On Monday before his death he desired to rise from bed to pray for his grandchildren, as had been his custom morning and evening; but was too weak to support himself, and was lifted back into bed. From that time the powers of life were rapidly failing, yet were the Wednesday and Thursday times of lighting up, he spoke much of me and of you, and reckoned that a letter from me might arrive on Sunday. On Saturday afternoon he became speechless, but lay in full consciousness; on Sunday Helene sat by his bed, and about two o'clock asked, how he felt, and whether he suffered much. He replied by a slight shrugging of the shoulders; she took his hand and kissed it, looked again at his face, and he had expired! Helene was thereupon seized with fever, and confined to her bed, and saw the corpse no more; but, when the coffin was borne to the grave, it was on the way set down before her house, by express desire of the beloved deceased. He had said to her a few days before, 'I shall no more be able to come to you, dear Helene, but when they carry away my remains, they shall rest on the way before your window.' The graves of the parents are side by side in the family-burial place; Helene means to plant roses there, and I shall cause a stone to be put up. May God grant to both the fullness of blessedness!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome: 26th February, 1820.

Next week we plan inviting a few Italians, that we may have some of the old Latin Church music performed. . . . I have had a selection of psalm and hymn compositions for four voices, copied for me, . . . and look upon it as a great treasure. They are mostly by Palestrina, who flourished about 1550. This is the only piece of luxury I have allowed myself, and it is not a very expensive one.

General von Schack came to Rome in the beginning of the winter 1820, accompanied by his exemplary wife and devoted brother, then only a lieutenant, but who since has attained high military rank. The journey was undertaken in consequence of medical advice, in the hope that a mild climate might work the wonder of restoration from a state of disorder, found to be beyond the reach

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of medicine—the so-called ‘*atrophy of the spinal marrow*’ (*Rückenmarksschwindsucht*), brought on by over-exertion in the great campaigns which led to the liberation of Germany. The complaint was already in an advanced stage, and the exciting nature of the air of Italy produced its accustomed effect of exhausting the remains of constitutional strength in the struggle against it. At first in the house of Niebuhr, but later, from rapidly increasing weakness, only in his own dwelling could the conversation of Schack be enjoyed; and great was the enjoyment of listening to the animated flow of thrilling historical narrative, of communication of results of experience, of thoughts ever forcibly expressed, of judgements powerfully convincing, which poured forth, like ebbing life, from the invalid, reduced to a shadow in outward appearance, though intelligence and memory still survived, when bodily powers seemed only to subsist for prolongation of pain. Schack had been in very early youth a favourite aide-de-camp of General York. He was on the spot at the time when the latter took the great resolve, which turned the fate of Germany, viz., to join the Russians, and to direct the arms of his division against the very power to whose service he had been bound. Schack was the messenger chosen to bear the tidings of this event to the King;—a service performed against his express will and commands. Most graphic was the description he gave of the wonderful and unlooked for coolness, with which the King received particulars of victory on his own part, and discomfiture of the oppressors of himself and his country, which Schack communicated with his natural enthusiasm, receiving thereby, as he observed, a lesson of self-command for the future. From this man of worth, and knowledge, and genius, Bunsen received invaluable information as to characters and conditions in the, as yet, unknown regions of the Berlin world, and always had occasion to find the testimony of Schack borne out by facts.

One of the subjects upon which Schack loved to dwell was his journey to England in the suite of the Allied Sovereigns, in 1814, when having followed General York and his harassed army through the perils of the campaign in Champagne, he had enjoyed with them the glorious entry into Paris, and subsequently the transit to the shores of that country, which was alone in Europe, because unvisited by war. They approached the British coast at the moment of the departure of Louis XVIII. from his place of refuge, to take possession of the throne won for him by force of arms, when he was greeted by the royal salute of 101 guns from the fleet in attendance upon his passage. The grandeur of the line-of-battle-ships, world-renowned, but seen for the first time by one and all of the illustrious party, and the accompanying reverberation of sound in the majestic cliffs of Albion, could not be described, or ever be forgotten. Then to land, and be received by the acclamation of an entire people, in all its ranks and degrees, throwing into shade all that could be done to honour the guests in ceremonial welcome—the joyous crowds, that, in every town and village on the road to London, strove to outdo each other in demonstration of respect and gratulation—the great amount of female beauty, which blended in the mass, bringing ornament as well as enthusiasm—even the peculiar attire of a nation, long impervious to the fashions of France,—the neat close bonnet, from within which such bright glances and cordial smiles greeted heroes of the war of liberation, and the tight spencer and minimum of drapery (so soon renounced under Parisian influence),—all were dilated upon as forming an integral portion of the charm of the scene, and detailed with the eloquence of strong feeling. But ever did Schack return to the heart-cheering appearance of a highly-cultivated country, with its trees of ancient growth, unscathed by the blast of war, its buildings in repair, its fields adorned with flocks and herds, and everything testifying to domestic and

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popular well-being, without external mark of the sacrifices made and losses incurred in the public cause. The ceaseless ovations, which awaited the imperial and royal guests and the military heroes, in London, although unique of their kind, were less striking, because an enlarged repetition of the greeting which had been experienced all the way thither.

Although Schack had not been relieved from the burden of life, when Bunsen for the first time visited Berlin in 1827, it will be observed, from one of his letters, that the last sight he obtained of the general quite crushed his soul, an affection of that powerful and well-constituted brain having been the last of the ravages perpetrated by disease.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 30th June, 1820.

. . . . For the last week we have had a temperature of from 24 to 26 degrees of Réaumur. Travellers coming from Sicily or even from Egypt find the air here peculiarly oppressive. Yesterday at length came the intelligence that the long-expected courier with instructions for the Concordat had set out from Berlin, so that the negotiations will infallibly begin in the next month of July . . . Meanwhile I have studied much with reference to my political career, which has caused the putting off for a time of my classical labours: but I must endeavour to do credit to my position, and for that purpose attend to many things (for instance, writing French) which I might otherwise have let alone. Last Saturday, the 24th, St. John's day, was that of the establishment of our congregation; how the time does fly! and what thankfulness do I, and others with me, owe to God for this peculiar grace granted to us! The Word of God makes its way on all sides, and those only, who have tasted the blessing, can judge what is wanting to those who have not . . . My old faithful Reck has written me an admirable letter on the present time, in which he remarks (only too truly), that a sense of right rules no longer, not even in the middle and lower classes, with regard to political matters:

no one is willing to be just to another, and the princes who originally had the larger share of the blame, now strive in vain to check the general restlessness, because they perceive it to be directed against themselves. . . . The same reflection occurs to me again and again, which made Fanny remark, during our late visit to Frascati (on seeing the altered looks of the housekeeper in our former dwelling, grown twenty years older from fever, and with an emaciated infant in her arms), 'We have been happy, and have received only good at the hands of God, and all around us we see sorrow and suffering.' You too, dear sister, will have suffered much, or you would not so long have left me without a letter. In the new year of life into which you are about to enter (15th July) may God grant to you all that blessing and joy of heart, which my soul desires for you!

[Translation.]

Rome: 9th August.

. . . . Saturday (as the principal post-day) is almost always a day of hard work from morning till night; but since the instructions arrived for the negotiation of the Concordat, and the Neapolitan Revolution and other circumstances have created unusual activity in Italy, I have rarely had on that day more than one hour free for dinner; and once even it happened that I was at work for the Legation from two o'clock in the morning till six a.m.: and again from eight in the morning till ten o'clock at night, on a Saturday. The 22nd July was also a busy Saturday. I returned, after working all morning at the Legation, to dinner at one o'clock, and before I returned thither, the birth of a little daughter had both announced itself and taken place. I had just time to see it laid in the cradle, to eat a mouthful, and hasten back to Niebuhr. When I reflect how four years ago I 'passed alone over Jordan with my staff,' and contemplate my abode, wife, and three children, what an amount of blessing! what providential guidance! You must not be alarmed when you hear of the Revolution at Naples. . . . The party which has occasioned it by means of the military consists for the most part of a wretched set of people, Atheists and Jacobins: liberty is to them the license to do what they like. . . . Of real liberty there is little

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conception in the nation. Whatever may happen, diplomatic persons are safe, even though a similar insurrection should take place at Rome, which at present is improbable.

[Translation.]

Rome : 27th September, 1820.

. . . In this busy time for the Legation, I have not much leisure for my own work, as you may suppose, but yet I have worked hard, partly in philological matters, which do not interest you, and partly at an investigation of the subject of Liturgies, i. e. collections of prayers, hymns, and formularies for spiritual exercises, such as the Roman Catholic, Greek, and English Church possess, while we and the Dutch, as you know, have only hymn and psalm books, with portions of the Epistles and Gospels to be read on Sundays and other festivals; and for the celebration of Baptism, the Communion, Confirmation, Marriage, &c., there are separate books called *Agenden*. It has long been my wish to have a complete Liturgy for our congregation, and I have discussed and consulted with my most honoured chief (worthy of all honour both for his virtues and his high mental qualities), and with the chaplain, to make out what can be done for this purpose. Almost everywhere do we find the admirable ancient hymns driven out of use by modern ones without power or spirit: all fixed forms, as well as the psalms, have been gradually discontinued, in order that people may every Sunday hear and sing something recommended by novelty. This is a glaring abuse of evangelical liberty, and the consequences have been deplorable. Most true is it, that all parts of public worship ought not to be prescribed and unchangeable, but certain portions ought to be fixed, as a standard against encroachments of error. In our times, it would be absurd to begin by attempting the establishment of anything for general use: but for single congregations something may be done, and it is highly important that it should be done rightly. All depends upon the formation of really Christian congregations, and they cannot exist without a common outward point of union. All other bands connecting human society seem to be either dissolved, or approaching their dissolution; even England, which rises so high above all other States, that precious jewel of Europe, appears to be sinking. The only

germ of life, which one can oppose to the evil spirit of destruction and death, lies in Christianity and in Christian associations; the Christian spirit must pervade, reanimate, and guide the general relations of life, as in marriage and in the education of children. If there be any hope of saving the aged States of declining Europe, it can only proceed from this cause, and may the All-Merciful grant it! But if He has determined in His wisdom that they are to perish, yet might such Christian relations and associations remain upright amid the ruins of our political systems, even above established churches and confessions, and receive the unhappy, but at least undeceived, world into their arms, in order that it may be gathered into the only possible and durable unity, the unity of faith in Christ. From these few hints you will perceive that the work, with which I have been principally engaged these three years, is no mere play or pastime.

To his Sister. (After one of the frequent utterances of a wish to see her and show his children, particularly the lately-born daughter, so peculiarly delighted in, and so early called away)

[Translation.]

6th January, 1821.

Perhaps the moment of meeting may not be far off, but the future is so hazy I attempt not even a conjecture. From the distant and indistinct I turn to myself, and have prayed to God that He would 'stablish me with His free Spirit' that I may discern and do what is my calling. I have in the past year purposely turned my attention to a variety of branches of study, and tried very different kinds of work: my 'Athenian Law of Inheritance;' another similar piece of ancient jurisprudence; a philological explanation of the work of Philodemus on music, found half-burnt in the excavation of Pompeii (this last is ready for printing); besides which, I have been busy with political writings and subjects connected with them: and lastly, with theological and philosophical enquiries—which last alone draw my whole heart with them, though I have often been obliged to break away from them, because it was not my will to find my calling there. But when I at length resolved in the last month of last year to work out an idea which has been cherished in my mind since 1817 (of which I spoke in my last letter) to form a Protestant Liturgy for public worship, I

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found that I had therein met my own need, and understood the bent of my mind, and I felt in that occupation an inward peace and confidence which had been long wanting; what I attempted succeeded, and what I reflected upon became clear. Wherefore, at the beginning of the year, I engaged, before God, that, if I felt His Holy Spirit helping me, I would devote myself to this work for His Church at any sacrifice.

It has ever seemed strange to me, that in our time when so many distinguished gifts and faculties exist; so many penetrating contemplations and important discoveries are made, and when, more especially with us in Germany, all minds, in any degree elevated above the commonplace, devote themselves to thought and to science, yet, nevertheless, that which is common to all, as the foundation and support of each, Church and State, religion and the true art of government, should be at a lower ebb than ever. I could not comprehend, even in my University time, how distinguished men, longing after a better condition of both, and even pointing out to individuals the means whereby such improvement might at least be approached, yet themselves gave the whole of their time, care, and intelligence to totally different objects. My case was just the reverse: I had little, perhaps too little, of the instinctive inclination for following up any single science or branch of knowledge; I could never have resolved upon plunging into any single course of mental activity which should have compelled me to make that the calling of my life. Rather would I do nothing, than be absorbed in work to the stifling of all self-consciousness. My plan of study, as I formed it in the year 1814, was therefore directed to a great whole, but remained, for two reasons, essentially incomplete. First, the want of the real central point—Christianity, and that view of the world and its history, only to be obtained through Christianity; and secondly, because it was built upon an amount and a variety of studies which, although only preparatory (according to my idea) to my actual object—the knowledge of God in history, and more especially in the history of religions—yet would have consumed all the powers of my life. How graciously has God frustrated that plan! As the edifice proposed gradually fell to pieces before me, I felt not the revival of the inclination to build. The false light had vanished, and the new light was yet hidden. This consciousness has been torment-

ing me three years; but how wholesome the perplexity, if by the grace of God it brings me to the real insight!

The principal object of my reflections has been latterly the Christian Church. A residence in Rome, and the whole visible existence here, brings of necessity every serious man to consider what that holiest and greatest of establishments is, upon which God would imprint His own image. Long has it been clear to me that in Protestant Germany no Church exists. Pious individuals there are, standing singly, but the Church itself has fallen and is destroyed, because faith no longer exists in collective masses. How many a one, in silent longing after a better order of things, may be asking, 'How should the Church be built up again?' Many a one in despair has become Romanist. Many would construct a Church of their own, not that of Christ, but few go the way of the first great Reformers. It is my conviction that all communion essentially consists in a common belief in the facts of the redemption of the human race through Christ; but when this belief, roused by a sense of inward need and a feeling of sinfulness, begins to work among a set of men, and a congregation is to be thereby formed or revived, three points must be considered: first, agreement by means of a theological expression of the points of faith; then, by congregational discipline; thirdly, by a common form of worship. As to the two first points, they are for the present not to be thought of; discipline must be voluntary, and therefore must grow up and form itself from below; and the enquiry into the philosophical and historical foundations of our faith, on the other hand, is only for a few, and leads rather to disunion than to peace. But for the third point, much might be done; and I refer to what I wrote in my last letter. After I had sounded the depths of the Greek, Roman, English, and other Liturgies, I began to collect matter according to the plan pointed out, but not executed, by Luther, for a fixed arrangement of a form of public worship. I must keep this form for my next letter. First of all, I sought out the finest hymns, because most of the more modern ones (particularly since the time of Gellert), although pious and devout, are commonplace in sentiment and expression, and unworthy of general use. In this work I am fortunate enough in having the assistance of a young Swabian (Kocher of Stuttgart), whose object in Rome is the

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study of ancient Church music, which has fallen into disregard in all countries, and even in Rome is only performed in the Papal Chapel. I have made out with him that he must seek for all the hymns I collect, the best melodies that are to be found, whether in Italy or Germany, that they may be published together. Thus have I now gone through 2,500 hymns in our old hymn-books and other collections, and selected nearly 150 first-rate, but no more could I find. Not one of Gellert's is among the number, and only two of Klopstock's; not any from the other modern writers. Each hymn, according to our opinion, ought to have its own proper tune, that music and words may recall each other to the memory. The chief difficulty is to find music to which the psalms may be sung, for to translate them into hymns (as the Reformed Church does) is in bad taste, and to sing them, as they stand in the Bible, is not easy. Still I believe I have found the way, but must explain it in another letter.

The next letter is dated April 25, 1821. After mentioning, as one of the impediments to correspondence, the extra amount of diplomatic business on account of the confusion in the Kingdom of Naples, he goes on to say:—

[Translation.]

The Carbonari ran away like hares—even worse than the Dutch so-called ‘patriots’ thirty years ago, and, what was less to be expected, the Piedmontese have not held out any better, and all has been quiet for a fortnight. The Austrians, however, will remain for a time in Italy to maintain this state of tranquillity. The second cause of additional work has been the good progress made in negotiation with the Court of Rome; but the third means of absorption of time has been the presence of Baron Von Stein, the former Minister of State, and renowned enemy of Napoleon, who left Rome two days ago, and to whom I devoted every spare moment during his stay. You may imagine how I enjoyed having the honour of showing such a man about Rome; and being enabled, by his extreme kindness towards me, to avail myself of such intimate intercourse to obtain information of the highest value. With all these things I have been so taken up, that for many weeks I hardly saw my wife and children, except at breakfast and at a late dinner.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

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May, 1821.

" . . . My first piece of intelligence, alas! is that the Baron Von Stein has left Rome—whom perhaps I shall never see again. . . . The Revolution in Piedmont will soon be at an end, because it has no positive aim and will, no real consciousness of want of liberty, and therefore no chance of success. Governments are bad, but the nations worse; God be thanked, not everywhere!

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Rome: 9th June, 1821.

The times in which we live seem to me most unsatisfactory: the minds of men are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation. What there is of strength and talent, or at least such as is free to display itself, is destructive and decomposing; while the principles fixed above all conflict of ephemeral personalities, the conditions of universal well-being, on which the salvation of Church and State depends, have become indistinct and unintelligible to most men, because to obtain insight into them is a work requiring moral energy, sense of duty, humility, faith, and devotedness. Yet there is a great commotion in the elements of society; and the saving Angel of the Lord descends only when the waters are troubled. The disproportion existing between the cultivation of the understanding and that of the moral capabilities is the fundamental evil; and the dissolution of social relations and of their reciprocal regard and recognition is a fact which leaves, humanly speaking, little room for hope. If it is yet time to save anything, my firm conviction is, that the main point everywhere to be striven after is the revival of all that was essential and real (as opposed to hollowness of form), as possessed by our forefathers; or at least the keeping open a possibility of such renovation.

That intoxication of self-worship, which, devoid of moral intensity of conviction, or of clear conception of the problems actually calling for solution, anticipated of late the attainment of unknown degrees of intellectual grandeur from a consummation of learning and science,—has begun to give place

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to the barbaric delusion which casts all knowledge aside, and reckons upon the breathing of the Divine Spirit through the 'waste and howling wilderness' of the empty mind, like the blast through the apertures of a ruined hall. . . —'s conclusions, in general, can be admitted only by such as are convinced, as fully as he is himself, of the impossibility of the wonderful fact of redemption. I, on the contrary, am convinced that this fact is the especial foundation of religion and the essential object of faith, indeed the sole unvarying one. All dogmas not concerned with facts, may live out their term, but will have an end. I am convinced, that all that is analogous to those facts in the inward history of every regenerate soul is but a single broken ray of the original light, proceeding from, and sustained by it. This is true, and the converse is not the truth. Whoever does not accept the facts of Christianity thus, but looks upon them as mere symbols of the true and essential ideas, originating in the individual human mind, is not a Christian, and still less a theologian. This is my line of demarcation; all discussion must begin on this side of it, for on the other side it would be absurdity.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Michaelmas, 1821.

I will begin my letter, beloved sister, with the intelligence that I, my wife, and children, are at this moment all well,—but, dearest, we have been otherwise! The Lord has visited us—and, although in mercy, yet was the blow hard, for those who for so long a time had been allowed to flourish almost beyond the portion allotted to humanity. We had an angel among us, which has returned home! Our Mary began already in May to lose her colour and her indescribable animation; the change could only be laid to the account of teething. . . I resolved to take a lodging at Albano for July and August, in the hope of lessening to the children the debilitating effect of the summer-heat, and thither I conveyed my wife and the children, returning myself to Rome, and reckoning upon coming over every Sunday, to remain with my family until Wednesday—the Legation-business detaining me during the latter part of each week. Scarcely was my wife settled at Albano, when our misfortunes began—Henry seized with

fever, and Mary declining day by day. I was detained longer than I had reckoned at Rome, and when I came again on the 14th July to Albano, I found the darling shrunk to a skeleton, and with an expression of suffering that struck me to the heart. Alas! I saw her not again but as a corpse. The last days of her life coincided with those in which the Papal Bull, the object of long negotiation, was to be expedited, and I was held fast in Rome by my duty. The account received the last day, before I could return, was somewhat comforting; the day before that, my wife had written that we must be prepared for the worst:—‘She well knew that God would either preserve the child to us or give us strength to bear the loss.’ The 22nd July was the anniversary of our angel’s birth, and the last day’s intelligence had inexpressibly comforted me. On that morning I received a letter from Brandis, in which he announced his betrothal with the object of six years’ hopeless attachment; and rejoicing in this intelligence, I drove with a lightened heart from Niebuhr’s door towards Albano. The last hour of the way is up-hill, and as I could make the ascent more quickly on foot than in the carriage, I was accustomed to leave it at the foot of the hill, and to be met by my wife near the gate of the town. As I approached the spot, I saw her coming—I flew to meet her—and saw in her eyes, what she constrained her voice to tell with composure, ‘She is with God.’ At noon, two hours before the completion of her first year of life, our darling had expired. How my wife bore up under such lengthened and accumulated distress, as well as fatigue (for the suffering child would not remain in any arms but hers), having the two boys to care for besides, one of them being also ill, and therefore troublesome . . . and still mustered strength to walk to meet me that I might be the less startled—would be incomprehensible, humanly speaking; but God gave the power. What a sight was the corpse! God granted it to be lovely, even in death—nothing could be more like an angel. But few hours might the remains be seen—in this country burial must follow quickly upon death. On the third day my wife accompanied me to the Protestant burial-place, to deposit the earthly remains of the dearest of our children; two hours before sunset we reached the spot. Schmieder and many of our friends had assembled. When Schmieder’s prayer and words of conso-

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lation were ended, and the coffin let down into the grave, I feared my wife would have sunk under the anguish, as she knelt—but at that moment I saw her eyes fixed in looking up into the glorious blue sky, which, like the temple of God, arched over us—and she has since told me that as she looked into the grave which received her beloved, the words of the Angel to the women at the sepulchre of Christ came with power into her mind—‘He is not here, but is risen,’—and she felt strengthened to turn her eyes from earth to heaven. Niebuhr did not arrive till after the ceremony—embraced me, and wept aloud; I could only say to him, ‘My father!’ for such I felt him to be. He had ever been fond of Mary—he threw himself down, and kissed the earth that covered her, exclaiming, ‘Thou lovely child!’ Many were moved to tears by seeing the great man so moved, who in general can so entirely command his feelings. At length we tore ourselves away from the grave, and returned for the night to our solitary home; the next morning early I accompanied my wife to Albano, where I remained a week by Niebuhr’s absolute desire. Henry’s fever returned the week after, and on the Sunday I brought over the physician of most repute in Rome, whose opinion at least relieved us from the fear of a malignant disorder; he ordered quinine, which the good child took unresistingly. At length my wife’s strength gave way,—a double-tertian fever, however, was soon subdued; and I left them, resolved to return to fetch them all finally back to Rome on the following Sunday, 26th August (the second day of my full man’s estate),* and I came accordingly, but had been seized with fever-shivering an hour before reaching Albano. The two physicians of Albano were both uncertain what to order—at length determined upon bleeding, which the surgeon could not accomplish from the smaller vein, and, conscious of his want of skill, dared not attempt it from the larger. At length on Tuesday, the 28th, an interval of fever enabled us to remove to Rome. A malignant fever ensued, accompanied by an oppression of breathing which rendered sleep impossible during the nineteen days that it lasted. My recovery was most wonderfully rapid, and, although weak, I never felt in better health than I do now. When I was at the

* On August 25, 1821, he entered the 30th year of his life.

worst, Ernest was seized with convulsions, owing to unripe fruit which the maid had secretly given him, contrary to all orders; but he recovered speedily. The day before my fever left me, my wife's double-tertian returned, from exhaustion; but was soon removed. Since then, we have been all daily improving.

The illness concisely recorded in the last letter was an awful and critical event in the life of Bunsen; and his complete recovery from a disorder so virulent and obstinate appears the more surprising, as now the painful experience of his closing years and months has too well disclosed what was the form of death to which his powerful constitution was at last to give way; and the resemblance is evident between the dangerous symptom which attended the *febbre perniciosa* throughout, and the affection which proved the sign and cause of his death in the end. A sensation of suffocation came on with every attempt to drop asleep, during the nineteen days' fever in 1821; but the fever once conquered by dint of Peruvian bark, this symptom ceased, and natural slumber returned in its habitual perfection. The period that followed was one of vigorous health, and the winter and spring of 1821-22 are marked in my memory, as peculiarly calm and cheerful, owing to the health, and happy activity, on the part of Bunsen. He was less drawn into society than had been the case in the winter of 1819-20, when the presence of the deservedly-celebrated Baron Von Stein called upon him for a sacrifice of time, willingly made, though considerable, in order to show him the objects of interest in Rome, thus giving him an opportunity of important intercourse. Stein was well aware of the value of these conversations to his young friend, and therefore urged his coming to him for hours together day after day. With reference to these friendly invitations Bunsen once made the remark, that 'he could not have given way so regularly and constantly to the demands of Stein upon his

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time, had he not felt the man to be his King.' This testimony to the inbred royalty of Stein's nature he never gave to any other individual, of whatsoever station.

In the winter of 1820-21, Bunsen may be described as having much at heart, and following up in the intervals of all other occupations, however engrossing, the study of ancient music, that is the *canto fermo*, or plain chant, which is the basis of the music of Palestrina, Allegri, and the ancient school. This style was imposed by a special law upon the Private Chapel of the Pope, by the Council of Trent, as being considered the only style suitable to the solemnity of the Papal presence; the plain chant being itself founded upon the scanty fragments of the musical system of the ancient Greeks which have, in an intelligible form, been handed down to present times. The presence in Rome of Kocher of Stuttgart, a musical composer as much devoted to the ancient science of music, and as desirous of thoroughly comprehending it, as Bunsen himself, was of essential use to the latter. On the other hand, the help of Bunsen was indispensable to Kocher, in interpreting to him the living lore of the venerable Maestro di Capella, Baini, and the dead-letter documents of the ancient art, in languages to Kocher otherwise inaccessible. The object of Bunsen was, as ever, to bring about a reformation in his own country; being fully conscious of the deteriorated condition, almost, if not quite, universal, of that choral harmony which yet is the pride of the Germans, and believing that a renewal of the spirit of other times could only be possible by reverting to the original fountain in its purity. As with the hymns, the outpouring of ancestral piety, so also with the tunes, their appropriate medium of communication; he hoped to succeed in removing all corrupt incrustations, so that when offered in pristine perfection, they could not fail to be accepted, and caused to supersede the unedifying collections, which, although in many cases imposed by force upon congregations in the latter

part of the eighteenth century, have now so taken root, that those in the habit of using them rarely enquire after their merit or demerit, and have generally forgotten that they were not, in their present form, the legacy of the Reformers.

Those who have had opportunity of judging of the zeal and love, with which Bunsen pursued these undertakings, not from literary and scientific taste only, but in the hope of reviving Christian worship—and who know the large amount of time and intensity of thought bestowed upon them, might well ejaculate: *Tantus labor non sit cassus!*—and it may be reserved for his grandchildren to witness the free adoption by congregations in his own fatherland of the treasures, which he never would have endured to see introduced or even recommended by supreme authority.

Many were the musical composers consulted by Bunsen as to the purifying of the musical accompaniment of hymns from the dross and rust they had contracted, all of whom acknowledged Baini as their master in the true genuine style of harmony. The youthful Reisiger prolonged his stay in Rome at Bunsen's request, and at his expense, to select or reform versions of many of the finest Chorales, in which his success was the more remarkable, as his peculiar taste and talent lay in vocal music of a less solemn nature, in which the merit of his numerous compositions is well known and appreciated.

After persevering, but unsuccessful, endeavours to collect amateur singers who should give voice and effect to the ancient compositions, Bunsen succeeded in prevailing upon the Director of the Papal Choir to allow a certain number of its members to come quietly, on a regular evening, to his house, where during the winter months for many years he and his family and their chosen friends enjoyed those works of ancient genius in a degree of perfection nowhere else attainable: while the singers, undisturbed, and not compelled to confine their

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performance within restricted limits of time, and pleased, moreover, at being the sole objects of attention, gave full effect to every piece: and the few who were assembled to hear this performance will scarcely have heard the like again.

The first occasion on which the members of the Papal Choir were ever permitted to perform their own especial harmonies out of the Papal residence, was that of a fête given by Niebuhr at his residence in the Palazzo Savelli, in honour of Baron Stein, and of Prince Hardenberg, then Chancellor of State and Prime Minister of Prussia. This invitation was the result of a strong conviction on the part of Niebuhr of the propriety of making such a demonstration of respect, both to his countrymen and to the grandees of Rome, and to the diplomatic body; and having once made up his mind to do this, the fête was carried out with grand effect, the locality having the advantage, ever belonging to Roman palaces, of suitable space. A fête of the ordinary kind, either with dancing, or a performance of theatrical music, was felt to be too incongruous with the character and taste of the great historian, to be admissible; moreover, it was wholly unsuited to the serious aspect of a house and family, over which the ill-health of Madame Niebuhr cast a continual shadow. In the difficulty of selection of a means of giving object and character to the invitation of a mixed multitude, Bunsen's original suggestion was gladly accepted by Niebuhr, who obtained the assent of Consalvi in the name of the Pope, while Bunsen negotiated on his part with Baini, the selection of singers and of pieces; in which last the judgement of Kocher was also consulted: and the *Missa Papæ Marcelli* (an early and comparatively cheerful and popular work of Palestrina), the anthem '*Tu es Petrus*' (belonging to the Papal Coronation service, also by Palestrina), and the grand *Dies iræ* (of Pittoni, somewhat later than Palestrina), were chosen as being most effective. Niebuhr himself was neither

musical, nor in general fond of music, but he was as susceptible of grand devotional strains, as he was of the echoes of the weal and woe of human races to be found in national melodies: and so far, like Bunsen, he admired what his philosophical reflection approved.

Among the events full of interest to Bunsen and his wife in these days, were the creations of Thorwaldsen's genius, which abounded in the years 1820, '21, and '22. Once they were fortunate enough to find him at the very moment of an artist's rapture, whilst giving shape to the thoughts in which he had been delighting—in the act of adding the last touches to the clay, in which he had modelled his statue of Mercury (since become the property of Lord Ashburton). He dilated then upon the course of sensations and images, rather than of reflection, which had brought him to fix upon the position of a sitting figure, in perfect repose, but in an evidently animated promptitude for action, as upon a subject to which he would delight in giving shape, if he could find a situation to furnish it with a full and intelligible and satisfactory meaning. 'And then,' he said, 'I hit upon Mercury, who, having played on the Panpipe to subdue Argus into slumber, at the instant of observing that his purpose has been accomplished, is removing the musical instrument from his lips (which thus are not hidden or disfigured), and with the right hand is grasping the sword's hilt, but, still motionless, is watching lest the eyes should open again.' At such moments, the bright genius of the man, and his childlike and sympathising nature, which presupposed sympathy in others, came out in its full lustre. Into this same period may be placed the date of the statue of Christ, as to which he expressed himself as wishing to represent the Saviour inviting all to come to Him, and reminding them of what He had done and suffered; but that, dreading any approach to theatrical effect, he had aimed at the extreme simplicity of attitude. This colossal figure was

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ordered for the apse of a church in Copenhagen, in the form of a basilica, with niches down each side to contain the statues of the Apostles, and the outside pediment over the principal entrance intended for a group representing John the Baptist and his auditors; which last, it was the wish of Thorwaldsen to have executed in *terra cotta*, as better calculated than marble to resist a northern climate. The conception of Christian art was foreign to the mind of Thorwaldsen, and only in compliance with the wishes of his native Sovereign * did he steel his courage to the attempt, after having failed in accomplishing for the King of Bavaria, a group of the three women at the sepulchre—the design of which he destroyed in utter dissatisfaction. After the execution of the statue of Christ, Thorwaldsen expressed his conviction that he had reached his culminating point, and would now decline in art; ‘for,’ said he, ‘I never was satisfied with any work of my own till I executed the Christ—and with that, I am alarmed to find that I *am* satisfied: therefore, on the way towards decay.’

In a letter dated November 9, 1821, after relating with the usual detail, and with expressions of peculiar thankfulness, the birth of a third son, Bunsen adds—‘At the moment of greatest danger in my illness, my wife resolved, that should this child live, and prove a boy, he should be called Charles, after his father.’ After detailed observations on the contrasted characteristics of the two boys, Henry and Ernest, he tells of his present occupations:—

[Translation.]

‘I can give no better proof how well I feel, and far better than for a long time before my illness, than by assuring you with what spirit I am getting on with my work. When I considered myself in my late illness on the brink of eternity,

* Christian VIII., King of Denmark, before his accession, had visited Rome in the winter of 1820–1821, with his beautiful Princess, who has long survived him as Queen Dowager.

I enquired searchingly of my own mind what I ought to make beyond all other things the work of my calling, if God should grant the prolongation of my life; for I felt that the human span is soon past, and what is to be accomplished within it must be carried through, or no good purpose will be served:—and upon my theological labours I rested at last, as the quarter in which my calling was to be sought. From that moment my thoughts were bent upon this object, and principally upon the liturgical enquiries which had engaged me in the summer; as soon as the fever left me, I went through the whole plan, till it became the favourite employment of my sleepless hours, and I had no sooner risen from bed, than I arranged my papers, and determined on the order of proceeding to work out the whole. When I had once put pen to paper, I felt that the work had ripened; I wrote sometimes from sixteen to twenty pages in a day, and that not without some accompanying research. Before the end of the year I reckon upon having a volume completed, which will contain a collection of hymns for the congregation, a general plan for Church arrangement, my opinion of the principal Liturgies, and a scheme of my own for an order of public worship. When this is finished, I shall, according to promise, give you an account more in detail. I shall print nothing as yet; the whole cannot be comprised in less than four volumes, and requires for its completion a certain time spent in Germany itself—as it is intended for Germany.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 30th March, 1822.

The portrait of my wife (painted by Eggers, of Strelitz) is framed, and ready, with a few trifles, to be sent off to you, only awaiting your direction to what merchant's house in Rotterdam it should be addressed. . . . My occupations have not been so much interrupted by the presence of strangers, as in the winter of last year, and I have been able to work much; but, alas! not so much as I had hoped in the matter I had most at heart. Three years ago, a friend of mine (Platner) undertook to write a 'Description of Rome,' and the publisher consented to very high terms, on the understanding that Niebuhr would grant him assistance in the antique,

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and I in the modern, portion to be described and explained. When, however, the work was laid before us for inspection, so much was found imperfect that for our own honour we could not suffer it to go to press. Then I experienced that promise begets debt; I have now for two months done nothing but labour at rewriting this work; and if in three months more, from this time, I shall have finished, I may be thankful. It is quite certain that I learn much in this pursuit, which is serviceable to my own objects besides; but this shall be a warning to me never again to undertake anything not immediately belonging to my calling—one cannot otherwise accomplish anything in life as it ought to be done. This book is to come out next autumn (at least the first volume) and I shall take care that you receive a copy. The most valuable part consists in the share taken by Niebuhr, who will treat of the antiquities; I am to contribute an essay upon the ancient Christian Churches, and a description of some of them, as well as of the Colosseum. I cannot tell you how I shall rejoice when this business is finished. My own work occupies my mind incessantly, and I am more and more convinced that I am on the right way, and have need to collect all my powers to work it out. The order for daily devotion (as I have arranged it) we have in regular use in our house every Sunday, with our nearest friends and the chaplain; reading together the Gospels in parallel passages. I have selected sixty of the Psalms, two for each day, so that the whole number is read in the course of the month; for nothing can supply the place of the Psalms, least of all the metrical versions of the same, which are in use among the greater part of the Reformed Churches.

The next letter, dated June 1, 1822, is a very large folio, more than half of which is filled with the promised transcript of the forms of morning and evening worship, printed many years later (1845) in the 'Hymn and Prayer Book,' published at the 'Rauhe Haus' in Ham-
burgh. This quantity of close writing in the fine, clear, and distinct hand of those years, as well as the accompanying confidential communication and commentary upon a letter received, of no mild description, furnishes

another touching proof of his devoted attachment to a sister, whose harsh character made her very love, not the 'balm of Gilead' that brought healing, but a power of searching and rousing the very depths and most sensitive places of the heart:—

[Translation.]

I believe I have in the essential points hit upon the right thing, and that I have not lived through the last four years in vain. It might be desirable to make known a portion of my work—not that I promise myself success with the public by means of it—on the contrary, in this course (if God permits me really to go through with it), great conflicts, much vexation, depression, and disgust, await me; but I will at least, with the help of God, set my seal upon what I believe to be right, with my whole life and being and activity. I should be much more advanced than I am in my own work, were it not that in the 'Description of Rome' I find so much to be done, before I can return to that after which I long more than I can say. . . . I have not written letters to anybody. I am half wild at being such a length of time detained from my work, and therefore grudge being called off from the 'Description of Rome,' which I have to *make* rather than *revise*.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

22nd May, 1822.

I have not yet mentioned Mr. Niebuhr's having been invested by the Emperor of Austria with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Leopold, a dignity which entitles him to the privilege of being addressed as 'mon cousin' by the Emperor; which distinction Mr. Niebuhr owes to having given a proof of courage and right judgement which has been of most essential service to the Austrian army. The Austrian Government having miscalculated the amount of funds at their command in Rome (in short, their own credit with the bankers), it turned out that when the army, intended to put down the Neapolitan insurrection, arrived at the gates of Rome, the bills of exchange in the hands of the commanders were found inconvertible into ready money—few being the bankers who had any, and those few declining the risk.

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In this extremity Mr. Niebuhr offered Count Apponyi to draw in his own name upon the bank at Berlin, and give his word for prompt repayment—on hearing which the reply of the bankers was, ‘His name is sufficient for any amount;’ whereupon he drew upon Berlin for 200,000 crowns, and on his personal credit raised 40,000 for the needs of the moment, —on which the bankers took courage to furnish further supplies on moderate terms, instead of the double interest which they had hitherto demanded for the most trifling sums. On this occasion Mr. Niebuhr expressed himself thus to the Minister:—*J’ai agi selon le principe qu’un ministre doit toujours contempler la responsabilité avec toutes ses conséquences à laquelle il est exposé, mais que cette réflexion ne doit jamais l’influer à ne pas encourir les dangers qu’il connaît.* The King has caused his high approbation of the step to be notified to Mr. Niebuhr. The affairs of Italy may be considered as finally settled. The populace of Naples are now busy insulting and maltreating the Carbonari by whom they had been misled.

In this and in other letters, mention is made of Lord Colchester’s presence in Rome, and the satisfaction of Niebuhr in making his acquaintance; also the disconsolate remarks of that eminent man upon his own country,—as to which, when asked whether the Constitution would last, he replied, ‘Scarcely sixty years.’ He showed himself as deficient, as the greater part of English *frondeurs*, in the due consciousness of the duty of self-defence, for the honour of the great community in which their lot had been cast; he is mentioned as having assented with energy to the severe condemnation, pronounced by Baron Stein and by Niebuhr, upon the course of reckless exaggeration of evil which marked the conduct of only too great a number of individuals of the higher classes, both in and out of England; which was taken by them as an indication of the actual decline and fall of the nation. The mind of Niebuhr was drifting from the temper of those earlier days in which he almost worshipped the high ideal of national merit (at the head of which was placed the

younger Pitt), into that condition of alienation from England and dissatisfaction with her Government, which disturbed his latter years, and which the intercourse he sometimes had with English travellers only tended to confirm. Not long after this date, he attached himself so strongly to the Count de Serre, as to induce the belief that he was inclined to seek an ideal, wherewith to console himself in the characters produced by the Restoration in France.

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The maxim professed and acted upon by Niebuhr, as to incurring personal responsibility, was treasured up only too faithfully by Bunsen's courageous nature, though he made no profession of the doctrine; and the time came when he had to pay the penalty of following up what he considered to be the right course, without being supported by those sympathies which justified the act of Niebuhr in the eyes of his Government.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA—NIEBUHR'S DEPARTURE—DEATH OF PIUS VII.—ELECTION OF LEO XII.—LEOPARDI—RADOWITZ—GENERAL DÖRNBERG—DEATH OF CARDINAL CONSALVI—CAPACCI—EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES—NEUKOMM.

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THE summer of 1822 was little marked by variety, but animated throughout by the stirring sense of work accomplished, with fullness of health and vigour for its accomplishment, and the cheerful consciousness of a rebound from beneath the grievous pressure of the several and continuous afflictions of 1821. At the period of the year corresponding with that of Bunsen's severe illness, some alarm was felt lest the old enemy should reappear, from his experiencing languor, resulting from the want of change from the air of Rome to that of the mountain, and he was induced in September to go to Albano for the sake of ascending the highest hills with Platner and others. A few kind lines on the evening of reaching Albano announced to his wife his having 'walked to Ariccia,' though 'the way was painful' (the scenes being associated with the illness and death of the beloved child), and arranged with Schnorr to go the next day to Monte Cavo, and the following to Cori, begging anxiously to hear from her. Her reply has no further interest annexed to it than the mention, in her report of proceedings, of having walked on that Sunday evening, with her eldest boy, to hear the singing of the Litanies in Piazza Madama, in honour of the Festival of the Virgin Mary, on the 8th September. This ancient custom having been abrogated, as one

of the first acts of the reign of Leop. XII., the occasion referred to proved the last on which those grand compositions of a master in music, little known to fame, could be enjoyed. Before an image in the Piazza Madama, from a time probably not easy to ascertain, a set of volunteer singers of the lower, though not of the lowest, order of the people, were accustomed to meet, at the end of the first hour of night, for the purpose of this musical celebration on the eve of each and all the festivals peculiarly dedicated to the Virgin: it was not a paid service, or a professional institution, but, according to its original design, a free act of devotion. The compositions, at and before that time, heard in that spot dated from the sixteenth century, and were arranged for tenor and baritone only, in the simple *canto figurato* of the style and of the time of Palestrina; and the performance at the Piazza Madama was a remnant, probably the only one, of a class of popular devotional and musical exercises, of which there are many indications that they had existed up to the period of the French revolutionary occupation.

The following letter, addressed by Bunsen to his sister shortly before Christmas 1822, relates to an occurrence which had important consequences to his after-life; for it brought him, for the first time, into personal contact with his Sovereign and two Princes of the Prussian Royal Family.

[Translation.]

Rome: 7th December, 1822.

BELoved SISTER, — Joy to you on the holy Christmas festival and on the new year! This time I can hope to tranquillise you quickly and easily, both as to my silence latterly, and as to the shortness of this letter. You will have seen in the papers that our King made a journey with two of his sons from Verona to Rome and Naples; you can therefore imagine that during his presence here I was sufficiently occupied from morning till night, and also had to bestow much time

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before and after that period on arrangements and commissions. The King himself was conducted by Niebuhr, the two Princes by me, in going about Rome,—instead of the Roman antiquarians generally appointed by the Papal Court to attend such high personages, and explain all the remarkable objects. You may suppose that I took care duly to prepare myself to fill the office with honour, and I have done so as yet to the satisfaction of all concerned. The young Princes are both very observant and intelligent, the one twenty-three the other twenty years of age, and at the same time patterns of engaging and yet dignified demeanour. Prince William, the elder of the two,* is of a serious and manly character, which one cannot behold and perceive without feeling heartily devoted to him, and in all sincerity to hold him in high esteem. To-morrow the King returns from Naples, and six days later the Princes, so that towards the middle of the month we shall be left to ourselves. It so happens, that General Witzleben, the King's aide-de-camp and confidential adviser, who has accompanied him, is the person whom the King had peculiarly employed and consulted in the arrangement and construction of the liturgical order of public worship at Berlin (of which you will have read in the papers) because he considered him to be a man of piety and right feeling. I had obtained a copy of the newly-published Liturgy from the hands of another officer (Count Von der Gröben, aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince) on the 5th November. I set to work at once, the day after, to write two essays, in which I laid down my own fundamental principles in short sentences, and sketched the elementary features of such a formulary, with particular reference to the Liturgy published by the King's order. This was completed, more rapidly than I can myself comprehend, in two days and a half: so that I could still before the King's arrival write down my own arrangement for morning and evening and for the Sunday worship. Thus I could completely overlook and contemplate the ground on which I stood. I spoke openly to Niebuhr on the subject, and declared my determination to quit diplomatic employment, and return to literary life, and that at once, in the coming year. He took an early opportunity of speaking in

* King Frederick William's second son, his present Majesty King William of Prussia.

general terms of me and of my work to General Witzleben, who thereupon entered into conversation with me. In this interview I did not enter into the matter of my own written essay, but rather spoke of the historical studies and researches which I had made, and gave utterance to that which would most further my purpose of making him perceive, that this was no work for the uninformed, or for beginners in learning, if a complete and comprehensive Liturgy, similar to that of the Church of England, was aimed at,—for that is indeed what is wanted, if the whole work of the union of the two Confessions is not to come to a standstill. By all this I strove to prepare the way for the assertion (which I kept back till he should have returned from Naples) that the King's Liturgy could only be considered as a provisional and experimental arrangement. Should he ask to know more, I should either answer by word of mouth, or send my essay after him to Berlin. But this last step I reserve at any rate till the moment when I shall request permission to retire of the Minister, Count Bernstorff—that I may ask him at the same time to take occasion of informing His Majesty that I quit the diplomatic career, to devote myself to those liturgical labours which I had long since begun, and by which I can hope to become of more service to the State than in political affairs. Thus I shall remain connected with the Government, and that is all I wish at present. What is of the highest importance to me is to be independent, and show myself wholly free and self-responsible. An appointment from the King would bind my hands out of consideration for the Government. What is to follow I leave in the hands of God!

Our departure from Rome is fixed for next spring; with God's help we set out in March—to cross the German frontier one month later, and by the end of April to be at Bonn . . . soon after to embrace you at Rotterdam, from whence by steamer to London, and then to the home of my wife's parents. Till my departure I shall have to work doubly to finish much that is begun—God will help me through. All further details I must put off, dearly beloved, till we meet.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome: 11th January, 1823.

My last letter will have caused you emotion of various kinds; on the one hand, from the prospect of our soon meeting,—on the other, from anxiety lest you should behold me quite out of public employment, yet separated from common life, without place and without salary, taking my course with too much hasty zeal, in full sail towards a totally uncertain future. I am very curious to hear in time what you at the moment, and since, have thought, wished, feared, and supposed. But now I will write to you how the thing stands: and as you know my life, and in what manner God has ever, at the most decisive turning-points of it, guided its course in the way least expected, you will not wonder at what is coming, and therefore not be more moved, either to rejoicing or regret, than your bodily weakness can bear.

My letter was written before the King's return from Naples; he arrived on that very 7th December, and was as gracious as ever. The next morning I was informed by a gentleman in attendance, Mr. Albrecht, that I had to thank the King for an antique Etruscan vase, which he had ordered to be sent from Naples, together with one intended for Niebuhr. That day I found no opportunity of expressing my thanks; but the King caused a book to be given me by the hand of Prince Wittgenstein (one of H. M.'s Ministers), written by a person of weight at Berlin in favour of the King's Liturgy, that I might read it through; and when I returned it the next morning, with suitable acknowledgements, and the Prince asked my opinion, I said, 'The principles of the writer seem good, but I should have expected a more vigorous development, after what is said in the preface to the Liturgy on the King's idea.' Next morning, but before I had found the desired opportunity of expressing my thanks, Prince Wittgenstein met me with the intelligence that the King had named me Counsellor of Legation; and when I offered my acknowledgements for his supposed recommendation, he replied that he was glad of my appointment, but that it was entirely the act of the King, because he was pleased with me. The distinction is very considerable. The King received my

thanks most graciously, and uttered words of satisfaction. The same day at the royal table (whither I was daily summoned, and placed just opposite to the King) on occasion of a question of the King's, relative to some sacred music that he was to hear, I replied, and my answer caused the King again to speak, so that I found myself obliged to make an objection to his observation, which drew on our conversation to the end of dinner-time. After rising from table, the whole company were vastly more friendly in manner to me than before; and Humboldt (Alexander, the celebrated traveller) said that he and the rest were equally surprised and pleased at my having known so well how to treat the King, and to bring him into discussion without putting him out of tune, but rather the reverse. I had expected anything rather than this; because, as I had determined not to ask anything of the King, I had been careful in his presence, with all respect and attention, to avoid uttering a word that should not be expressly called for. The same scene was repeated the day of the King's departure. He spoke with me during the greater part of dinner-time on his favourite topic, Church matters; and I again took the liberty of pointing out faults in existing things; the King took all in good part, and said on rising from table, 'On many points you are probably in the right.' Thus closed this act.

After the King was gone, reflection ensued as to what was to be done. To ask leave to resign, after the distinctions bestowed upon me, was out of the question; it would have been an offence, and an act of ingratitude. To request leave of absence for a time would have been feasible, had not the King just granted the same to Niebuhr for one year from April or May next; soon, therefore, perceiving that such leave, if I asked it, could not be obtained, . . . I wrote to Count Bernstorff to express my readiness to give up the year's leisure for a journey to England, which I had strong reasons of private interest to desire, in consideration of his Excellency's willingness (of which I had been informed) to grant me an independent position as *Chargé d'Affaires* during the absence of Niebuhr.

On the 3rd January I received the Count's reply (together with the patent as Counsellor of Legation signed by the King), giving his assent, and promising to take into consideration

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my just wish for leave of absence, when the year should be past for which the post of Chargé d'Affaires was to be granted.

After a statement that the additional salary as Chargé d'Affaires would little more than cover the unavoidable expense of keeping a carriage and horses, he adds a charge to his sister to receive certain sums from him 'with the more satisfaction, as I am for my part convinced that so much help and blessing from God comes to me for your sake.' I have still to tell the end of my present intercourse with General Witzleben, who, luckily for me, was detained by indisposition at Naples till after the King's departure—but that would take a whole letter: the result was, that he took my essay with him, in which I had distinctly stated my views, and assured me that he would further my purpose as to a future journey to England. May God give His blessing to all this, and cause the whole to tend to His honour!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome: 14th February, 1823.

The delay in the promised continuation of my former letter will be forgiven, when I tell you that Niebuhr's departure is to be five weeks hence, when the affairs of the Legation will be left to my management; and there is so much previous business to be done, so many things to be explained and discussed, that I have hardly a conception how I shall get through all that is necessary. Wherefore you must excuse and overlook omissions.

. . . I have laid down to myself a rule of conduct, so to act that my chief aim and effort must be independent of the accidents of human favour, inasmuch as I reckon upon a future sphere of activity, only by holding an office within a University; but on the other hand I maintain that every one who has come to a perception of reality in any condition of society must be ready practically to carry out what he teaches, and give it a form, if God shall call him to it. Applying this principle to my

present exertions, I come to the conclusion that interference from above, by State authority, even with the best intentions, is a very doubtful, and, as regards Church matters, mostly a ruinous, proceeding; and that a wise Government ought in fact to do nothing but acknowledge, encourage, and recommend to acceptance or imitation, what may independently form itself in the bosom of the Church (i. e., a Christian community). What is done on the part of Government must not (and least of all in Church matters) be a trial or experiment, but the establishment of what actually exists. Wherefore, if I believe that my efforts are calculated practically to benefit the Church of Christ, I must rather seek not to be in connection with Government; but, with this view, contemplate another sphere of practical activity, in which I might find a possibility, not only of giving full utterance to my ideas, but also of carrying them out into reality. The smaller congregation would be in this manner an image of the larger. Whether I am to influence a wider circle, or whether my work is to be a grain of seed, planted and hidden, in order that it may some day be developed and expanded—that lies in the counsel of God; and upon that I meditate no further. My stay in Rome will be lengthened till June or September 1824, according to the time of arrival of the new Minister, after the expiration of the term of Niebuhr's leave of absence. I have a right to expect to be free by the earliest of those dates, according to the promise of Count Bernstorff. General Witzleben advised me, in case of need, to apply directly to the King; and I shall not fail, when the winter approaches, to remind them both. During the remainder of my time here I shall devote all leisure to the completion of my academical studies, particularly that of Hebrew. I cannot say with what longing I anticipate the moment when I may be exclusively occupied with these subjects, which fill my mind day and night, although people would least of all suppose me now about to give up the diplomatic career. Meanwhile I hope to conduct the affairs of my King with serious application and dignity; God knows to what end this is to serve me. Between me and the General it was settled that he would give me intelligence of all that is being done or intended with reference to the Church, and especially with regard to the object of my essay, in which I have uttered my conviction as to liturgical revival.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome : 14th June, 1823.

On the 10th May Niebuhr returned from Naples, and stayed here five days, which I lived through with him in constant business and conversation. He is resolved not to return to Rome. So I have promised to remain here until a new Minister shall have arrived, because I consider it my duty not to suffer the whole course of affairs to get into disorder, as it too probably would, if a new *Chargé d'Affaires* were to be interposed. Yet I shall not cease my endeavours to secure the coming of another Minister next spring, with a view to my departure. What have I to expect here? in the most favourable case splendid poverty; receiving thousands in order to expend the same on outward appearance and seeming comfort: honour too and a distinguished place in society, but not that after which I seek. I have ambition, and it is my boast to have it; but my ambition consists in having honour and the way thereto in my own choice. Pride I have too, and more than is matter of boast; but my pride demands to be satisfied in its own way. My inclination leads to public affairs and practical activity, and all assert that I have talent and even a calling for it, but on many accounts it is necessary that they should be affairs of my own selection. He who determines on a profession must so love it, as to accept all events proceeding therefrom as matters of indifference; he who devotes himself to military service must strive to become a General, but he must also be prepared to sacrifice all, and remain behind in the common crowd. I hope by God's help that such courage will not be wanting in my own proper vocation; but I do not feel in the least as if my present course could be the calling of my life, and therefore I have even a difficulty in finding regular employment in it, and not giving way to natural laziness. In short, all that is good and bad in me, reason and nature, principles and passions, unite on this point. It is clear to me that I have not been saved out of so many distresses, recovered from danger of death, loaded with blessings undeserved and beyond hopes and imagination, in order that this should be the goal of my existence, the object of my efforts. Wherefore, be assured that I shall not waver, and that I did not waver when the King and

the Court shone bright before me. A thousand thanks to you for confirming me in these sentiments . . . When I wrote to you last I thought as clearly about my future plans, as I do now;—longing more vehemently, if possible, after that pursuit which I am obliged for a time to leave. Reck blames me for remaining; but I certainly believe he is wrong. I could not decide otherwise. He beholds me in spirit as Minister, and as having eight or ten years to wait for my return home. . . .

My description of the Colosseum and other objects in Rome I cannot send (as you expected) because they are not printed; the first volume of the Roman work will be printed in October. .

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Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Rome: 16th August, 1823.

. . . If God grants me health and His aid, I intend to devote the next coming years to a persevering study of the Holy Scriptures, and writings relating to them. I wish to publish the Liturgies of the ancient Eastern and Western Churches, containing the forms of celebration of the Communion. Except Bingham, no Protestant writer has written with living knowledge of the subject; and the Roman Catholics, with the exception of Renaudet, treat it naturally with prejudice, and, as to the main point, without regard to the evidence of history. A MS. here existing, of the eighth (possibly of the seventh) century, the so-called 'Missæ Basili et Chrysostomi,' cleared from the additions made at a later period, which make up above one-third of the whole mass, it is also my desire to publish. But I hope to do much more with regard to the developement of the liturgical forms which were afterwards consolidated dogmatically, relating as they do to the Holy Communion, according to documents belonging to the principal Churches; these are to be brought into connection with, and derived from, the liturgical remains of the Fathers of the Eastern Churches of Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople; proving the derivation from the ancient Greek original of the forms existing in the Oriental languages, and in the Western Churches of Rome, Gaul, and Spain, and, as an appendix, the African Church.

. . . I must confess to you the wish to make the historical

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treatment of the conception of the Lord's Supper, the principal work of my life in future years.

The burning of S. Paolo *fuori le mure*, 16th July, was an event in the eventful year 1823 which Bunsen and his family too closely witnessed for it to be passed over unmentioned. That venerable building was the object of frequent visits in the summer afternoons of that year, the many beautiful pieces of mediæval sculpture and mosaic with which it was decorated were individually valued, as well as habitually delighted in, by all. The circumstances connected with the fire were simply these. Some plumbers at work on the repair of the roof had returned after their noon-tide rest so much under the influence of wine, that, having quarrelled, they threw down the pan of burning coals they had brought with them. No measures were taken against the self-evident consequences; and when the flames were perceived (not before two o'clock in the morning) by the monks of the adjoining convent, a succession of further delays took place—such as running to Rome, waking the gate-keeper, calling up the Deputy-Governor in order to obtain the only fire-engine possessed by the Great City—with many other circumstances, all dwelt upon in letters written at the time: and it was particularly painful to the dwellers on the Capitol that they were not up as late as usual on the night of the 15th July, or else they could hardly have failed to have seen the flames and given the alarm—for it was a common practice with them to look out upon the wide prospect before them the last thing, through the uncertain glimmer of a summer night. The vexation was increased by discovering that an old house-keeper, who slept under the very roof of Palazzo Caffarelli, had actually seen fire in the direction of S. Paolo, but troubled herself no further about it, although well knowing that, two years before, Bunsen had gone out with friends to help to extinguish flames which were

observed to issue from the hay collected in barns at the foot of the hill of Santa Balbina,—and therefore having a proof that he did not grudge taking trouble when fire was in question. The regret was unavoidable; but yet, fire having once been kindled in the driest season of the year, among those beams of cedar of Lebanon of a thousand years' standing, and urged by the furious scirocco that ruled the weather at that season, it is hardly probable that even the best organised means of extinguishing fire could have availed anything. The representation in four sheets, by Pinelli, of the appearance of the ruin, so grand in its desolation, before any hand had been laid upon it to preserve the remainder,—gives truly, but imperfectly, the effect it presented in the earliest days after the catastrophe—an effect which those who saw it can never forget. The greater part of the magnificent columns of *pavonazzetto* and *cipollino* from the Mausoleum of Hadrian (now Castel Sant' Angelo) had been converted into masses of lime, and those that remained standing were so calcined as to seem likely to crumble down before the storms of autumn should lay them prostrate. The mosaics of the ninth century stood in calm majesty, although one of the enormous granite columns supporting the centre arch on which they were fixed was split from the summit to the base: their effect was enhanced by being now laid open to the glowing sun, not shrouded as formerly by the twilight of the Basilica.

The venerable Pope, Pius VII., a few days before the disaster at S. Paolo, had fallen from his accustomed seat in his own room, breaking the hip-joint; and probably from the first no reasonable hopes could be entertained of his recovery, as the cure of the fracture at his advanced age could not be calculated upon, any more than the continuance of his accustomed health in a lengthened confinement to bed. The commotion of the public mind was great during the weeks that he yet

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lingered: and although his was one of the few characters in high station to whose merits and qualities the universal voice did justice, and the numbers were considerable who venerated him as a saint, yet the virtual transfer by him of the cares of government, and of all political decisions, to his chosen and trusted Consalvi, roused the feverish desire for change in various quarters, where private interests were concerned in the approaching struggle for power. The prospect of a new reign is apt to stir up in every country all the component parts of society; but nowhere is this so much the case as in the Papal form of government, in which it is a mere matter of conjecture, hope, fear, and intrigue, who the next successor will be. The envy and jealousy excited by Consalvi's long possession of power had blinded all but a few faithful individuals to his merits, and he needed to die in order to be appreciated: yet the general desire to accuse and condemn found at last nothing to rest upon but the consoling supposition, that, where to do wrong was in a man's power, wrong could not fail to be done.

Although at first Pius VII. suffered so little from his accident, that the calmness of his disposition and his perfect resignation seemed to extend to his bodily frame, yet after a while pain and fever came on. In his delirium he ceaselessly repeated psalms and devotional exercises, never failing to recognise Consalvi, whom he always answered rationally. He had many intervals of ease, but at last it was a hard struggle to enter into rest, his chest continuing to heave with convulsive strength, after every other function of life had ceased. On Sunday, August 17 (the 20th was the day of his death), he remonstrated with his physicians, '*Perchè fate tante cose? Vorrei morire; sento bene che Iddio mi vuole richiamare*'—and his indistinct utterances were ever prayers for release. Consalvi watched by him for the last three nights,—his own health being in so precarious

a state that it could not be expected he would have survived the anxiety and fatigue, superadded to the load of hourly care and mournful anticipation.

The remains of the Pope lay one day at the Palace of the Quirinal, and were then carried to St. Peter's, to lie in state three days longer, previous to the nine days' obsequies; the transfer took place by night, without any of the solemnity that might have been expected, without chanting, or the numerous attendance of clergy; the greater part of the train consisting of detachments of troops and pieces of artillery with ammunition waggons: the torches so thinly scattered, that in narrow streets where the moonlight could not penetrate, the procession seemed groping its way in the dark. This was, however, all arranged according to long-fixed custom, when in the case of Popes very different from Pius VII. precautions were deemed necessary to defend the corpse from being attacked by the populace. At the removal of Paul IV., of the House of Caraffa, a band, defeated in its purpose to attack the remains, proceeded to knock off the head of one of the late Pope's statues, which, after parading about the streets, they threw into the Tiber.

At the last and most solemn of the nine days' obsequies, the glorious 'Requiem' of Pittoni was sung, with still greater effect than in the Sistina, although by the same singers. The ceremony of Absolution was performed by five Cardinals,—the deceased having been Pope, Cardinal, Archbishop, Priest, and Deacon: the five went in procession, followed by the singers, who performed a passage from a psalm, or an anthem, after each Absolution: these exquisite pieces of music were heard to perfection.

The next day, 2nd September, many were invited to the apartments of Cardinal Consalvi, in the Palazzo della Consulta, opposite the Palace of the Quirinal, to see the Cardinals walk in procession to the Conclave. The two colossal statues with the obelisk appeared larger than

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ever, from the opportunity of measuring their height with human dimensions. In front of them stood the noble fountain, recently formed by putting together the two vast fragments of granite, which, when we first came to Rome in 1816, lay, and had lain for centuries, under the arches of the so-called Temple of Peace: the water springing high fell back into a lake rather than a basin, glowing and sparkling in the sun, while the statues rising aloft with the shady side towards us, cast a long line of shadow over the crowd. Behind, the cypresses rose above the wall of the Colonna gardens, and St. Peter's loomed large in the distance,—the whole forming a picture which, as to forms and colours, light and shade, was as peculiar to Rome, as are the names of the objects connected with it. The procession of Cardinals started from a small church at the other extremity of the Quirinal, with a file of the Guardia Nobile right and left of them, preceded by the attendants who were to be shut in with them, and by the singers of the Papal Chapel, who performed the 'Veni, Creator Spiritus:' the effect would have been perfect, but for the striking up of a vulgar and dissonant military band, as the doors closed. During the first three hours after the entrance of the Cardinals, visits from the nobles, ecclesiastics, and diplomatic body were received: when the various modes of expressing suitable greetings were matter of observation and amusement,—each Cardinal receiving from every visitor the 'augurio' of a happy Conclave; and that a 'change of decoration' at their next meeting might be the lot of each special 'Eminenza' addressed, was the phrase generally introduced, with more or less dexterity, into the wishes expressed by each visitor.

The votes of the Cardinals, in writing, are by rule collected twice every day, and after each ballot (that is, until the requisite majority is attained) the papers are burnt at once, in a small stove, the funnel of which issues through the chapel window, before which

daily a mixed crowd of idlers collects to see the escape of the small thread of smoke. This explains the rhyme, which was probably one of the very few original squibs made on this occasion:—

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L' Ispagna sull' Ebro la libertà difende:
Roma dal fumo la schiavitù attende.

During the supposed vapid, but in fact animated, period of the Conclave, the two ruling ambassadors (Count Apponyi of Austria, Count Laval-Montmorency of France) were assiduous in giving occasion, by receptions twice a week, to meetings of the higher classes and of the diplomatic body, in which the Conclave-gossip, the reports and rumours of what was possible or impossible, and the pasquinades, whether fresh for the present occasion, or borrowed from a time long past, were exciting topics of vivid interest. Few, if any, could remember the last Conclave held in Rome, when Pius VI. was elected: the election of Pius VII. had been an act of courage after a pause of terror, in an assembly held as quietly as possible, at Venice, when the question was 'to be, or not to be,' and not the keeping up of forms and ancient customs; and, in short, whatever that Conclave had been, it was forgotten or purposely ignored. The reports and witticisms which were matter of amusement, originated not, however, in those higher regions of society: the lower clergy being considered the only class qualified, by their intelligence, by their command of sources of information, and by their tongue-tied position, to conceive and concoct the well-adapted censure, not to say the acrid venom, infused into the wit of the various pasquinades. That class also best knows—I may say alone knows—the comparative strength of the currents of interest, of animosity, or preference, which exist among the arbiters of fate, and therefore, although in guessing they may not hit beforehand on the fortunate individual, they hardly fail to be right in pointing at him, as within at

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least a certain number of names. Thus in the witty and profane parody of the Litany, after a long list of vituperative epithets to single Cardinals, each followed by 'Libera nos, Domine!' follows a petition that the choice may be directed to one or other of four or five, named with superlative commendation: and among those, the individual actually chosen was, after the election, observed to be enumerated. The first cause of alarm as to the anticipated choice was the report that it had fallen upon Cardinal Cavalchini, who had obtained many votes from the ultra party, as being considered more likely to burn than to conciliate heretics; and having been a short time Governor of Rome, earned, in that unpopular position, much hatred by his acts, but yet more by the declaration, that if he should ever have the power, he would erect a gibbet before every eating-house during Lent for the speedy execution of both cooks and consumers of a diet not meagre. But consolation was found in the privilege of the Veto, possessed by each of three Powers (Austria, France, and Spain), one of which might be expected to be exercised to avert a possible danger in each case; besides which, it is a well-known fact that the first battles must have been fought, and the pleasure of defeating well-supported plans must have been enjoyed, by each and every group of Cardinals before the current of intrigue could subside into the hitherto unapparent channel, which, whatever might be its final direction, was always predetermined not to be that which any of the three influential Powers had designed.

The Palazzo di Venezia (the residence of the Austrian Embassy) now for the first time in the century appeared, on the occasion of these Conclave receptions, in its natural grandeur, having been latterly repaired by an order from Vienna at an amount of expense that might seem surprising, as nothing about those solid and massive walls and stairs had need of renovation, and nothing was undertaken that could come under the denomination of embellishment, although the result of filling up the

innumerable holes, irregularly interposed between the ponderous stones of the front, and giving the edifice the appearance of being perforated (as those will remember who have seen it previous to the date of 1823.) was in itself the greatest and most essential embellishment. Together with the outer walls, the large reception-rooms, in parallel succession, were put in order, after the old Italian conception of a palace, producing a grand effect by their fine proportions, coupled with their large dimensions. It was the building itself, however, which impressed you with its beauty and grandeur; for the fitting up and furniture, whatever might have been their quality, were scarcely remarked, nor did the eye require or miss the gilding and decoration, which everywhere else might have seemed indispensable, the only luxury consisting of a vast amount of light shed by innumerable wax tapers. The cause of the injuries to the outer walls of the Palazzo di Venezia has been as little explained as the holes which are found between the stones of the Colosseum: but both are referred to the lawless period when, the residence of the Popes having been transferred to Avignon, the solid edifices of Rome served as places of strength for the various families of the belligerent nobility.

The election of Cardinal della Genga, under the name of Leo XII., put an end to suspense, and disappointed all calculations: the nominees of the three Catholic Powers were set aside, their vetos fell upon sham pretenders, who had no essential support, and the College of Cardinals exulted in a choice which had not been dictated. On the same afternoon of Sunday, 28th September, after the election had taken place, the new Pope was conveyed to St. Peter's, carried with the accustomed state, and actually seated on the High Altar, to be *adored* (that being the literal expression) by the higher clergy, during the singing of the 'Te Deum:' upon which extraordinary ceremony the remark of M. d'Italinsky (the Russian Minister) was, 'Je suis schismatique. Je

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n'ai pas le droit de juger des affaires catholiques. Mais ce que me paraît étrange, c'est que le Pape ait posé le séant là où l'on place le Seigneur.' The emaciated and pallid features of Leo XII. contrasted strangely with the brilliancy of his eyes and the extreme joyousness of his expression, and his face was one of that class on which the eye seems to glide downwards as from the sharp extremities of a mass of ice, without finding a resting-place in feature or muscle to tell of the soul within: the outline indicated nevertheless the aristocratic beauty of earlier days, so much admired during his *Nunciatura* at Munich. If the Pope did not hide his satisfaction at his success, that of the enormous crowd, assembled to receive him, was equally unequivocal: and if the loud applause could in general be understood merely as a greeting of novelty, and an adoring of the rising sun, the devout emotion of kneeling groups, principally from the country, who hailed the 'Santo Padre' with outstretched arms, as though he were heaven-descended, was affecting to behold, because it indicated reality of hope and confidence.

The first measures of the new reign were wise and salutary, leaving nothing to be desired but continuance in the same direction, and faithfulness in carrying them out: they consisted in a remission of taxes (the amount of which was the chief cause of the unpopularity of Consalvi), and in a diminution of the causes of expense. The new Secretary of State, Cardinal della Somaglia, being eighty years of age, was rather an ornament to the new order of things by his blameless life and ingratiating deportment, than an effectual support, being a remnant of earlier times; and familiar with persons and conditions long since consigned to the past: and the Council of State, composed of six Cardinals, for the real control and apparent assistance of the Secretary of State's office, was a novelty which had yet to prove its capacity and efficiency.

The Coronation took place on Sunday, 5th September,

and the performance by the whole Choir of the Papal Chapel of the 'Tu es Petrus' of Palestrina, can hardly have been forgotten by any one of the probably few survivors of that grand solemnity. As the music through the ear seized upon the whole soul, so did the eye meanwhile revel in the various combinations of architecture with animated, not to say impassioned, humanity, under that mellow light disclosing with vivid clearness all form and colour without either glare or haze, in the unearthly effect peculiar to St. Peter's. The carrying round of the Pope, with the accompaniment of the symbol of burning flax, and the chant, 'Sancte, Pater, sic transit gloria mundi,' was most effective; so was the act of communion by the Pope, as, seated on his throne (in front of the mass of bronze, representing the chair of St. Peter, raised high above human heads by four dignitaries of the Church), the elements, brought from the altar, were offered to him for his reception by two Cardinal-Deacons. The whole scene was rendered still more striking by the graceful figure and movement of Consalvi, who was deputed to convey the golden chalice, of great size, which he held, in sign of veneration, with arms raised forward, above the level of his own head, while his delicately chiselled features showed distinctly in profile.

Many of Bunsen's letters to Niebuhr at this time show that he felt the entire absorption in his official business, and the want of an assistant in the regular and mechanical office-work to be very irksome, he having no help but such as his wife could give.

The month of October, with its abundance of charm, came this year with a power of refreshment more than ever felt, after the long period of unusual exertion during the season of heat. The revival of spring verdure after the regular rain at the beginning of autumn combined with the annual merriment of the Roman population to complete the effect of scenery and weather:

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every villa and garden, every open gateway, every accessible space round every entrance of the town being full of bright faces and the varied colouring of young and old, all intent upon social animation as the duty of the present moment. Those who have known and loved Rome will have felt that the marked character given by invariable custom to the various periods of the year is most of all missed after departure from Rome; and only those who have experienced the effect of the regularly recurring mandate, understood by all, though pronounced by none, to be serious at one time, and gay at another, can be aware how far this apparently arbitrary custom can influence the mind, and how the absence of it may leave a void. To minds which are the very opposite in character and habits to the Italian mind, this fact may be made intelligible by consideration of the solemn yet cheerful calm, belonging in busy England to the blessed recurrence of Sunday, as it gives an opportunity for everything that is good and beautiful in life, while compelling an interval in the whirl of things external, a relaxation and rest to the over-strained faculties. This effect of Sunday is indeed wanting in the Roman system, and is a want ever felt there; but the advantage to the mind of marking the year's divisions, as at Rome, finds elsewhere no due substitute. The enjoyment of October animation on the present occasion was enhanced by the opportunity given of additional intercourse with the excellent and valued chaplain, Schmieder, who, after five years of faithful exertions for the benefit of the congregation he had drawn together at the Capitol, was now about to depart and undertake a new sphere of usefulness at Pforte, or Schulpforte, the celebrated public school near Naumburg in Prussian Saxony. It was a necessity that he should accomplish the journey and enter upon his new establishment with his young family before the beginning of the northern winter, and thus the early October days were the last of his stay, as also the last of that intercourse in which the two households

had been so closely interwoven for years. In the cheerful unconsciousness that no further meeting on earth was in store for them, they spent the days of farewell in expeditions to the innumerable spots of beauty within the immediate circuit of Rome, Bunsen riding on horseback by the side of the carriage, well filled, in October-fashion, with the whole party of children.

The successor of Schmieder at Rome was Richard Rothe, whose presence was most essentially valuable to Bunsen in furtherance of his favourite pursuits, as well as from his true friendship, and that rare gift of pulpit eloquence, only too little heard, although everywhere prized, wherever his lot had been cast.*

The passing through Rome, in going to Naples and returning, of Baron Heinrich von Arnim, and his admired wife (*née* Strack von Linschoten) must not be omitted among cherished recollections. Baron Arnim was attached to the Prussian Legation at Naples before the occupancy of that post in 1825 by Baron von Olfers. On both occasions of resting in Rome, golden opportunity was given for intercourse of the highest kind, invaluable to Bunsen and his wife, who looked back upon these meetings with redoubled thankfulness, when in later years the Arnims in Berlin and at Brussels supplied the absence of parental care to their sons, sent away from their Roman home for school-education.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.]

Rome: 11th October, 1823.

. . . Since I last wrote to you one Pope has died, and another has been elected ; this gave me opportunity to send the King detailed reports and statements, which, as it seems, have pleased him ; but the matter has cost me much time. I am obliged, quite alone, to collect information, and thus I

* Dr. Richard Rothe, Professor of Theology at the University of Heidelberg, one of the most influential men in the Protestant Church of Baden, died, after a short but very painful illness, loved and respected by all who knew him, at Heidelberg, August 13, 1867.

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can no longer neglect social relations; and when I have worked myself tired on a statement eight or ten sheets thick, I must copy the whole out fair, to be despatched. It is true that hours of leisure remain; but to sit down in the midst of the turmoil of public business, and write a letter to be sent to a great distance, which is neither to be empty, nor dry, nor carelessly-written, nor confused, nor spiritless, nor cold, nor hot,—as you and my friends in Germany require,—is more easy in word than in deed.

The new Pope is 63 years of age, and has passed a great part of his life as Papal Nuncio in Germany. In spite of this change of ruler, and the consequent loss of time (for business pauses during the Conclave), I have every reason to hope that all the Bishops' sees will be filled up, and thus the most important affairs despatched, by February next year. Niebuhr writes that he has found the change to a more chilling climate almost unbearable, and yet he arrived in July, and is not further north than Bonn on the Rhine. He is not satisfied with my urgency to get away from hence, and to give up public affairs: he is of opinion that I have a peculiar calling to remain in them. The marriage of the Crown Prince with the Princess Elise of Bavaria, which is to take place in November, has for the present, and possibly for years or for ever, put an end to the plan of a journey to Italy, in which Prince Frederick of Orange was to accompany him. Everything was arranged, the Crown Prince would not have Hist, the celebrated antiquary of Berlin, but myself as his guide in Rome; and such an opportunity of being made known to my future King will hardly occur again. Still, I am glad of the cause of impediment; the Princess is every way worthy to become the future Queen of Prussia. . . . As to what concerns my health, it never was better, which I attribute to my taking regular riding-exercise. "

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Rome: the last day of the year 1823.

The year shall not close without my fulfilling a promise never forgotten, dearest sister! When you receive these lines, my fate will probably be decided, and possibly already known to me.

My last letter will have informed you of the difference of

opinion between Niebuhr and myself, as to my future. I thought that I ought to insist upon the fulfilment of Count Bernstorff's promise to grant me leave of absence for one year, thus making my departure possible soon after the 1st April next. Niebuhr's opinion, on the contrary, was that I should take no step whatever, but await the determination of the Minister; he hoped that I should be made Minister Resident.* I replied to Niebuhr that I was convinced they never would confer the post, coveted by so many, and to which so many had more claim, upon one so young, unknown, and without family connections, as I am: moreover, that I regarded it as the wisest plan to profit by the present opportunity of quitting with honour the diplomatic career. I reflected much on the subject all last month, and resolved at last the beginning of this month on a decisive step. Now, can you guess what kind of step?

I wrote to Count Bernstorff, that the provisional position in which I was placed was full of inconveniences; that I must wish, should His Majesty name another Minister Plenipotentiary, that that personage might arrive, with his Secretary of Legation, early enough in the year for the possible accomplishment of my departure before the summer. Should His Majesty, however, after Niebuhr's retirement, not name another Plenipotentiary, but rather decide on having, as formerly, a Minister Resident at Rome, I would request that nomination as a peculiar mark of favour, for myself. On both points I have expressed myself cautiously but clearly. If I am considered necessary to them they may give me a fixed position; if not, they must let me go; I have no inclination again to be Secretary of Legation for one or more years. There is no doubt but that they will, on no consideration whatever, make me Minister Resident; it would be an unheard of promotion, after which at home they could do no less than make me Counsellor of State. This day my letters arrive at Berlin. Meanwhile we are preparing for departure. To leave this metropolis of the world will be hard; one can never be satiated with contemplation here; all other towns are as villages and *parvenus* in comparison with this queen of the earth. The die is cast,

* In former times, the Prussian representative at Rome had no higher rank. Niebuhr, however, was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

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and the result lies in the hand of God ; I am infinitely more tranquil since I have taken this step, and I am sure I shall not regret it. You ask, what I wish? Dear Christiana, a man is and remains a child when he sets about wishing ; he is like a boat on the sea, between ebb and flood, never at rest. Sometimes, to depart seems altogether the thing needful ; sometimes, to remain, is what appears most desirable. All the attraction of founding and establishing a settled life belongs to the latter ; also the pleasure of seeing you here, perhaps also the faithful Reck ; how should that not tempt me? Possessing power in public affairs is also something, when one has earnest practical objects in life. God will rightly overrule all !—He who has so wonderfully conducted me hither, supported me with a Father's love, and overwhelmed me with benefits. When you are able to write, tell me what you would wish, and what you consider probable. . . . We are well . . . the children were never so continuously well as this year. Charles, who used to be pale, and not strong, has so improved within the latter month that he is now plumper than Henry, and more rosy than Ernest. Henry has latterly been very dear and good, he learns well,—from me alas ! but little, but all the more from his mother. He speaks German well, and gets on with Latin.

Within four weeks Prince Frederick of Orange will be here ; I shall often have occasion to see him, and I am glad of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him.

With the last day of the year 1823, the correspondence with Christiana is closed to survivors ; inexplicable though it be, that she, who had taken care to preserve the letters safely up to that date, should have lost or destroyed those which she must have received both in his earliest years and throughout 1824. In January, 1825, she performed the long-proposed journey to Rome, and became an inmate of her brother's house during seven years and a half ; for she returned to Germany, by her own strong desire, in October 1831.

From the sketch already given of her very uncommon personality, it must be easy to conceive that her presence was not a matter of indifference in a family : and

it was accordingly, from first to last, a ceaseless trial, putting feelings and principles to the severest test, and acting as a 'refiner's fire' upon all sterling realities. Thus the result of her close juxtaposition was to render the union of heart and mind of Bunsen and his wife more absolute than ever, instead of disturbing it. It must not be for a moment supposed that Christiana was capable of any vulgar mischief-making; for nothing in her was low or commonplace. She knew right from wrong with matchless perspicuity, and could teach the highest and deepest truths of Christianity to the edification of others, while utterly unconscious that her own heart was unsubdued, and that her religion was that of the understanding only. This condition of mind caused her to live in delusions, irremovable by any human means, but which fortunately changed as suddenly and incalculably as the barometer. It need hardly be observed, that bringing his sister into his own house was one of the greatest miscalculations that Bunsen ever made, from which in fact at last he suffered himself most essentially, because her presence dispelled the darling illusion of his life, which had represented her to him as the model of female excellence, who was to crown the happiness of his home by her cherished influence, by love and supposed sympathy, more maternal than sisterly, and by the exertion of her rare mental gifts. His acquaintance with her had been made in a limited number of hours and days, within a few weeks, in 1814, and continued in rare and scanty correspondence on her part by letter: so that of her natural uncongeniality to him he had no opportunity of becoming conscious. If Bunsen had exclusively the pain of disappointment, his wife had the greater share to endure of the difficulties in carrying on daily life, and her existence during that period might be likened to learning to maintain an even gait on the tossing tide with a vessel of water on the head. But in the end, strange to

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say, she proved the most favoured of the two, and found, to her astonishment, that, once separated, the love of Christiana was always flowing towards her, and was evidenced by the utterance of high approbation among friends in Germany. It seemed essential not to omit this indication of an important element in the life of Bunsen: who, as well as his wife, ceased not to love and honour the memory of Christiana, during her absence, though, from the scantiness of her communication by correspondence, she was in a manner dead to them long before her actual decease in March 1850, when she expired at Baden-Baden, having nearly completed her 78th year.

Although the eight years which preceded the entrance of Christiana into the household had been interspersed with many trials, these had been but as passing clouds, overcasting for a time the habitual joyousness and buoyancy of existence; which assumed another character from that date, more analogous to that indicated by the expression, 'work-day world'—not so much owing to the load upon time, and the check to animal spirits brought upon Bunsen and his wife by Christiana herself, as to the complication of that burden with the difficulties attending the early education of the growing boys. The name of their first tutor, an instrument of moral flagellation to parents and children, who arrived and departed with Christiana, shall not here be recorded: but rather shall the renovating influence be hailed of the youthful band of gifted and highly cultivated friends, whose faithful devotedness and real efficiency compensated for much previous misapplication of time. These were men like Ambrosch, Abeken, Kellermann, Meyer, and Urlichs, who successively ministered in the most essential manner to the happiness of the hitherto bitterly tried parents, by furnishing the best instruction to their sons. Herr von Sydow also, when Secretary of Legation, and Herr von Tippelskirch, when chaplain,

kindly granted a portion of their well-filled time to the same purpose. The temptation is strong, to a grateful heart, to take the occasion of enumerating the above honoured names, in order to dwell upon the special ground of obligation to each several friend: but it must not be given way to, because these pages have a higher object than that of becoming a chronicle of the many distinguished members of human society, in various nations, whom Bunsen and his wife were privileged to call friends.

The desire to comprise into one passage the episode of Christiana's abode in the house of Bunsen has led on far beyond the date at which the communications ceased which have proved so useful in furtherance of the desire to give a picture of Bunsen's life in his own words: and the correspondence with Niebuhr happily comes in, to supply the void for a time.

The first of many subjects of interest in that correspondence which claims notice here, is that of Count Leopardi, the poet and philosopher, whose abilities and acquirements called forth the enthusiastic admiration of the much demanding Niebuhr, as his accumulated affliction roused cordial sympathy. Giacomo dei Conti Leopardi had grown up in a condition of privation, in body and mind, at the Palazzo of his race in the city of Recanati: in habitual ill-health, in want of care, of kindness, and of sympathy. He had languished through childhood and youth, without having known any form of happiness, but in the exercise of his vigorous intellect on languages and literature. Repelled by the heartlessness of his father, and not finding in his dwelling-place or neighbourhood a single congenial spirit, it was a moral necessity for him to seek in Bologna and Florence help for the furtherance of his pursuits, as well as associates of cultivated intelligence, in the hope of supporting himself by his writings, which excited attention and admiration, and found willing publishers; but he received little or no

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remuneration—as is usual, in Italy: The elder Leopardi had the excuse of narrow circumstances for refusing to furnish the son, who was the honour of his House, with the small additional annuity necessary for living beyond the verge of the household; and the sole resource within reach (as it may have seemed) was to obtain from the Papal Government an appointment suited to a man of letters. It was on occasion of the poet's coming in person to Rome to follow up applications that had been made in his favour, that Niebuhr found him out, during the last year of his residence there: and returning from his visit to the wretched lodging of Leopardi, he entered the office-room at Palazzo Savelli, where Bunsen was at work, exclaiming with an unwonted burst of satisfaction, that he had at last seen a modern Italian, worthy of the old Italians and of the ancient Romans! From that moment, and as long as he was on the spot, Niebuhr continued his efforts to bring the case of Leopardi, through Cardinal Consalvi, before Pope Pius VII., with all the earnestness and perseverance habitual to him, leaving the commission, at his departure in 1823, in the willing hands of Bunsen, who on August 18, 1824, thus reports to Niebuhr, in joyful anticipation:—

[Translation.]

I have obtained a promise of an appointment for Leopardi to the post which he most desired, that of Secretary-General to the Academy of Fine Arts at Bologna, with a special commission to employ his leisure in completing his Italian translation of a Selection from Plato, and in writing a treatise upon it, directed against the materialism of his countrymen—for which he is to receive an extra allowance in addition to his salary. May he but actually receive it! But the appointment is made. I believe the Cardinal Secretary of State (della Somaglia) is well inclined to make the acquisition for Rome of this highly-gifted young man, in drawing him out of the net of the hated Giordani, the editor of the 'Antologia di Firenze.'

As yet Bunsen had not made the personal acquaint-

ance of Leopardi; and the interest in him was beyond measure heightened by the few opportunities afforded of meeting him in the summer of 1825, when Leopardi came to Rome once more on his way to Naples, where he passed the remainder of his life of pain, till released in 1837.

On February 10, 1825, Bunsen announced to Niebuhr the publication of a treatise upon Eusebius, by Leopardi, besides volumes of poetry of sorrow and despair, the printing of which could hardly have been authorised, had their drift been well understood. 'It is fearful to behold,' he continues, 'whither the mind of man may be driven, by a sense of the intolerable condition of the Church, and the galling nature of political relations, in States of unmingled Catholicism.'

At length, from a communication dated January 30, 1826, it is plain that the habitual hopefulness of Bunsen had given way to experience:—

[Translation.]

Leopardi and I have been thoroughly deceived. After repeated promises, not only verbal, but in writing, nothing has been done for him. I have entreated him to give out that he is going to Florence—the fear they have of the 'penna di quel sublime ingegno' being employed to their detriment, might induce the granting of the long-promised, preparatory, and subsidiary pension. . . . Leopardi and I are become hearty friends, and I feel that we should draw still nearer to each other if he were but resident here, so that we might often meet and converse.

The explanation of this tedious course of hope deferred and defeated was simply this, that the Court of Rome calculated upon wearying out the opposition made by Leopardi to entering the Church, in case of which act of submission he might have commanded any amount of emolument; but not the extremest pressure of need could render Leopardi susceptible of a bribe for hypocrisy.

Once or twice more did Bunsen and Leopardi meet at

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Naples, in October 1830: the feelings of the former were never blunted or exhausted on the subject of the blighted existence of a man, not only formed to hold a high rank in the world of intelligence, but also to enjoy as well as adorn social and domestic life, and thus thoroughly to fulfil the beneficent purpose of his creation: and he ceased not to reiterate the determination to place on record for posterity a memoir, as a contribution towards a monument to Leopardi. This favourite purpose was one of several which Bunsen did not live to execute, and for this reason was it all the more a duty to mention the particulars, here given, and to bear testimony to Bunsen's high opinion of Leopardi, in an account professing to enumerate the objects of his intense zeal and energy.

Bunsen obtained for Leopardi a professorship of Italian literature at the Berlin University. But the fear of transalpine winters, and the love of his native sun, induced the poet to renounce a plan which at first he seems to have warmly encouraged.

As the struggle of Leopardi's life was hard in things external, so was the inward struggle yet more overwhelming, caused by the difficulty of reconciling the miseries of reality, such as he beheld and felt, with the divine attributes of justice and goodness. His poetic gift had not developed itself in an atmosphere of joy and tenderness, and therefore withered in the act of expanding. The surrounding scene, revealing to him nothing but a system of ordinances and observances, a barrier was interposed between his mind and the consolations of Christian faith; and the soul, made to expand in the light of love divine, had only an earnest of that, its own appointed and unfound, portion, in the attachment of the faithful friends who soothed the sufferings and endeavoured to fill the void of his closing years.

Those who remember the confiding benevolence expressed in Leopardi's countenance, and who know how

devoid of all bitterness was his consciousness of wrong endured, how pure from the taint of personal hatred his denunciations of the evil without—will allow themselves the comfort of trusting that his soul's departure was *in* peace as well as *to* peace, and that his last contemplations may have been brightened by the rays of the truth, so truly longed for, and so grievously overshadowed. The spine-complaint, which distorted his body, left the countenance so unmarked, save by the pressure of life-long pain, that the deformity cannot be supposed to have dated from the birth of one, in whom the remarkable balance of faculties would presuppose an original justness of proportion, but must have resulted from an accident and from neglect in early infancy. On June 10, 1837, Giacomo Leopardi expired at Naples in the house of his cherished friend Antonio Ramisi, who had watched over and ministered to him throughout the preceding seven years.

Since Italy has recovered liberty of thought and of utterance, much has been written in honour of the poet so early lost, partly visionary, partly tinged with party views. An unprejudiced commentary upon his works exists in German, published by Bunsen's friend, Karl Meyer, in the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*' of September 1840; yet, however high the merit of these publications may be, the man was of more value than any of the traces of his existence which he left behind.

'Ese cuerpo, que con piadosos ojos estais rimirando, fué depositario de una alma, en quien el Ciel puso infinitas partes de sus riquezas.'—*Cervantes*.

Reflections by Bunsen, dated January 18, 1824.

[Translation.]

To-morrow, perhaps, I may know in what place and in what calling I am to spend the next following years. My position in the world probably depends upon the decision which I have sought, and which, no doubt, has already taken place. A real, living faith in God and His attributes, and in the ever active power and love of Christ, can in this crisis

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prompt but one utterance—God's will be done! I have felt on this occasion that one must act, not without previous and most earnest deliberation, but without being driven hither and thither by hope and fear; this state of composure I have this time been enabled to maintain, and therefore I shall always rejoice at having resolved upon the step I took. I believe that it will be approved by Niebuhr, although he would not have advised it in that form.

How swiftly has this year vanished!—First, in liturgical work, in finishing what had been commenced; then, during the latter time of Niebuhr's residence, in topographical research; then in conducting the affairs of the Legation; again a pause given to topography; the illness and death of the Pope, with the Conclave in conclusion; the letter of Niebuhr; my determination to write, in order to hasten the decision of my fate, my report of the 15th December, and my application to the Minister.

All depends upon doing all things each and several at the right time and thoroughly. To hours neglected the sacrifice of days must be made.

Oh! the deep meaning of the simile of Nizza—'the single rock on the shore.'* To carry on public business without giving up study, and both without disregard of the duties of domestic and social life, is difficult, because most men are deficient in strength of character to accept the means necessary to each end, and clearly to discern the connection of consequences with their causes. All depends upon making of life an art, to be perfected as such. This is only saying in other words, though it sounds very different—that faith is all in all, and works are of no import. The work is matter of comparative indifference, the manner of doing it decides its value; but to perform well any kind of obligation requires faith and deliberate determination, forgetfulness of self, and the consciousness of duty which results from it. Watchfulness is indispensable, only to be secured by prayer.

My calling I consider as decided by God,—may His guidance attend its course of fulfilment! That presupposes steady endeavour and dispassionateness, and love of truth

* That single mass of stone, at the entrance of the old port of Nizza, furnished matter of meditation to Bunsen, when he first entered Italy, solitary, and with prospects vague and comfortless: more than once did he speak of the impression he received then, but no further written indication has been found of his meditations on that spot.

above all; for, with the best intentions and full recognition of the object, the means may be mistaken. Not to print anything, but what is self-evidently practical, is a principle that I hope not to forget; but to write down, work through a subject, live myself into it, discuss it with friends—all this tends to progress. Nothing to be done in public life but with full conviction of a calling, and of being based on a firm footing: before the first step is taken, the consequences of the last must be kept fully in sight.

Power is one among the means of success, but only the right means have a blessing upon them; and among these, God alone knows which to select as the most effectual. His call and the indication of His will is to be discerned in the turnings of our fate, in so far as we can attain to an inward perception of it; otherwise, we should be serving signs and suppositions.

I must not and will not remain in diplomatic life, for I know that my proper home is in another line of exertion—*cui bono*? My own inclination and the opinion of friends urge me to seek practical life. How irrational are the anxieties, how foolish the hopes of men! Nothing is clear but the plough, on which we must lay hand without looking back: looking back and pondering is the extinction of life.

How has God blessed me without any desert of mine! What a soul is that which He has joined to mine! what young minds has He not placed under my guidance! what friends and guides has He not conferred upon me! Presumptuous confidence on my part would be incurring the Divine Nemesis: despondency would be thanklessness. 'With my staff did I pass over this Jordan,' and as a people may be my return! Seemingly destitute did I enter the gate of this city where I found my happiness!

And placed here, in the seat of Rome's ancient greatness, should I relax my labours? How fortunate the acquisition of Rothe! And should I forget God?—O, my sister!

Should the world revive, it must be *with* and through the Gospel.

'O deck mit Vaterhand,
Herr, unser deutsches Land,
Sei ihm ein Schutz!'^{*}

^{*} Verse of the song, to the melody of 'God save the King,' written by Bunsen and Gerhard for 3rd August, and regularly sung at Villa Piccolomini on that day, being the birthday of King Frederick William III. of Prussia.

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Artistic productions, inconsistent with the highest principles of composition, proceeding from minds which yet comprehend, and have adopted, and desire to inculcate and promote those principles, must have their origin in a want of faith in that truth on which they are founded. When the professor of high art is bound to give utterance to his own inmost reality of sentiment, he is tempted by the desire of displaying power to 'overstep the modesty of nature,' and fall into exaggeration for the purpose of producing greater effect: whereas by maintaining his faith in that which is best and highest he would have been withheld from wandering. Bainsi in his new 'Miserere' displays this kind of incongruity with his better self; therefore it is plain that the main thing springs, not from a law of nature, but from a system, and belongs to the domain of the understanding, not to that of conviction; yet this only can subsist in the face of a false system, or against the inward corrupted instinct of our nature, and other motives of the outward man. If, then, genius is belief in what is true, it may also be said that genius is effective without the support of moral power. What an example of this is Göthe!

Dullness and over-excitement beset our intellectual life like watchful spirits of evil on each side. The one party are not happy (to use an expression of Lichtenberg's) 'without a sauce of melted lead to their roast meat:' the other set cry up leather as man's uncontaminated natural diet; and each make a boast of their peculiar taste, as being the only right and true one.

In 1824 General von Radowitz accompanied Prince Augustus of Prussia to Rome, and thus an opportunity was given for the formation of a friendship which lasted through life, and stood the test of essential differences of opinion, in persons so decided in convictions, so faithful to their principles, and so distinctive in character, as were Radowitz and Bunsen. They met on the common ground of personal attachment to the Crown Prince (afterwards King Frederick William IV.), of devotedness to his best interests, to his best self, and to the good government of the country, which they both understood to be monarchical, with full admission of

freedom of thought and action, and respect for the public opinion of an intelligent and cultivated people; and each had too much respect for the other to invade that innermost sanctuary which they had not in common. They also shared the universal sympathies for everything human, from which intelligence of the highest order can never exclude itself; and the native warmth of heart in each was the source of mutual attraction and the medium of union. They had met first at Berlin, on the occasion of Bunsen's long visit there in 1817, but then, it would seem, with the consciousness of an organic difference, which was merged eventually in a sense of mutual understanding, from the moment that Radowitz in a manner domesticated himself in the home-circle of Bunsen at Rome. It was to this that he fled for refuge from the societies of higher pretension frequented by the Prince, whom he accompanied only on occasions of state, after which he was accustomed to give vent to an accumulated mass of irritation, produced by uncongeniality, in brilliant sallies of description or animadversion, to the ceaseless entertainment of his audience, to whom he would complain of the 'hardship of tempting a man, desirous of not forgetting his Christian duty, to *hate* rather than love his neighbour, when tied down at a dinner-party, lasting for hours, between two persons, strangers to eyes and mind alike!'

Radowitz and Bunsen did not meet again until 1838, when the latter and his family rested for a few days at Frankfort on their journey from Rome to England, and were received with indescribable kindness by Radowitz, the Prussian Envoy to the Diet, and his admirable wife. On later occasions, when Bunsen was summoned by his royal master for consultation from England, he may be said to have crossed the track of Radowitz, as he was called upon in more than one instance to consider a subject, and give an opinion, in matters previously submitted to Radowitz by the King; but, however various may

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have been the impulses given by the two favourites, naturally so different, and however varying the lines that each may have drawn over the chart of the royal lucubrations, it would not appear that jealousy or mistrust had ever arisen between them; so strong was the conviction in each of the integrity and absence of all party-views or of any crooked line of policy in the other.

It is remembered of Radowitz when in Rome in 1824 that he once made to Bunsen the observation,—‘The Crown Prince is now free to divert himself with his chosen associates and favourite speculations; but when he becomes King all that will be changed, and he will fall into the royal routine, and you and I must be prepared for being cast off, like Falstaff and the rest by Henry V.’—Was this said in jest or in anticipation of the future?

At the proper date it will be told how (in 1851) Radowitz, heart-stricken as he was, rested for a short time in the family of Bunsen, before he returned home, not much longer to survive the accumulated sufferings of body and mind.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

8th January, 1824.

A distinguished officer, M. de Rheineck, formerly aide-de-camp to General Müffling, has given me much information about Greece, and has communicated to me documents, as to the contents of which I must refer you to Berlin, whither I have sent my report. He anticipates that Missolonghi will be relieved owing to the severity of the season, and by Maurocordato's successful bribing of the Albanese: he left the latter three months ago. Of Colocotroni's guilt there is no doubt: there is no sign of an army to be seen, but the *Landsturm* of the Peloponnesian peasants is organised. The people are crying out for a King to the Jupiters of the earth: Maurocordato and all the others, except Colocotroni, desire the same. The English Whigs propose the Prince of Coburg.

M. de Rheineck remained in Rome during the greater

part of the summer of this year, and was always a welcome guest in Bunsen's house: in the autumn he returned to Greece, and continued to serve that country with enthusiastic devotedness to his life's end.

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Some notice of the surrounding horizon seems necessary, to make, as it were, a frame for the daily life of Bunsen during the winter of 1823-24, when the presence of General Dörnberg and his family added much to the social pleasure of that winter, and the interest taken by the General in Roman topography caused him to join in walks and rides of investigation undertaken by Bunsen. Those who can remember Dörnberg, the '*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,' will not need to be told that his personal appearance, the fine figure, the commanding countenance, the graceful and dignified bearing, were such as the eye demanded, in order to harmonise with his reputation—founded on service in Spain, as well as in Germany—and on the exploit by which he and his dauntless band, venturing on a sudden attack on Lüneburg in 1813, when held by General Morand under Davoust, saved not only the town but the lives of seventy citizens, upon whom the French general had laid an impossible contribution, and who were to have been shot the next morning in default of payment. Dörnberg with his fifteen hundred Landwehr had been forty-four English miles distant when the news of the threatened murder reached him, twenty-four hours only before it was to have been perpetrated. The season was the end of October, and the roads more than commonly difficult of passage. But each man of the troop was full of the spirit of the commander, and the forced march was accomplished, the fortifications stormed, the French general had fallen, and his troops had retreated from the town (with the impression that an attack so bold must have had an army to support it), under the first shades of the night which was to have been the last of the prisoners' lives. The object of the Dörnbergs in coming

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to Italy was the restoration to health of an only son, full of promise, but whom they were not enabled to take back with them across the Alps.

Lord and Lady Hastings and their three daughters, recently returned from their regal position in India, were admired during that winter at Rome, as they had been in every place where they had dwelt; and the kindness which was blended with their stately receptions in the Villa Miollis, will be gratefully remembered by other survivors, if such there be, besides the writer. Many were the names and faces of interest which adorned the splendid receptions given in Rome, among which those at the Austrian Embassy in the Palazzo di Venezia ever claimed the first rank, not only on account of the large space and the beautiful proportions of that Palace, but also owing to the perfection in the art of receiving company, peculiar to the Count and Countess Apponyi. One of those many evenings was too remarkable not to be specially noticed, when in honour of the birthday of the Countess, after the performance of a French comedy by amateurs (among whom were Prince Gustavus of Mecklenburg, Prince Gagarin, Lady Belfast, and Mr. Craven, the most admired being the niece of Madame Récamier, afterwards Madame Lenormand), a charade was represented in tableaux, of unusually fine materials. The word was *Délire*; for the syllable *Dé* was chosen, the gamesters of Paolo Veronese, where the beautiful Princess Razumoffski, with the two children of Count Apponyi, formed the groups of supplicants endeavouring to call away the player who has been entrapped. The second syllable was represented by Sappho, with her *Lyre*, surrounded by entranced Grecian nymphs; when such a display of beauty was made, as none of the spectators are ever likely to have seen equalled since; for wherever, as at Rome, society consists of people from various nations, thus allowing for a selection of the best from each, the effect produced must

be the greatest. The group was skilfully arranged, and the lighting up was perfect, under the directions of the painter, F——, of Hambùrg. In the centre sat Sappho raised high on rocks; inequalities of ground were contrived to the right and left, in front and below her, for the various groups of nymphs to stand out, each distinct and visible. Sappho was Lady Francis Leveson Gower (afterwards Countess of Ellesmere, *née* Greville), a statue of Parian marble, with limbs and features of classic perfection, the eyes being jewels of the first water, and the whole composition undisturbed by any play of nerves, motionless in majesty. Each of the nymphs would deserve separate mention, but those only can be recorded here whose names were known to the writer: Mrs. Dodwell, now Countess Spaur (born Countess Giraud); two Italian sisters of rare loveliness, named Bischì; Miss Walker (daughter of the General), of whom it may be recorded that her true English face was of the grand style of Mrs. Hutchinson; two beautiful Italian children, and the resplendent Miss Bathurst, whose blooming fullness of natural perfection very shortly after disappeared in a moment under the swollen current of the Tiber, when riding by the side of the river on the dangerous bank. But no tragical vision of the impending future marred the present effect! The closing representation of the entire word, by Saul under the evil spirit's influence, was not as successful as the rest, the piece of music chosen to 'minister to the mind diseased,' having been a *scena* in Rossini's 'Lady of the Lake,' the last and most approved novelty.

On this evening Madame Récamier was seen among the company, this being the only occasion on which she quitted her absolute retirement during the winter spent in Rome: the fine figure, graceful deportment, mild and benevolent countenance, still constituting striking remains of universally acknowledged attractions. Once and once only she came in the morning, conducted by her

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devoted follower Count Laval Montmorency, to the Palazzo Caffarelli, the view from that house being one of the admired sights of Rome; and confirmed by the charm of her manner that evening's impression. In all such festive meetings Bunsen cast occasional glances at the species of amusement going forward; but the place of retreat, which he failed not to seek out, was the room set apart at every Roman fête with inviting seats, for the prelates, diplomats, and all such male guests as might desire opportunities for conversation, undisturbed by the small number of card-tables and their regular frequenters. Such evening meetings had many advantages over a regular diplomatic visit in the morning, besides the essential one of not engrossing the precious hours of morning leisure; and much did Bunsen regret, when far away, that arrangement, which the greater spaces in Rome made possible, and which the want of room in London forbade,—reckoning a ball among the many occasions of fatigue without profit, where no consideration was shown for the comfort and entertainment of the non-dancing portion of the crowd.

In April 1824, Thorwaldsen's 'Sale of Love' ('Wer kauft Liebesgötter?') was just modelled, and its appearance in marble impatiently anticipated. The humour and insight into character, as well as the grace and beauty of form, in this truly poetical composition, will surely recall it to the memory of travellers; but in the figure, supporting the head with its hands and elbows resting on the knees, seemingly bowed down under the weight of the triumphant Cupid, firmly seated on the nape of his neck, the friends of the sculptor recognised but too clearly the emblem of a portion of his own life's history.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

4th April, 1824.

May the weather be less extraordinary with you than it is here! For the last three weeks, the hills have been covered

with snow, and for the last six days even the plain of Albano down to the Frattocchie . . . All Rome is hoarse, and many have been the deaths; among others that of the Duchess of Devonshire, who did *not* become Roman Catholic.

I have had Palestrina's portrait engraved for Bains, after a drawing combined by Schnorr from three ancient representations.

The month of May, ever so beautiful in Italy, and peculiarly luxuriant in its vegetation this year, was the more enjoyed by an excursion to Tivoli, Vicovaro, and San Cosimato, for the sake of showing some parts of the country to the newly-arrived chaplain, Rothe and his wife. Besides the Cyclopean substructions of Vicovaro, the exquisite Gothic chapel executed by the brothers Pisani in the fourteenth century was visited, and occasion found to remark the total forgetfulness into which, from the absence of individual cultivation and of social intercourse, not personalities or monuments only, but whole conditions of society may fall. The priest of the place having remarked, in answer to questions, that 'the chapel had been a heathen structure, transported from another place by command of the Orsini family,' (whose name, as lords of the soil, was inscribed, and therefore secured from oblivion,) the sculptured figures of saints and angels were pointed out to him. These he declared to have been 'fabricated by the *slaves* of the house of Orsini.' Thus was the skilled labour of the free-born Tuscan and Christian artist degraded in local phraseology to the task-work performed by heathen bondmen!

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

11th February, 1824.

The death of Cardinal Consalvi occurred on Saturday, 24th January. A last effort of nature had taken place for his relief during his stay at Porto d'Anzo by a decided outburst of gout; but on Wednesday night, the 21st, he was seized with high fever, the affection proved to be on the lungs, and his sufferings were severe; he expired at one o'clock 'on the

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Saturday. Opinions are divided as to the immediate cause of the last illness, which might well be the great effort he made to preside at the first session, after he had been made Prefect of the Propaganda. He began to ail at once the following morning, and since Thursday was aware that death was imminent, although not supposed so near as was the case. On Friday he spoke on many subjects with Capaccini. On Saturday morning he sent to the Pope, to beg for a last benediction, which was sent by Cardinal Castiglione, the Pope (Leo XII.) being confined to a sick bed, and deeply moved by the death of such a man. When I went on Sunday to look at the body lying in state, I observed many Romans in tears; never was the aspect of a corpse more beautiful: the solemnity of death had removed the accustomed artificial compression of the muscle about the mouth, and the grandeur of the forehead and eyelids harmonised so entirely with the majesty of his repose, that the contrast with ordinary surrounding faces made them seem brutish or insane. All his last acts and commands were admirable: in many points grand. He dictated to Capaccini himself the terms in which he would have his death announced in the newspapers, and reiterated the command, long since given in writing, that his grave and that of his brother in the church of S. Marcello (where their family burial-place is situated), should be marked no further than by a tablet of marble inscribed with their names, and the dates of birth and death. He had before, as you know, deposited 20,000 piastres for the great monument of Pius VII. in St. Peter's, which Thorwaldsen is to complete in three years. The Propaganda is the inheritor of about 150,000 scudi; besides a few legacies to Franciscan convents impoverished by the revolution, small remembrances to friends, 3,000 scudi to the poor, a sum to be kept towards the building of a façade to the churches of Ara Celi, La Consolazione, and S. Andrea delle Fratte (let us hope that before the front of Ara Celi shall have been disfigured, the sum may have been well nibbled at—*mangiato*)! His servants are well provided for. As the legacies to individuals are all insignificant, we must forgive his leaving Capaccini only a table-clock and 200 ounces of silver. Capaccini would have been sent to Vienna as Internuncio, were it not that Consalvi's successor cannot spare him.

After giving many particulars of correspondence with the Minister, relative to his own position, he continues, in this letter to Niebuhr:—

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Let me now in all sincerity and earnestness urge upon you, that, in case no suitable prospect should open, you should consent to remain at least a year longer as envoy in your present position. Are you indeed quite sure that you will not, within that time, resolve to see Rome again? You have at least leisure, if you will not return directly, to consider the step. I resolved after well considering the matter to make a representation, in order to secure that another chief be not placed over me. Meanwhile I have an incomparable opportunity of discerning characters and sentiments; in my friends, the wish for my remaining; in others, well inclined towards me, disapprobation of my insisting upon leave of absence; in those who consider me *civiliter mortuus*, disregard or oblivion; again and lastly, in . . . &c., undisguised rejoicing at my stupid mismanagement in going away;—all which varieties I behold in juxtaposition.

The extract I have to make from Brocchi on the geology of the site of Rome, has occupied me lately, and I have gone through it with Ringseis. I have looked after stones and stratification, have explored the Campagna to La Cervara and Gabii, and wandered by the Anio, mostly with that excellent General Dörnberg, who is indeed a fine character . . . Will you tell me whether geologists have common sense, or whether they are quacks like the greater part of Orientalists? Brocchi's arguing that the Tiber must formerly have received as affluents the Anio and other rivers, to explain the existence of freshwater-deposit 130 ft. above their level; Buch's admission that the river may have reached that height, and the sea a level in proportion, appear to me like the method of treating Roman History before you took it in hand.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

12th May, 1824.

By an unexpected turn of circumstances, the wall of the old burial-place of Protestants (that is, a widened and walled sunk fence) will be actually accomplished, under Leo XII.,

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and is already begun! Under the supposition that you are still at Berlin, I beg you to refer for particulars, and an account of the state of the subscription, to the statement which I have sent to-day with a letter to Prince Wittgenstein, to be placed before the King and the Princes if he thinks fit. The whole is to be finished by 15th July.

The account goes on to particularise the share in the expense taken by several royal personages besides the King of Prussia, viz. Prince (afterwards King) Christian of Denmark, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who had been, or were, at Rome; the contributors of the Protestant Legations of Holland and Hanover, and the result of the active interest taken by Dr. Nott (prebendary of Winchester), and Dr. Clark (now Sir James Clark), as shown by their collections among English travellers. A few lines are sufficient to indicate a series of transactions, occasioning an immense amount of work, as well as of thought and of application on the part of Bunsen, during several years, and ending in the accomplishment of a protection for the tombs of Protestants buried long ago, anxiously desired by numbers annually passing through Rome, and for a long period seemingly an impossibility, so strenuously was any enclosure of the open field, adjoining the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, objected to by Cardinal Consalvi in the name of Pius VII., at a time and under a Government accused by Italians of latitudinarianism and of too much complaisance towards foreigners. The present burial-ground was walled-in and assigned to the Protestants, in substitution for the leave originally applied for by them, to enclose the old spot, and the final success here recorded (thanks to the liberality of Cardinal della Somaglia, and the influence of Monsignor Capaccini with Pope Leo XII.) was as unexpected as it was satisfactory.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

25th May, 1824.

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I have to acquaint you to-day that Capaccini's promotion and the *Anno Santo* are announced on the same day! It is wonderful, that Capaccini's attaining the dignity of prelate, and the enclosure of the Protestant cemetery, should both take place in the Pontificate of Leo XII.! Great is my rejoicing, that the only man (besides Baini), as to whom I have the feeling of trustful friendship, in this nation, should be admitted into the class of those who, if made use of at all, cannot be treated as subalterns! But the loss incurred by his removal is hard for those who remain here. I have written, and sent by safe opportunity, a report of the event, and an account of the man, to the King's Ministry, which I hope you will read, and which I am sure I shall not ask you in vain to support with your interest. Capaccini is now in the *Segretariato de' Brevi*, under Albani; but with a provision that he is also to be employed in the office of the Secretary of State, when affairs *ante acta* are concerned; which I fear will seldom happen. Capaccini refused a prebend in Lisbon, which was offered him last year, as he says, to show the Romans that the service of the State, and not his personal gain, is what he has at heart.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

12th June, 1824.

I hope you will have remained at Berlin until the arrival of my despatches from hence, of the 29th and 31st of last month, with the Bull of the Jubilee and the Encyclica. My heart was so full of mourning and sadness on first receiving these documents, that to recover composure enough to report upon them coolly cost me an effort, which I hope may have been successful.

The thought which for many years I cannot dismiss, that our children will witness wars of religion, came so strongly before my soul, that the accompanying visions disturbed my nightly sleep. You know my opinion as to the final result of such a struggle, but I shudder at the amount of misery that must attend it. Since I know of your being at Berlin, I indulge the thought of your looking over the course of my official proceedings, judging and criticising; in everything I

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have had you before my eyes, as the most competent judge, and feel assured, that although you will be, more than any other, aware of my imperfections, yet that my zeal and earnest endeavour after right will meet with their due appreciation from you. In this respect, however, I have nothing to complain of in other quarters, having latterly received several which gave me great pleasure.

Intelligence from you is always to us like the tramontana summer after a lengthened scirocco, a real element of life, causing one to forget the privation of actual presence. . . .

In a letter to Niebuhr of June 29, 1824, is contained the first mention of a subject which was soon, and to the end of life, to engross so essentially Bunsen's thoughts and time:—'What is your opinion of the "*Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique*," by Champollion le Jeune? Italinsky possesses it. I have a kind of shrinking from it,—because the knowledge of Coptic is probably indispensable to its comprehension: and the system of signs would seem arbitrary and far-fetched.'

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

24th July, 1824.

I must begin with the hard and heavy intelligence of the death of Count de Serre, after a short but severe illness, at Castellamare, near Naples, on the 21st July. The departure of this great spirit caused me to recall to mind the last words of Pitt. Alas! I doubt not that such also were his. But England is saved—who will save France?

17th July.—The noble General Dörnberg's only son expired after a long decline, in his 20th year.

The *Anno Santo*, or Year of Jubilee, was opened by Pope Leo XII., as had been proclaimed, in December 1824. It is best described by that quaint expression of Roman malice in the drawing of a *flask*, 'far fiasco,' signifying popularly a theatrical failure. This flask was found early the next morning after the great Jubilee procession, cleverly drawn with chalk by the side of the special entrance, which had been made through the solid

wall, and (as is usual at St. Peter's on the rare occasions of a Jubilee) had been inaugurated for the first time by the Pope himself, when at a stroke given by a golden hammer, which he wields with his right hand, the temporary partition fell down, and opened a way for himself and a host of ecclesiastics who accompanied him. The proclamation had drawn but an insignificant number of pilgrims from a distance. But the inhabitants of the Roman State, at least those of the lower orders, were attracted in great numbers about Easter, to receive the promised hospitality of three days' lodging and food in the large receptacles prepared for them at the expense of the Government, and they added to the interest as well as to the crowd attending the Benediction in front of St. Peter's, by the spectacle of their unquestioning faith and devotion.

The mention of Capaccini as being appointed to an important post by Pope Leo XII. calls for a record of the estimation in which he was held by Bunsen, whose intention and purpose it was to have left such a notice of him, in the retrospect of his own official life, as would have proved a more effectual monument to his memory, than can now be constructed. Capaccini was a Roman by birth, a distinguished mathematician, and Professor of Astronomy at Naples, where he was noticed by Cardinal Consalvi in the early days of the renewed Papacy under Pius VII., and immediately, on the first and lasting impression received of the man and his capacity, invited to accept the post of his confidential secretary. Throughout the reign of Pius VII., Capaccini was the main assistant of Consalvi in all the weighty transactions of those years, but his patron avoided promoting him to public office, possibly with a view to lessen his chance of incurring the hatred and enmity which Consalvi knew to be his own portion, or else perhaps because he found the powers of Capaccini more and more indispensable to the despatch of his own official business. When Consalvi's life

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was cut off, so shortly after the decease of Pius VII., the public career of Capaccini was supposed to be at an end, both by those in high station, who, having had occasion of observing and measuring him, belonged mostly to the class of his well-wishers, and by the nameless and numberless crowd of the envious who desired what they considered his fall, not as having any blame to lay to his charge, but because they wished that the abundant opportunities he was falsely supposed to have enjoyed of enriching himself, might be laid open to others. Inexplicable therefore did the choice of Capaccini by Pope Leo XII. and by Cardinal della Somaglia appear to the public at large, whereas the explanation lay in that superior merit and ability, which ill-will sought to call in question,—but which the new Cardinal-Secretary soon estimated at its proper value, when he found the business of his office unmanageable without the practised head and hand which had stood his predecessor in such good stead. From that time forwards, under every change of Pope or of system, Capaccini failed not to be called upon, in one post or another, to work for the State, until, under Gregory XVI., the dignity of Cardinal, bestowed not long before his death, was probably a mode of signifying that the time had come for laying on the shelf a public servant, who was too upright and too conciliating to be of use under the ultramontane system introduced by Cardinal Lambruschini.

Whatever was the business to be transacted with the Court of Rome, the man who received the application, entered into its terms, explained the mode in which the affair must be conducted, stated the *why* and the *how*, gave a glimpse of what would or would not be done, was always Capaccini. In the long lapse of years through which first Niebuhr, and afterwards Bunsen, were in the constant habit of holding conference with him, not officially and superficially, but in confidential communication of difficulties, in amicable search after a mode of

solution, in short, in common labour for the same object, the peace of consciences and of nations, the result in the mind of Bunsen was the most unlimited trust in the moral qualities as well as in the judgement and the penetration of Capaccini, coupled with an unbounded admiration of the powers of mind which gave him a comprehension of the largest views, as well as a perception of the lowest meanness of his fellow-creatures, and the ability to promote the former, while sparing and utilising the latter. The world in general had no faith in the existence of such integrity in a man placed, like Capaccini, in the very centre of contending interests and opinions, and yet continuing in the favour of chiefs devoted to various systems of policy. But the conviction of Bunsen, founded on long experience, was that Capaccini proved throughout the faithful member of the Church to which he belonged, the faithful servant of the Papal Government, the faithful friend of humanity, which he desired to serve by promoting peace and a good understanding among all sorts and conditions of men. He believed and professed, that in peace alone his Church would find her increase and her strength, and that acts of aggression and the promotion of disunion would recoil upon herself. His instinctive ingenuousness, his constitutional and winning cheerfulness, with a never-failing self-command, and an unlimited power over language, whether in writing or in speaking, enabled him to a certain degree to extend to others the influence of convictions which they did not share.

Only for the short period which elapsed between the death of Pius VII. and the elevation of Capaccini to the *prelatura*, could the latter be said to have been out of office during the long lapse of Bunsen's residence in Rome, and therefore, within that period only, did he sometimes join the family-party at Palazzo Caffarelli, to the joy of all, leaving behind him an impression, not to be effaced, of true-hearted and genuine sympathy; as though the

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domestic interior, from which his profession excluded him; would have been his natural and chosen sphere. When in office, he carefully avoided mixed society, in order to give as little occasion as possible to the ever-ready fabrications of calumny.

One evening within that period, he entered with great spirit into the relation of his experiences and observations in England, whither he had accompanied Consalvi at the remarkable crisis of 1814, when the Allied Sovereigns proceeded to visit London, and were received as demigods by the enthusiasm of the entire nation. After premising that he as well as Consalvi adopted for the time the black coat and white cravat of the English clergy, he spoke of having been invited to a public dinner, of which he gave a very original description, causing much mirth, owing to the comic effect which the scene had upon him. He was greatly struck and edified by the solemn commencement of the festival with the singing of 'Non nobis, Domine' (for the dinner was an anniversary commemoration of a charitable institution), as being the deliberate renunciation of all self-gratulation: and altogether he was impressed with respect for the serious recognition of public duty, the intense and grave determination, with which every health was proclaimed, acknowledged, and responded to: every custom carried out, in a manner implying alike self-assertion and the recognition of others. The singing of musical pieces in character with the toasts he thought most original, and he admired some of the compositions: 'but,' he exclaimed, 'what curious people the English are! A man stood up—asked all to attend, for he was about to propose a health: then he recited a long litany of what I am, and have been, what I have done and not done,—spoke so much in my praise, that one knew not which way to look,—and at length, called upon everybody to join him in drinking—*my* health! While the due applause is going on, I recover as I can from the

shock of all that I have heard about myself: my next neighbour reminds me that I must reply and return thanks. A man suddenly thrown into the water tries to swim as well as he can—and I endeavoured to find what I ought to say. First, I asked pardon for speaking French, as I did not possess sufficient English to express how much I was gratified by their kindness: not that I could so far mistake it, as to consider it directed towards one so insignificant as myself, except in so far as I was considered to be a faithful servant of my venerable master—of him who had so nobly withstood the shocks of adverse fortune, and was now happily enabled by the late events to return to his own:—in whose name I could without compunction accept even such a reception as they had granted to me: and in conclusion I would ask them to join me in drinking the health of His Holiness Pope Pius VII. And they drank the Pope's health! I had been told from the first by one person that my health would very likely be proposed, and I said in that case I must reply to this effect: when my friend observed that the Pope's health had not been proposed in public for centuries—but in the triumphant good humour and high spirits of the present moment, *anything* might be done without offence.'

Much besides had interested Capaccini in England; and he expatiated on the country residences,—the gardens, the abundance of flowers, the meadows, the parks—all things charming, 'except those black birds that fly about the high trees;' it was objected to him, 'You cannot mean those household gods, the rooks—whose croaking is so welcome to English ears?' He *did*, however, mean to protest against the rooks—to him as disturbing as to Corinne, and, in general, to nearly all who have not been born in England.*

* Bunsen must be mentioned as an exception. From the first, he entered into the English love of rooks as belonging to old established homes, and loved to watch their motions, their polity, and their system of social life.

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The habit of Capaccini, whilst in office, was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, at all times of the year, and in all places of residence, in London as well as in Rome ; and seldom did he quit his writing table under twelve hours, admitting, however, the indispensable visits of applicants on business. In the later hours of the afternoon he allowed himself, when in Rome, the refreshment of driving to his garden beyond the Lateran, where he put on a gardener's jacket and apron, and enjoyed working amongst his flowers ; and there his intimate friends were welcome guests.

Previous to undertaking the various missions committed to him by Gregory XVI., Capaccini by desire of the Pope accepted the invidious task of cleansing the Augean stable of one of the many grand establishments for charitable purposes in Rome, the rich endowments of which were known to reach but sparingly the miserable inmates, supposed to be recipients of the charity. The particulars of the condition of things he discovered, and the means taken for detection and remedy, might fill a volume of true history, as fearful to contemplate, and as acceptable to the general taste, as ever were Colonel Chesterton's memoirs of the prisons which he strove to reform. The natural consequence of Capaccini's exertions in such an abyss of sin and misery was to redouble the intensity of hatred and calumny which attended his steps. Those who know Rome are aware how essentially the State custom of burying all that is discreditable under silence leads to habitual suspicion, and to the conclusion that all who are possessed of power use it for evil purposes. In other countries, where man is more apt to trust man, it may be supposed that hatred expires with life, and calumny is buried with the dead ; but lest the future historian should find stains of popular opinion upon the fair name of Capaccini, these words shall testify to the conviction of Niebuhr, shared in by Bunsen, that there never was a man of greater nobleness of mind

and purity of life than their much beloved and admired friend.

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He and Bunsen met at Berlin in 1834, to transact weighty business. They had both been invited to a dinner party at the 'New Palace' at Potsdam, followed by theatricals in the evening, which were the habitual amusement of King Frederick William III.; on this occasion graced by the presence of Taglioni as the ornament of the ballet. As the clergy at Rome never enter a theatre, such an exhibition was new to Capaccini. He, however, made no objection to following in the train of the King, and sat with Bunsen in a corner behind the rest of the company. The latter observed on the performance that 'Taglioni, with her perfection of ease and grace, appeared as a Grecian maiden thrown by the fortune of war among barbarians, whose grotesque sports she sought to subdue and ennoble.' To which Capaccini nodded assent.

Their last meeting took place in 1842. Capaccini passed (incognito) through London on his way from Belgium to Lisbon, when he appointed and received a visit from Bunsen under cover of night. It must have been on this occasion that he said to Bunsen, who commented upon a number of circumstances, threatening material changes to the See of Rome: 'Those dangers exist in reality. We all can foresee what they must result in. But mark! when the old Lion shall be restricted to his narrow cage, *he will yet shake it so as to make Europe tremble.*'

He accepted the Cardinal's hat because he felt bound, on pain of being misinterpreted, not to refuse; for his early determination had been, to labour for the State as much and as long as he should be permitted to do so, but to decline outward distinctions and decorations. His over-strained bodily system gave way as soon as the accustomed activity of his life was at an end; and the short interval between the reception of unwelcome

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honours, and the welcome hour of release, in June 1845, was passed in much and constant suffering.

A short and truthful obituary was published by Augustus Kestner, under that date in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

One glimpse more of Capaccini shall be added. Bunsen and his wife and sister were going up the Cordona towards the Sixtine Chapel, to attend the morning service on Good Friday, when, at the turn where the way to the right leads to the Sistina, and the left opens upon the steps of St. Peter, they met Capaccini coming down from the Vatican; he hastily greeted them, saying, 'I am on the way to the church, I could not get away earlier from business.' 'Are we not going the same way?' was Bunsen's question. 'No,' answered Capaccini, 'I am not going into *that crowd*,—in the church it is quieter.' The solemn concentrated expression of his countenance as he quickly turned away from them struck all, and remains to this day in the mind of the survivor.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

Rome: 16th December, 1824.

I could not have supposed that my New Year's greeting and faithful wishes would have found you at Berlin, but I write them thither with the more cheerful heart, as a letter just received from Prince Wittgenstein informs me of your nomination by the King to the rank of 'Wirklicher Geheimerath,' from which it seems to me to follow that your family will soon be reunited to you at Berlin. The circumstance is to my mind such a clear proof of the gracious intentions of Providence towards our country, that I must suppose it satisfactory to you, because I cannot in idea separate the well-being of our beloved common fatherland from your efficient activity in the public service.

I rejoice in your presence at Berlin the more, on account of an affair set in motion by the Ministry, as to which I have appealed to your judgement. Voigt, in Königsberg, has requested that the commission might be given to this Legation to seek and discover a lost chronicle of the first Prussian Bishop, and

the remains of the archives of the Order. I have had to prove that as to these two points nothing can be done; but that a great deal might be done towards a collection of 'Monumenta Borussica,' and also 'Brandenburgica,' in particular, from the 'Regesta' (public registers); those of the twelfth century being inedited. I have obtained from the good nephew of the great Marini (who befriends me, as having been befriended by me in the matter of the 'Monumenta Britannica') the secret Indices of Garampi and of his uncle, and have communicated a transcript of them. Two admirable documents I transcribed myself, on the oldest Prussian school, in 1217, and on the redeeming of the female infants of the heathen intended for destruction. Everything may be had now, and without further trouble in asking, as a portion of the German historical documents, which Monsignor Marini is empowered to grant. The two essentials are, first, that they send not ——— & Co. to encumber me and defeat the object; secondly, that a clear promise is given to pay, and also to honour the friend in question, by bestowing an Order on him. I have sent a full report, with the indices, to the Ministry, . . . and I shall also write to impress upon Ancillon the importance of the thing. I am ready to undertake in the first place the direction of the selection, but my wish is that Lachmann might be sent hither; for him I both would and could procure every facility, and it would be worth a great deal to draw off that splendid, finely-tempered intelligence from the *Münnesünger* into the domain of history. Most of all I should prefer his being sent immediately, but I have not suggested that, nor even named him, wishing to secure the matter first in my own hands.

Should anything be done for the Greeks (surely my report with the important documents 'will have arrived?') pray think of me. Should Commissioners be despatched to the Morea, it would be my earnest wish to go thither. Olfers might meanwhile carry on affairs here. That would be a glorious event in life! But it is all a dream.

Bunsen's attention had been constant to the discovery made by Dr. Young of the interpretation of hieroglyphics, from the celebrated trilingual inscription of Rosetta, preserved in the British Museum, and the

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written papyri of divers collections. The 'Lettre à M. Davier,' by Champollion (1822) had further convinced him that there was a man by whom the silent Egyptian monuments would at last be made to speak. But in the summer of 1825 M. Champollion arrived in person, closely following his 'Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des anciens Egyptiens,' which, though published in 1824, had then only just reached Rome. Bunsen having, with indescribable energy, soon grasped the principle, and mastered the details of that work, zealously followed the master in his investigation of the Egyptian antiquities in Rome. Each day brought new conviction to his mind, and strengthened the confidence with which he stood out against the resolute mistrust and indifference of his own countrymen, to the new line of enquiry. It would not be easy, at this distance of time, to give an idea of the animation throughout Rome produced by the undertaking to read the time-honoured obelisks, which had ever stood in lofty silence, and now at last were to be subjected to a spell that should compel them to tell their tale! Groups of enquirers were ever and again following Champollion, to gaze on the various monuments which, in the full light of the sun, or in the seclusion of collections, invited his attention: and Bunsen with his family having driven (about June 7, 1825) to the Villa Albani, it is recorded that 'nothing beautiful or Grecian could be looked at, but everything Egyptian was sought out, and a statue having been found with hieroglyphics round the back and the base, they were drawn at once, and the same evening shown to Champollion, who found therein the name of *Sabaco*, who flourished between the time of Sheshong and that of Sennacherib. Then was the name of Tutmoses, predecessor of Rameses, spelt out on the great obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo—supposed to have been 'the king who knew not Joseph'—and here recorded as having 'restored to the people the possession of the soil, of which

they had been deprived by the preceding dynasty:— and then was the name of Antinous revealed, and the consequently modern date of the obelisk before the church of the Trinità dei Monti.

An obelisk was constructed, and hieroglyphics composed for it, by Champollion, at the fête designed by the French ambassador, Duc de Laval-Montmorency, in honour of the coronation of Charles X., for the 29th May, but delayed on account of ceaseless storm, tempest, and rain, during the greater part of May and June, until at length, moments of fair weather having intervened between the 17th and 29th June, the festival took place on the latter of those days. It went off successfully, in the Villa Medici and its gardens, the hieroglyphics on the obelisk being coloured, and lighted up like a transparency. Everything passed off without any occurrence to mar its splendour, to the surprise of the Roman populace, whose superstition affixed to the kind-hearted, ever well-intentioned Duc de Laval, the opposite qualities of an *evil eye*, wherewith to injure the concerns of others, and of *ill luck*, for the defeating of his own wishes and purposes.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

17th February, 1825.

Your account of the course of discussion upon the so-called National Bank has disturbed most unpleasantly the satisfaction in which I rested, on the strength of public and private intelligence, announcing your triumph. I suppose with regard to this project the same will have taken place as with other similar ones—doing wrong upon the presumption of success, and then finding withdrawal impossible without admitting oneself to have acted wrong. Of course you have all building plans and those who favour them against you: and yet I cannot doubt your obtaining the victory. The intelligence of your activity at Berlin has much gratified your friends here, particularly Reden, Italinsky and Gagarin.

I cannot contemplate attaining the rank of Minister as

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possible : and neither here nor elsewhere am I willing to become a perpetuated Counsellor of Legation (like Gennotte and Piquot) for the benefit of a lazy aristocracy. Were I not clear on this point, I should be in no haste to depart from Rome. My household arrangements being now completed—my social relations most agreeable and desirable, particularly with the English best worth knowing now in Rome, among whom are Lord Harrowby and his eldest son Lord Sandon, whom I truly value ;—Mr. Pierrepont, lately at Stockholm, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord de Dunstanville, and the anglicised Fayal—with all this, dwelling on the Capitol enjoying enviable golden leisure, which I earnestly strive to utilise—what remains for me to wish ? I have waited two years for an opportunity of declaring my opinion : the opportunity has come, and, thank God, I have used it. The case is as follows :—General Witzleben wrote a very long and highly condescending letter ; the ostensible occasion being to send me, at last, a ring for Baini, whom he takes under his protection ; but then he gives me the history of the introduction of the Liturgy, the result of which is that 4,828 congregations have accepted it ; and communicates to me the King's intentions as to the steps to be taken in the course of this year :—introduction into the provinces, as a consequence of the summoning of the General Consistory (first in Pomerania) with provincial modifications and episcopal organisation. On both points he does me the honour to ask my opinion : and thereby has given the opportunity, ready to my hand, to write a treatise, which might in future bear witness against him. As to the Episcopacy I replied shortly in a letter, according to the best of my knowledge : but as to the Liturgy, I have given a complete, telling series of arguments to prove the nullity from beginning to end, of the so-called carrying out of the King's original intention : and then I have shown what ought to have been done. As that is the exact opposite to the tendency, towards which the King has been misdirected from the dictates of his own right and royal instinct, and which would overturn his present favourite plans collectively, I may be tranquil, if ever called to take an active part in the matter, and proud in independence, should that never be the case. A transcript of the treatise and letter I have sent to General von Schack in

case he should wish to submit it to the Crown Prince, who read my MS. of 1822. I feel assured of your agreement in every word, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know that you had leisure and inclination to read what I have written.

Above all things I thank God that I am now free from all political turmoil, as well as from that of society in general! What a melancholy complication of things in France—I read every line in Fiévée's writings with irresistible enjoyment of the talent of the man; but he is a cold egotist, contemplating his fatherland as he would a dead dog. The fury about England's decision as to South America would be incomprehensible except in Spaniards: but that people with us should affect to be astonished at it is absurd.

Lord Sandon desires to bring in, with the help of his father, Bills similar to those of Sir William Scott: an idea of Dr. Nott's of reforming the system of the Chapters, and creating out of them episcopal seminaries (to the systematising of which I have contributed), finds much acceptance with individuals, but will also encounter powerful opposition, not only from prebendaries and bishops, but also as to the mode of execution from those who in the main agree with the promoters. The High Church party abominate the interference of Parliament, and would insist upon a Convocation. It appears to me that they would be in the right—but then comes the practical question.

It would be a great benefit if you could influence those to whom the care of the affairs with Rome is committed, to be somewhat less inimical to this Legation. Things incomprehensible are expected of me (for instance, an alteration of the Canon of the Mass, to introduce a prayer for the King) and incomprehensible answers are given. I do not suffer myself to be diverted from my course, and modify it according to my conscience: but one gets tired of misconstructions at last.

Among the travellers visiting Rome, Lieutenant-Colonel Willisen and Count York, son of the renowned Prussian general, added much to the social pleasure in Bunsen's house, where they were often and gladly seen, and when both the varied stores of interesting information conveyed by the animated conversation of the

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Herr von Olfers and his engaging lady made a short stay at Rome, which was the occasion of the first entrance of Neukomm, while in search of Olfers (with whom in Rio Janeiro he had formed an intimacy), into a house of which he soon became the frequent and ever-welcome guest.

The value in which Julius Schnorr, the painter, was held by Bunsen will be evinced by the correspondence, some extracts of which will follow: he lodged during several of these early years of Roman residence in an upper portion of the Palazzo Caffarelli, not then absorbed by the increasing family of Bunsen; while Augustus Grahl, also gladly and almost daily seen in the evening assemblage of friends, exercised his beautiful art of miniature-painting in a separate wing of Palazzo Caffarelli, later occupied by the Counsellor of Legation, Herr von Sydow. Schnorr left Rome for Munich in 1825, and Grahl in 1830, to settle at Dresden, carrying on, each in his own way, the practice of the art to which they were devoted. The fresco-paintings of Schnorr, in Rome and at Munich, need no mention: the fine cartoons in which they originated are in the collection of the Grand Duke of Baden.

In the early part of 1825, the presence of Mr. Hamilton and his family, on their return to England, after long occupying the Legation at Naples, was a matter of great pleasure and interest to Bunsen, as everyone will comprehend who can remember what the enjoyment, and what the amount of information was, that could be derived from an intercourse with Mr. Hamilton. His friendship for Bunsen, originating on this present occasion, continued to the last days of his life, which closed not long before Bunsen bade farewell to England in 1854. But Mr. Hamilton's visit to Rome was memorable on another account: as he met Bunsen's wishes in bringing

before the English Ministry a matter for which he had hitherto failed to find a channel of communication—namely, the present favourable opportunity for obtaining transcripts of the documents relating to English history in the archives of the Vatican. Bunsen had in this a merely scientific interest; but with him scientific interest was ever active, and he had not ceased to take pains for its furtherance since he had found, with his friend, Dr. Pertz, the treasures relating to German history which had been obtained, by permission originally of Pope Pius VII., through the amiable and intelligent Monsignor Marini, Prefect of the Archives. Dr. Pertz remained long in Rome, as agent to the association organised by Baron Stein, for discovering and collecting all unpublished materials relating to German history; and a letter of Bunsen's to Niebuhr will show that he had already exerted himself to bring before the King of Prussia and his Ministers the particulars he had ascertained as to the existence of Prussian documents, copies of which were to be made for the royal collections of Berlin. And now he rejoiced in the prospect of entire success, for Mr. Hamilton was more than willing to accompany him on his visit to Marini, and inspect the specimens of MSS. which the latter was permitted to show in his own room and his own presence, but which he was forbidden to carry into any other place: whereupon Mr. Hamilton, seeing at once the value of such an opportunity, demurred not a moment to authorise Marini to begin immediately making the transcripts (all executed by his own practised hand), and to consign them, volume by volume, as fast as they were finished, into the hands of Bunsen. The business lasted long, for the quantity of documents was great, and the opportunity proved a golden one for the good Marini—whose sole and great embarrassment was, how to reconcile his Roman conscience with the determination of Bunsen not to accept of a percentage on the instalments periodically arriving

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from England—a percentage, as Marini insisted, ‘customary in every rank of life; according to all rule and order; a mere matter of justice, which one who is the medium of obtaining a great advantage for another has a right to share!’ It was a work of time, but accomplished at last, to convince him that Bunsen was really in earnest. More than once did Mr. Hamilton write from London, assuring Bunsen of the satisfaction of Ministers at this precious addition to those overflowing materials for the most interesting of all national histories, which, in their totality, as yet have been but partially studied, and are now, for the first time, on the way to a condition of security, by a salutary reform as to localities and arrangements.

An offer was made to Bunsen of a splendid gift, consisting of a copy of ‘Rymer’s *Fœdera*,’ in recognition of the pains he had taken in this matter; but it was declined with gratitude.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

Rome: 18th December, 1825.

Your kind letter of 31st August found us in the Villa Piccolomini, whither we betook ourselves about the middle of September for a month’s country air and refreshment, of which we were greatly in need. How we rejoiced in the success of your visit to the baths of Burtscheid, and in the charming description you give of your establishment in your own house in the fatherland, and in its most beautiful portion! What imperishable results may we not expect, please God, from the unclouded and undisturbed peace of your home-life! Posterity will find it difficult to decide whether your present position, undisturbed by public official duties, is more to be regretted or rejoiced in. No subject inferior to that you have undertaken, viz., the growth, the perfection, and the decay of the highest existence which the past could produce, would give you sufficient opportunity for giving utterance, with the voice of Nemesis, to the rich results of your life-contemplation, from the depths of a heart living and throbbing with the weal and woe of the present. My conviction



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is firm and ever clearer that, whenever contemporary minds shall renounce the mere play of self-indulging fancy, and of self-reflecting speculation, and turn to the solemn and sacred concerns of humanity, and endeavour to discern the track which God has made throughout its course,—finding (as they will) that the present world will neither hear nor heed, or at least that they are themselves losing courage and confidence to work out what heart and conscience are impelling them to do, they must of necessity have recourse, both in speculation and in research, to the records of the past, and with their *Δαίμων* court the speech of the historic muse. Upon this anticipation only can I found a hope of the formation of a truly great historical literature in our fatherland. Could Burke have written in Germany?—to die, or enter a mad-house, would have been his alternative. And who can get beyond, or without, the conditions of common humanity, providentially imposed upon us? Does not the contemplation of human matters in their apparently *subdued* historical form belong of necessity to that chorus of spiritual harmony of which we all perceive but single tones? Resolved as I am to drag on under the yoke of the present, until a high Hand shall loosen me from it, yet will I seek to hold myself upright, by faithfully holding fast the life of a higher calling, interrupted in manifold ways though it be; the unity of which with present interests I have never lost sight of, although I have never yet given expression to this to my satisfaction. Content, if in this fast-rushing existence I can succeed in hewing single stones of the building for which I have determined to labour, I look ever with more longing to the time when I may be enabled in my own country to bring together and arrange, well or ill as it may be, the separate portions towards the attainment of my life's practical object, and thus lighten my full heart of its burden. Meanwhile I will ever hope that God will preserve to me clearness of perception and courage in all sincerity; at a time when a confusion of ideas and motives, bordering on madness, drives what is called society staggering along the brink of the grave of what are really social relations. You write to me of many caricatures of life, which seven years ago might have seemed to yourself as well as to me images in a dream; here too there are such, which strike against me vehemently and variously, so that I need the full consciousness of my actual position

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and local obligation to preserve all my composure. Nonsense such as the publishers of the *Giornale Ecclesiastico* write, and preach, and teach,—impudent deceptions, as in the model years of former times, thousandfold paraded through the streets and almost upon the roofs, followed by crowds of those who have been cheated in the very ground of their confidence, and misled with regard to the object of their faith, seeking salvation under the variegated mantle of *her of the Seven Hills*,—a hopeless distortion and destruction of the few remaining traces of truth and life, by a fanaticism no longer held in check by learning, and through which suppressed Jacobinism often utters its ravings,—here you have outlines which you may fill up at pleasure with the most exaggerated individual features, secure in this, that you will not even then have reached the extreme of reality. Take an instance. A man, much admired in the Faubourg St. Germain,* arrived at Rome a few days ago, furnished with splendid recommendations; he talks in every kind of company of the miracles he has performed himself, and of those which have been operated upon himself and others, by the earth dug out from the foundations of the ‘Holy House of Loretto’ (a box of which he carries about with him, and offers a pinch of, as of snuff), and of the book that he is busied in writing, to prove that those are no Christians who do not believe the story of that ‘Holy House,’ but that they belong, like all other heretics, to the evil one. And if it were only in the society of ultras that such a tone were taken! But what will you say to my having had to listen to the same assertions, mixed with other mystic absurdities, in the house of the French ambassador (Comte de St. Aulaire, father-in-law of Decazes), during three hours last night, until I felt compelled to tell him that he was a liar, to the great satisfaction, however, of those present! I have often interesting conversations with the Duc de Fitzjames; who, however, looks back with regret to the ‘bon temps de Bonaparte, où l’on pouvait faire chaque jour une conspiration;’ but still more with St. Aulaire and his friends. With all of them the burden of the song is, that they know not what they ought to do, and are only clear on one point—that in the question of the reorganisation of society, the plan of the opposite party would lead to still greater evil. Of course I allude not

* M. Constantin de la Fosse.

here to the most narrow-minded, who worship as faultless the present condition, or even the corrupt dust of the past generation. There are many here who speak of a new 1688, as if they really desired it. *But a new 1517 must come first!* My refreshment from general society is, as ever, in that of the English. Lord Sandon will stay till the middle of January; he has communicated to me all the Reports of the last Parliamentary Committee as to Catholic Emancipation, as well as many publications about the new American States; but his own person is worth more than all he brings. With Lord Binning,* the especial friend of Canning, I have had many instructive conferences on the '*Bulla de Salute Animarum*,'† which he has well studied with all that appertains to it. Among my friends there is fortunately no one opposed to the Catholic claims, for I doubt whether they would not, now less than ever, listen to reason, since King and Heir-apparent, and the master of the approaching elections, John Bull himself, have shown themselves so needlessly irritated. All reasonable Members of Parliament here present hope and pray that the Catholics may be rational enough to be silent during the next Session: for those best intentioned towards them will be obliged to take a less fervid tone, not to lose all chance of being re-elected. I have heard an explanation of Lord Liverpool's violence in his speech in the last debate. He was asked the next day by Canning and by Lord Harrowby why he thus gave up his accustomed moderation, and changed his entire position? He was surprised; his intention had been to speak calmly and moderately. Having felt languid and exhausted, he had taken ether, and spoke in a kind of nervous intoxication. . . . The four Catholic Archbishops in Ireland have obtained the *Collegio di Umbria* here, as a gift: that will be still better than their Douay College. . . . The dilatoriness at Berlin is inconceivable. I try hard, on principle, not to be vexed; continuing to do what I know to be right, and only writing what is indispensable; on political matters more and more rarely. *An answer* I never obtain; but still, I must say, very gracious expressions of satisfaction.

* Afterwards 9th Earl of Haddington.

† This Papal Bull, '*De Salute Animarum*' of July 1821, the result of Niebuhr's negotiations with the Court of Rome, stands in lieu of a Concordat between Prussia and that Court.

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It has been justly said, that 'a common interest in the great objects among which you are living, and their stirring and expanding influence on the mind, render the interchange and community of thought in Rome more easy than anywhere else;' and this was in a high degree experienced in the delightful intercourse which in the case of Bunsen formed the foundation of invaluable friendships, for the beginning of which no other place would have afforded such favourable opportunities. This is particularly the case with Englishmen of high station, who in their own country are absorbed by the manifold duties of their calling and position, but in Rome become more accessible: and a few words must be allowed to mark the pleasure of those breakfast-parties which so frequently used to alternate, in that most charming part of the Roman year,—the quiet month after Easter (during this year 1825), between the Capitol and the Palatine, on which latter hill the late Mr. Pusey resided in the Villa Mills; and many are the names of the now departed who might be enumerated as adorning those meetings. To the social cheerfulness of the breakfast hour Bunsen was as sensible as if he had always been used to it, although the custom of assembling one's family and friends at breakfast scarcely exists in Germany; and even in the latter years of declining health, it will ever be a precious remembrance to his sons and daughters, how bright and full of power and of cheerfulness was his appearance at breakfast,—how he would talk over public events, if he had a newspaper,—and how he would pass from one subject to another, taking special delight in the free exercise of intellect in the freshest hour of the day, like a courser unbound, rejoicing in his strength.

With the spring of 1825 dates the beginning of the intimacy of Bunsen and his family with Neukomm, the composer, a friend truly valuable and valued, and ever and again an inmate of the house, to the end of his long

life, which closed in 1858. His remarkable course of existence, his journals and recollections, will be made public (it is to be hoped) by his intelligent nephew: and the picture of a track which crossed through such various conditions and states of society, and as it were bridged over nearly one half of the past century, and quite one half of the present, might prove matter of lasting interest. Alas! for the sketch which Bunsen gladly would have made, as an adjunct to the biography of Neukomm,—it will be beyond the powers of any other individual to indicate clearly the originality, the intelligence, the native wit and humour, the correct judgement, the integrity and sincerity, the amount of moral worth, which attached the most varied characters in various positions of life to a man who had nothing to give but his music and his sympathy, but who entered with never-diminishing readiness into all that was real in feelings or conditions. Unconscious of the support of faith in the invisible, and unsusceptible of the consolations of Christian belief, he yet loved best those who were happy in that light and warmth which was wanting to himself; and the homes in which he delighted to nestle, the associates whom he preferred, however dissimilar in everything else, were alike in this, that they possessed the inward spring of life divine, which, however feeble through its mixture with human imperfection, yet diffused an influence around proving its origin.*

That remarkable and exceptional period of Neukomm's life during which he was the chosen inmate of Talleyrand's house, was still going on when he made his journey in 1825 on leave of absence, in order to see

* This observation might be controverted by the fact of Neukomm's long residence at the Court of Portugal (which he followed to Rio de Janeiro in the quality of *maitre de chapelle*), and by his long residence under a similar title in the household of Prince Talleyrand. But a professional engagement, securing the means of subsistence, is a case very distinct from dwelling by choice and preference among families where pecuniary advantage is neither contemplated nor derived.

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Rome; he had accepted the nominal post of *maître de chapelle* to the Prince, who, detesting music, and desiring never to hear a note, yet wished for the company of Neukomm as a conversational member of his household—proving thereby his appreciation of the cultivated intelligence, the knowledge of men and things, which gave Neukomm the power of understanding Talleyrand's meaning, to whatever subject he might direct his observations. After Talleyrand's establishment as Ambassador in London, this connection was broken off, in consequence of a suggestion of the Duchesse de Dino that Neukomm should become regular music-master to her daughter,—an office of drudgery which he never had, in any position, undertaken; and he in consequence resigned his post, and saw Talleyrand no more:—for Neukomm understood well, in the gentlest manner possible, how to preserve his independence. From the winter of 1840, when he was long a welcome inmate in Bunsen's house at the Hubel, near Berne, the various musical talents in the family, then in the process of unfolding, were incalculably indebted for their just developement to his advice and directions, his rousing, encouraging and guiding hand: but his kind attention was always freely given, never solicited.

Contemporary Notice, 1825.

Neukomm must be gifted with more senses and powers of perception than other mortals; these he employs with consummate skill to give pleasure and avoid giving pain to those whom he likes; and even those whom he dislikes, or takes in utter aversion, he never offends. No cat walking between glasses, without touching them or causing any vibration, ever exceeded him in the talent of going his own way among all sorts of clashing characters, without dislodging any one, or discomposing the frame of society. Once having known him, it is impossible merely to feel a liking, or a commonplace wish to see him again: it is a real want of his society that is experienced, a consciousness that the place he filled

can be filled by no one else. These are expressions to use only to those who know him,—to others they would seem too paradoxical. His affectionate disposition, his power of strong attachment, stand in strange contrast with a faculty of calculation that never was exceeded: never, probably, did he do anything but what he intended, and never was he taken by surprise. The apparent contradictions in him are numerous: all that is most exquisite in art or nature is to him matter of intense enjoyment; and the female character, and the character of children (the flower and quintessence of creation), are his study and especial delight, while for the Creator he can find no place—a fearful fact, only ascertained after long and close observation: for he avoids speaking out, as a general rule, but more particularly anything to shock his friends' opinions. He is a deeply unhappy person, the keen susceptibility of his feelings is misery to him, for no wound that his heart ever received can ever heal: the arrows of death, the deaths of his friends, are ever rankling there, and reminding him of that termination of his own existence of which he wishes not to think. One evening when he was leaving us late, having worked himself into deep melancholy by extempore music, he used (in answer to something said about dreaming) the words of Hamlet, 'When we have shaken off this mortal coil, what dreams may come?'—by way of a question: to which Bunsen replied, 'Then, I think, we shall awake from all dreams!'—But Neukomm did not assent.

The friendship and habitual intercourse most closely interwoven, and for the longest period, with the domestic life of Bunsen, was that with Augustus Kestner, at first attached to the Hanoverian Legation, and afterwards its chief as Minister Resident: whose name will have been noticed in a letter from Ernst Schulze of the year 1817, with a recommendation no less just than strong in its terms, but in which the subsequent intimacy cannot be said to have originated, as it rather resulted from a spontaneous and ever-growing consciousness of mutual appreciation, and of sympathy in many, and perhaps most, of the interests in the life of each. The small space which can here be granted to

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the affectionate mention of some few of the friends whom Bunsen loved and cultivated, is very insufficient for a due record of Kestner, or for giving expression of his especial value to each and all the family of Bunsen: and his detailed biography ought to be undertaken as a monument to his memory, by the hand of friendship, such as, according to the saying of Göthe, 'alone can be competent to measure and estimate the full circumference of his worth and merit.'* His track in life, beginning with the very early days in Hanover of hard and slenderly-remunerated labour in an advocate's office, for a subsistence, cheerfully endured under the high resolve not to accept the degradation of public employment under the imposed rule of Jerome Bonaparte;—continuing through the patriotic struggle, in which he assisted, with all the ardour of his nature, in the liberation of Germany; and emerging in the mission to Rome, in that richly-adorned, that pure and stainless period of refined enjoyment and fruitful beneficence of thirty-seven years;—might form a thread, wherewith to connect historical pictures of high interest, notices of individuals and of social conditions of the most varied kind, which have wholly passed 'into the abyss of things that were,' and towards which the changing fashion of the world will perhaps extend a longing grasp, too late to recover the transitory images which now are still clear in memory. The voluminous manuscripts left by Kestner, containing notes of his observations and experiences, offer abundant material for selection. They are in the possession of that beloved sister who might be termed his surviving image, with taste, intelligence, warm-heartedness, and an engaging individuality, recalling forcibly to mind the friend deceased in the spring of 1853.

* 'Die Freundschaft ist gerecht,—sie kann allein
Den ganzen Umfang seines Werths erkennen.'
Tasso, *of Göthe*.

CHAPTER V.

PRUSSIAN MINISTER IN ROME.

BUSINESS OF THE LEGATION—COLLECTION OF HYMNS—JOURNEY TO BERLIN
—CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS WIFE—RECEPTION BY THE KING—SOCIETY
OF BERLIN—THE CROWN PRINCE—NEANDER—DR. ARNOLD.

THE benefit was great, and duly valued, which was conferred upon Bunsen by the appointment, in the autumn of 1831, of the youthful Rudolph von Sydow as Secretary of Legation: whose rarely-equalled qualifications for a post which was no sinecure (even though for many years Bunsen had carried on the exercise of its duties together with those of chief) were gratefully remembered by Bunsen throughout his official life. He would often revert to the spirit of order, the sense of exactness, the power of working, the indefatigable earnestness in despatch of business, the consciousness of moral obligation in the merest trifles so-called—in short, to the many happy and varied powers existing in a character, so truly valued both as a man and a friend, because it harmonised with and adorned the domestic and social circle, into which he was wholly absorbed during five chequered years of Bunsen's life, and ever afterwards remained true to the impressions there received.

The first portion of Bunsen's official life was most peculiarly favoured in the efficiency of the helpmates granted to him: for the successor of Herr von Sydow in 1835 was Guido von Usedom, the object of especial desire and request on the part of Bunsen, who enjoyed his assistance in office only for two years, but his faithful

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friendship, throughout all changes, for life: founded upon the inward sympathy and consciousness on both sides of intellectual alliance. In Usedom the Crown Prince also (afterwards King Frederick William IV.) took a great interest. This was occasioned in the first instance by an account which the young man, not yet in office, and living at Munich, immersed in literary objects, took upon himself to give of the condition of a large portion of the inhabitants of the Zillerthal in the Tyrol, who had been persecuted by the Archbishops of Saltzburg as incorrigible Bible-readers, and driven from home by the Austrian Government, after declaring (April 2, 1834) that they must either become Romanists or settle in Transylvania. To these meritorious fugitives the King (Frederick William III.) granted liberal help, and lands for their permanent establishment at Erdmannsdorf, his private property in Silesia. Of the living Usedom, now Prussian Envoy at Florence, it would be out of place to say more, than that as he was always among the most cherished and admired of Bunsen's friends, so he keeps faithful and true to the memory of the dead—in accordance with the well-known Ryder motto—'Servata fides cineri.'

To make the trials comprehensible with which Bunsen had to struggle in later years, some comment must be made on the peculiarities of his position. In doing this frequent recourse will be had to quotations from a paper most just and impartial, although from the hand of an attached friend, better acquainted with the facts and more competent to draw inferences than the writer of these pages. It is the article by Bunsen's dear friend Abeken, in *Unsere Zeit*, for March 1861. 'For the development of the ideas which were ever working in Bunsen's mind, Rome, — where as Göthe says, "we read the world's history from the centre towards its circumference," — presented a peculiarly favourable position. The advantages of the deepest retirement were united

to those of the most animated and cosmopolitan society. Life seemed to be passed on an isolated pinnacle; against which the long-heaving swells and currents of ages might break, but at whose feet the smaller waves of daily occurrences, which elsewhere absorb so much intellectual energy, played unheeded: but they only seemed to add to the mighty influences which this capital of the world, and necropolis of Europe, exercised upon the mind.

* This condition of seclusion from the every-day interests and commotions of opinion in the German world had a great charm while the lengthened absence lasted, but led to much misapprehension on the part of Bunsen, and to a breach in his German consciousness, which rested on what he had known, or conceived, of his own nation while living in the midst of it, so that he had at last to admit of not being fully aware of the changes which had taken place, both in circumstances and in opinions. It will have been the experience of all those who have reflected on their own impressions, that during a lengthened absence from their native country, the conception maintained of the system of things becomes with every year more ideal,—and on returning home, conditions outward and inward are found both better and worse, yet always different to what memory had portrayed: and communication, however frequent, with the native land, leads but to variety of error, the individual being taken as a sample of the whole. But if Bunsen could not be said to know his own country and the spirit working in it, till he was again a resident within its boundaries,—still more serious was the misapprehension that prevailed in Germany with respect to him: and great was the mistrust, and singularly varying in its character, with which the fatherland regarded that truly German heart, which ever clung to her best interests, and would have given its best blood at any moment for her benefit.

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Of the many occasions of being misunderstood, the most important, if not the first in date, was the time when he first published the results of his hymnological and liturgical studies: as to which, the words of the friend before cited shall again be quoted, as of one who, being without the family pale, is better calculated to pronounce an opinion:—

‘The Hymn Book, like the Liturgy, and like Bunsen’s whole mental and spiritual life at that period, rested on the basis of a strict, unquestioning, but warm and living, evangelical orthodoxy, the expression of which he then still found in the Confessions of the Protestant Church, and in the Lutheran system of doctrine. He was devoted with his whole heart to the cause of the Union between the two great branches of the Protestant Church in Germany, the Lutheran, and the Reformed or Calvinistic; but his residence in the distant and tranquil Rome preserved him from taking part in or even from obtaining full cognisance of, the unhappy disputes of that day on the introduction (by authority) of the *Agende*, or Liturgical Form put together under the eye of King Frederick William III., and the mischievous effects upon public opinion of this isolation from practical struggles could only be overcome at a much later period. A result of the circumstances under which the works in question originated, was their adaptation rather to the rigid requirements of a theory, than to the actual, immediate wants of the age,—so that in some points they went beyond, and in others fell short of, what people of that day could understand or receive, and thus in a certain sense they stood alone, and were deficient in the needful qualification of coming into practical contact with the public mind.’

The varieties of opinion professed by those whom he met in familiar and friendly intercourse gave rise to many conflicting suspicions and suppositions, amongst which the most common was the reputation of belong-

ing to the hierarchical party in Church matters, and to the anti-liberal in politics, and of being a colleague and tool of those who were suspected of intending to force on the country an anti-Protestant, mediæval and Romanist scheme of doctrine and discipline. At the same time, the Romans and their clergy were under no mistake about him; they never found an opportunity which would have induced them even so much as to make an attempt at proselytism, though he lived in habits of friendly intercourse with many pious Roman Catholics, devotedly attached to their Church, and who never looked upon him as one of its enemies. His own disinclination to a system of aggression, quite as much as his official position, kept him aloof from hostile controversies, and even from such a complete exposition of his sentiments as would have precluded much misunderstanding in other quarters.

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, on his Betrothal.

[Translation.]

July, 1827.

Whosoever has had real experience, in his own life or in that of his friends, of the overruling Providence of God, must know that to be insipid and low in comparison with most charms and astonishes the mind of man in the world of fancy. This I have often felt, but never with more joyful intensity than when I received the intelligence of your happiness. What seemed, even to the sanguine and confident spirit of your friend, too much to hope, has been abundantly fulfilled: hearts have lived on together in anticipation rather than in remembrance, and thus found each other out, as when (according to Plato) Psyche, the soul, awakens from her earthly sleep, and, buoyed upwards into the light of consciousness, recognises the divine ideas which in a higher existence she had contemplated as allied to her. You know now the highest happiness of life, in so far as it can be taken in at the moment when a beloved being gives herself up wholly to become your very own. And the manner in which you have received the gift—reverently and thankfully—is a pledge to me that you will also know the further blessedness which the unnamed

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treasures of love and faithfulness will spread over your entire pilgrimage, even to its close. Now, may God's richest blessing be ever with you both, precious souls, and the sun of His grace enlighten and warm the whole of your joint life, as it has gilded the beginning!

In September 1827, Bunsen set out on his first official journey to Berlin, being summoned thither *ostensibly* for the purpose of conveying to its new abode in the Prussian Museum a fine picture by Raphael, the 'Madonna della famiglia di Lante,' which he had been fortunate enough to purchase for his Government,—*in reality*, to give advice in weighty matters of State. It will be seen by the extracts which follow, that complications had arisen with some dignitaries of the Roman Church in Silesia and other portions of the Prussian dominions, which required all Bunsen's intimate acquaintance with the ways and practices of the Papal Government, and with individuals and rules of procedure, to suggest remedies; moreover his powerful mind and ready hand were reckoned upon to assist in the inevitably voluminous correspondence. In the present case, and for the time being, the negotiations ended in peace.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Florence: 4 p.m., 27th Sept., 1827.

I must announce to you my happy arrival here, a quarter of an hour ago, and wish you good morning before I seek a few hours' rest. True, you will not get these lines any earlier, but I shall have greeted you in spirit, and can lie down with more tranquillity.

12 o'clock.

I am so overwhelmed by my feelings, that they would overflow in tears, were it not forbidden to a man to shed them. My first walk was with Dr. Nott, to the Loggia di Orgagna. You remember that it was here, on my arrival in June 1816, that I read the letter of Mr. Astor, announcing that all was at an end between us, and the letter from home, telling of the hopeless decay of my parents and of the suffering state of

Christiana. It was here, on the stone seat placed along the inner wall of the Loggie, that I struggled through a mixture of sorrow, pain, and disappointment, while the cold crowd of strangers passed before my eyes; and at last resolved to remain, and await Niebuhr and Brandis. Hitherward, therefore, did my heart first draw me; and with deep and thankful emotion did I think over the eleven years that lie between me and that time—the hopes fulfilled, the enjoyment of happiness never anticipated, the amount of undeserved blessings, and, lastly, my present journey: Then I went to see the much talked of picture, which I found just suited to my feelings and present temper of mind; then to the Madonna del Gran Duca, &c. I close with love and blessings upon you. How I think of you I cannot say, but you will understand from what I have written.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Innsbruck: 3rd October.

The Tyrol is unique of its kind—magnificent in nature, excellent in man. The greater part of the day was delicious as to weather. We are now thoroughly in Germany. The scirocco no longer weighs down the soul; but the longing after beloved ones is very great—so great that I hope I shall certainly never again travel from home alone. Pray write to me often. This is my fifth letter.

[The letters are all of deepest interest to the receiver; but details of objects of art in Florence, Bologna, Mantua, Verona, and opinions upon them, need not be here transcribed.]

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Munich: 7th October.

After I had seen and talked over everything, on looking out of the window I spied a Greek, who proved to be the guardian companion of the finest child of a hero that can be fancied—a boy, aged twelve, the son of Marcos Bozzaris. Ringseis called out to young Dimitri, and the beautiful boy, in his Grecian attire, with brown hair hanging almost as low as his waist, answered the call with a greeting after his country's fashion. Ringseis introduced me as an admirer of the Suliotes, and as venerating the name of his father; and I delayed not to express the same out of the fullness of my heart, but my

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few words were checked by emotion. Again I saw the hero's child, at Ringseis's, and asked him after his mother. She had planned to have sent him to France, to England, or to Russia; but Heidegger worked upon her in the name of the Philhellene King of Bavaria, to whom she wrote, that 'she committed to him her all in her son, because she trusted he might in Munich continue to be a Suliote, as he must and ought to be.' She lives in Zante, as the honoured widow of the hero who was the centre of a clan of 4,000 Suliotes, but eating the bread of charity. You will imagine that I shall make a point of seeing the boy before my departure; and I shall, after Greek fashion, make him a gift by way of remembrance. Who knows whether our children may not greet him in Suli?

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

Wittenberg: 11th October, 1827.

It is singular that I should in this place reply to your letter received in Rome. A combination of external circumstances has so favoured my design, that on my rapid journey to Berlin I have found here a spare day of rest, in which to raise myself out of the flood of a thousand impressions and feelings and secure the fulfilling of a duty, before I shall be compelled to plunge anew into a fresh sea of obligations. When I had the happiness of receiving your letter so much longed after, a fortnight only had elapsed since I had a confidential communication from Nicolovius in the name of both Ministers, signifying that I must not be surprised if instead of the requested permission for a journey to Naples, I should receive a leave of absence for two months to come to Berlin—the reason being, the dissatisfaction and vexation in high and highest quarters on the subject of that point in debate, the full importance of which I can best designate as the same which you had to negotiate at Monte Cavallo, immediately after the King's departure in December 1822, and which had remained as you left it, because neither you nor I could obtain any Ministerial notice or reply to the report and preliminary questions which you at that time made. From the style of the communication, it was clear to me that an honourable confidence was denoted by the desire which both Ministers had expressed to His Majesty to give me audience personally

in the matter, and to make immediate use of my opinion, or, as the despatch graciously expresses it, 'to lay it down as a foundation,' in the conferences to be held. Besides that confidence, I could not help discerning a manœuvre of the political tactics of all ages, which is typified in the fable of the ape, the cat, and the roasted chestnuts. Apart from the consideration that my nature lays itself out for such hazardous service, if only I can get hold at last of the chestnuts, I must admit having brought this upon myself. Raphael's 'Madonna of the Lante family'—even more admired, since it had been hung in a better light, and without glass, to be copied—was on the point of being sold and sent to England; but the agent had found an insurmountable impediment in the prohibition of exportation intimated a year ago to the impoverished proprietor, in the name of the Pope, by the Camerlengo, but, after Turkish fashion, unaccompanied by an offer to become the purchaser. I stated the case to the Crown Prince, and was empowered to purchase the picture for 2,000 Friedrichs d'or (1,700*l.*), after the moral of the tale of the Sibylline books. Forty-eight hours after the receipt of the order, the treasure was safe under the wings of the Prussian Eagle on the Capitol; and in spite of the fury of the Camerlengo, I became possessed of a permission from the Pope for its free export. The Ministerial despatch signified that I should immediately pack and expedite the picture by carrier conveyance to Berlin, of which Mummius-like order I took no further notice than to announce that I had high commands to entrust it only to a courier; this, I proposed, should be a pensioner of the King, who was to return to Berlin in November. Should that date, however, imply too long a delay, I should be happy immediately to perform that office myself, and to receive permission on this occasion to present myself in person to my chiefs. The present moment is preferable to any other for that purpose, as I have nothing to ask, and much to return thanks for. ...

Your letter found me under the following circumstances: I was bound to set out as soon as possible, and yet to expedite the pending dispensations before the autumn holidays; besides which the time that remained was short enough for doing that, which in the present state of our relations, was the only thing to bring matters to the desired end, i.e. to argue the matter confidentially with the Pope in person.

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Thus alone, I believed, could the object be obtained, and, at the same time, the irritation at Berlin be softened. God alone be thanked that this has succeeded beyond anything that yourself, or I, or the Ministry ever expected! I bring the solemn promise, by word of mouth from the Pope, to do away with the scandal of June 1818, and even more thoroughly and satisfactorily than was demanded in that excellent, wisely, and moderately-worded memorial sent to me by the Ministry. On the 21st September I had my audience of leave. On the 24th I expedited the last dispensations, and before evening set out, with the Raphael and my good friend, Stier, the architect, to whom the picture was assigned as a courier despatch. I planned to arrive at Berlin on the 12th October, neither earlier nor later, that the picture might become visible just on the birthday of the Crown Prince; and I am thankful to have performed the journey hither, having remained two days at Florence, one at Verona, and three at Munich, rejoicing my eyes with the sight of the well-known old, and the unknown new objects of interest, besides shorter pauses at Bologna, Mantua, Innspruck, and Regensburg. My reply to your letter can only concern the principal point; the remainder I reserve for verbal communication, in the hope of not being so restricted as to time on my return, as not to be able to greet my sister at Corbach, or to pay my respects to yourself at Bonn, and there to meet again my beloved friend Brandis.

You ask whether I am satisfied with the position which you congratulate me on obtaining, with your accustomed paternal kindness. I must answer in the negative, for I am so thankful to possess the appointment, that I cannot allow myself the expression of mere satisfaction. Had I time to enter into particulars, you would perceive from the explanation of my deeply-felt conviction, that I duly estimate the whole of the unexpected and undeserved good fortune which has fallen to my lot; but, as it is, you will rest satisfied with my assurance that it is so. That with this full conviction, I yet could wish for another position, is to be explained by the desire which I did entertain, and yet entertain, for the formation of a bridge towards an establishment in my native country. . . . I entreat you to be convinced that I have no need of being an eye witness to be aware of the consideration in which you are held, not only in Bonn but throughout civilised Europe; and should I even behold you on the throne of

Leibnitz,* or at the helm of the State, not by a single degree would my feelings of veneration towards you be increased. . . . I have entered upon a rich inheritance of personal esteem and confidence, and of affairs incomparably commenced, initiated, and prepared. I have a proud consciousness of having, as a grateful son, cherished this paternal inheritance conscientiously and to the utmost of my powers; and if I have been, from time to time, so fortunate as to have added interest to the inherited capital, yet has it been my pride to mark to everyone everywhere to whom all the praise belonged. I speak this in self-justification, and not by way of boasting; and you will surely receive and feel it to be the utterance of unchangeable gratitude and unvarying veneration. . . . I hope soon to be able to offer you my best thanks in the shape of the 'Description of Rome,' the two first volumes of which I have actually conducted through the press. I left Savigny on the 3rd at Verona—could I but say well, or even better! . . . I bring you letters from Leopardi and Capaccini, or else I shall send them on from Berlin; but I hope certainly to come for a few days to Bonn. The most important new discovery is that of Kestner and Stackelberg among the tombs of Tarquinia; a grave-chamber painted throughout with funeral games—combatants, spectators, horses and chariots, besides some single figures with Etruscan inscriptions; of the whole of which they have made drawings. I shall have to look out for another chaplain for the Legation, as Rothe's health is failing. I must not omit to mention the greetings with which I was charged at Munich by King Louis for yourself, your lady, and Marcuccio. The post-horses are waiting—I go with a joyful heart, without demands, without wishes, without hopes, and without fears, towards Berlin, and I hope to leave it on the 1st November.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] . . .

Berlin: 12th October, 8 P.M.

Here I am, having arrived on the day and at the hour that I wished, in health and cheerfulness, after a journey of more than two hundred German miles, which appears on the retrospect as though made for pleasure alone, varied as it was with the sight of churches, palaces, pictures, and statues.

* i.e. as President of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

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Almost twelve years are gone since I left this royal city in this same hour of night, to travel the same road, into the wide world, full of hopes, dreams, and plans, which are now recalled to mind. When I opened the window to look into the lighted street, and endeavoured to recognise objects almost forgotten, my heart overflowed with thankful emotion, and in my solitude I felt the need of writing to you; but you know the feelings with which I now look into the future, neither demanding nor wishing aught but to preserve the happiness granted to me, and to become worthy of such gifts as God has bestowed. Much do I see of labour and care looming in the distance, but as yet hidden in the counsels of God. The calm blessing of life on the sanctuary in the City of the Seven Hills, and the fullness of youthful enjoyment, both must give way—the latter at any rate to increasing years—the former probably to the changing occupations of the *public man*. To God alone be the future commended! and may I ever feel and realise as deeply as at this moment, that in that future He is the object on which to gaze, after which to strive! Amen.—I was here interrupted by the entrance of my old friend, Reinhard Bunsen, who had ordered these rooms for me in the ‘Stadt Rom,’ so that I found all that I could desire—a room decorated with the Stanze of Raphael and the busts of the King and Queen. The view towards the Linden was striking to me, recalling former times in this place, because I had lodged in the same house, one story higher, when I arrived with Brandis, of which Reinhard reminded me, for it had wholly escaped my memory.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

13th October.

I drove first to Count Bernstorff, who received me with hearty kindness. He is of commanding appearance, has a fine figure and a noble countenance. From him I received the mournful intelligence of Count Fleming’s sudden death, at his brother’s, at Arnsberg! He spoke to me most confidentially of political news. Of course, I went to Prince Wittgenstein, to whom I delivered the letter for the King, and was informed that His Majesty had graciously expressed his desire to see me as soon as I should arrive. But tomorrow the whole royal family will go to Paretz, a small

country residence on the Saxon frontier, where the sister of the Crown Princess will meet them on the occasion of the birthday of the Crown Prince. Not having found Count Gröben at home, I know not whether I can be presented to the Crown Prince before the return of the royal family. I have waited upon the Princes Wilhelm and Carl, but without finding them. My treasure, the Raphael picture, is still in my room, as Herr Von Altenstein (the Minister of Instruction, &c.) being ill, it could not yet be delivered up to him. My good Reinhard Bunsen is gone in search of Lachmann, to bring him to dine with me. My feelings are those of yesterday; received everywhere with kindness, I am yet oppressed with a sort of calm sadness which I know not how to explain. A deep seriousness of contemplation has come over me, to which the death of Fleming no doubt has contributed; but the principal cause is the train of thought of yesterday evening—the overwhelming consciousness of the blessings I possess, which might be diminished, but cannot be increased, and of the world of cares which alone can be expected from the future.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Sunday, 14th October.

Yesterday I hoped to have written more, but was exhausted by the multitude of visits, and by witnessing the wretched state of General Von Schack. . . . I had wished to hear Schleiermacher preach, but had to wait at home for the expected messenger from Altenstein to rid me of the charge of the picture; instead of which came a messenger from Paretz, announcing that the King invited me to the family festival of to-morrow—the distinction is all the greater, as none of the officers of the Court are there. I am to drive thither with Alexander von Humboldt, and shall thus have the best society possible on our four hours' drive. I went at four o'clock to the Domkirche, and was much depressed in consequence: noise and running about went on till the sermon of Probst N. began; it lasted three-quarters of an hour; such empty straw that five minutes would have been too long. From the Epistle of the day he drew the result, that to contemplate Christian life and the increase of Christianity around us, was the duty of all, and the noblest satisfaction. After I had refreshed myself from the fatigue of such empti-

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ness, I called upon Ancillon, who overwhelmed me with compliments, particularly about my biography of Italinsky; then he talked, cleverly, of his own writings and about those of others. Herr von Raumer, who is chief of the Ministerial section concerned with the affairs of Rome, and who in fact carries on the correspondence with me, is eighty-four years of age, and I had been prepared to find him pedantic; but I was touched more than I can express by his childlike openness and kindness. He apologised for often writing tediously and confusedly, and not taking the thing at once from the right point of view. He was delighted with the latest account that I brought him, for the matter of the Silesian troubles had been a great grief to him. I found that all I had written was present to his mind, and you will believe that I was happy and thankful to find that I had not laboured in vain. Eichhorn, in the Foreign-office, is the intimate friend of Niebuhr and Savigny, and acknowledged to be the best head in the Ministry. I must tell you all about him when I come back; he it is who must be my principal guide here. I have seen Willisen, and am to drive with him the day after tomorrow to see Wilhelm von Humboldt at his country-seat, Tegel. They all laugh at me, when I say I must leave on the 1st November. Altenstein is confined to his bed, and without a long conference with him and Herr von Raumer nothing can be accomplished. You will believe that I shall use what urgency I can: I cannot imagine how I should endure being detained to the end of November.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Friday, 19th October.

What a long interval! Yesterday I missed the post, but at least I shall now be able to write more particulars. On Monday (15th) we drove early to Paretz, and saw at once the Princes Wilhelm and Carl (who received me with the greatest friendliness); then Prince Albrecht, the Duke of Cumberland, the Prince of Hesse; to each of whom I was presented by Humboldt. Then appeared the King, who was most gracious, enquired after all in Castel Gandolfo (although I had never mentioned the fact of our residing there), and then, in presence of all, bestowed upon me high commendation. I was presented to his kind wife, the Princess of Liegnitz, and received the gracious command to wear plain

clothes instead of my uniform. As I was turning round I met a gentleman unknown, who approached me with the words, 'Surely you are Bunsen?—I am the Crown Prince;' to him, therefore, I was not presented. The Raphael could not be at hand to be shown, but I had fortunately obtained at Perugia a fine drawing made from it by Rist, shortly before his death, with a view to its being engraved, and this I had with me, thus occasioning much pleasure to the Crown Prince. Paretz is a small country residence, which the King inhabited when he was Crown Prince, and which the late Queen Louise particularly delighted in; it consists of only two stories, with very few rooms; between the royal dwelling and the village consisting of a few houses there is a small park. No military guard approaches this peaceful spot. The King is himself magistrate (*Schultze*) of the village; and the whole life of the place proceeds in patriarchal simplicity. On the stroke of two o'clock, the High Chamberlain appeared, with staff and bow, before the King, who went straight in to dinner; besides the Royal Family, the High Chamberlain, Prince Wittgenstein, von Humboldt, and another Chamberlain, no one was there but myself, and not one of the Ministers of State ever has been there. During dinner there was music in the antechamber, and the villagers were collected before the windows; everything taken off the table was straightway given to them, and on rising each person of the royal family took fruit or cake from the dessert, to distribute with their own hands from the window. Then all were free till tea-time at six o'clock; in this interval I conversed chiefly with Prince Wittgenstein, who was most amiable, and talked of Silesian affairs, yet without touching any more than I did upon the main point. Then Humboldt walked in the grounds with me, and we returned to the tea-table, after which the King played chess with the Princess of Liegnitz, and the younger Princes played billiards in the next room with much noise and mirth, the King taking no notice whatever of the disturbance. The Crown Prince talked much with me of Rome and on other subjects, until the appearance of supper exactly at nine o'clock; at eleven Humboldt and I were in the carriage, and arrived at Potsdam at one in the morning. The King had invited us to the fête to take place on Wednesday at Potsdam in honour of the Saxon Princes, and recommended me mean-

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while to see the royal palace and gardens of Sans Souci and the Isle of Peacocks, whither Humboldt had the great goodness to be my guide. But not till the second day was all accomplished, so as to leave me but five minutes in which to dress and reach the New Palace built by Frederick the Great (after the close of the Seven Years' War, to prove to the world that his kingdom was not ruined), and happily I arrived just in time. The whole makes an impression of grandeur; one hall is said to be the largest in existence—120 feet long by 60 wide, and 50 high. In the gallery there are sixteen fine paintings—the Correggios, beyond conception unfit to be seen. From the Temple of Antiques the best statues have been removed, by permission of the King, to be incorporated into the national collection at the Museum. The wooded hills on the banks of the Havel, and the wide expanse of lakes through which the river flows, are seen to the best effect from Glienicke, the country-house of Prince Carl, who personally showed me the gardens, which are admirably arranged, in the course of our sight-seeing. During the splendid banquet the loud harmony of the band spared me all effort of conversation; afterwards we followed the Crown Prince into the apartment of Frederick II., where, having discovered the great King's own compositions for the flute, the Prince at once tried them on the pianoforte. The Duke of Cumberland asked after your mother, and sent a message of remembrance to her. At six o'clock began the Opera, in which I heard the far-famed Sontag. The music ('*Joconde*') was too insignificant to enable me to form an opinion of the degree of her talent, but certain it is that she sings like a nightingale, and is very engaging. Supper concluded the fête, and the King dismissed us at eleven o'clock. At this fête, where seventy-five persons were present, there was not one Minister of State; and, by Humboldt's account, the distinction to myself was without example in Court annals; the Envoys in London and Turin, being both in Berlin at the time, yet uninvited.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Saturday, 3 o'clock.

From seven this morning till now I have not had a moment. Yesterday I was to have dined with Count Bernstorff, who had invited Nicolovius von Raumer and all the

principal Ministerial persons ; but two hours before I was commanded to dine with Prince Carl. I went, however, directly after, to the Minister, and remained till evening ; the whole family are most amiable. The Count said, ' Next week I plan a diplomatic dinner for you ; this time I wished you to meet the friends of the house.'

[*The concluding words, in English, are :—*] To characterise the general appearance of things, I should say that the world here is very good to govern, but not good to live in ; wherefore I keep off from all things that might detain me from the Capitol ; although many persons there are who would like to have me fetch the chestnuts out of the fire. To have been here is invaluable.

To the Same..

[Translation.]

Berlin : Tuesday, 23rd October, 1827.

I have got over the worst of my unsettled state, by having taken now a private lodging, and a room in which I can work and be quiet, as well as one for visitors ; and, moreover, have met several persons with whom I feel myself no longer a stranger, and so can enjoy cheerful evenings. One is Steffens, whom I knew through his intimate friend General Willisen ; another, Count von der Gröben, the son-in-law of Dörnberg. Tholuck has been here, and is gone ; but I came to an understanding with him on many points, and I shall hope to see him again in Halle ; his work on Oriental mysticism, the most important of the kind, I shall bring with me home as his gift. . . . To give an account of my time, I shall mention having been at the Opera on Saturday—we had the 'Euryanthe' of Weber, a splendid piece ; Sontag sang the whole well, and much of it exquisitely. It is terrible to behold how the society of Berlin, with few exceptions, revolves round the theatre as the sole attraction and occupation ! Yesterday I dined with Schleiermacher in a Club which is called the Spanish ; the explanation being, that as many names were proposed and rejected because worn-out, as would have amounted to the number generally borne by a Spaniard, and so the end was attained by calling it Spanish, thus providing a designation sufficiently unusual, and to strangers a puzzle. The company was agreeable, and Schleiermacher himself particularly cheerful and amiable.

[Translation.]

[Conclusion of letter begun 3rd November, 1827.]

Before I write my chronicle I must tell of this evening (Tuesday, midnight). Having worked till noon, then discussed matters of public business till three, dined and rested, I went at half-past four to Gröben, refreshed myself with the sight of those dear faces, and accompanied the Count to the Sing-Akademie, where 'O Roma nobilis,' and some of the choruses in 'Judas Maccabæus,' were performed by two hundred voices. During the chorus, 'Give us freedom or death,' I thought of the Greeks confronting the Turkish artillery undismayed, and the heroes of Missolonghi. At seven, the music was over, and I could not pass by the faintly-lighted room of poor Frau von Schack. Alas! how often should I be there, were he capable of conversation! She was pleased with my visit. I heard his voice and wandering effusions in the next room. At nine I went to Strauss, who had seven students of theology with him; they come on two evenings in the week for what are called homiletic exercises; some point of Christian doctrine or history is treated of and explained or discussed. This had begun before I arrived, when I was introduced, at my request. An oration of Chrysostom's had been read, and the reader was first to give an opinion; after which Strauss called upon one after the other, and skilfully elicited remarks from all present by his questions; all agreed that the celebrated speech was superficial and rhetorical, and Strauss went on to observe that the depth of the Christianity of that time must have been elsewhere than in pulpit oratory—that Chrysostom must still have been a great man in his influence; but Augustine, the man of his time, by his doctrine of grace, and his prophetic consciousness of a deeper and wider developement of Christianity; next after him, Anselm of Canterbury, by his doctrine of vicarious satisfaction; but then Luther, by that of justification by faith. Thus did the conversation continue till midnight, when we parted; but Strauss will have worked on till four o'clock in the morning, being obliged, from an early hour in the day, to attend to the business of his congregation. Good night, beloved! often do I regret that I can write so little of what I would so gladly communicate of all I feel and experience,

and the longing for reunion is ever rising up more strongly. I can write so little!

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From the above extracts of Bunsen's letters, written at this time, however considerable they may appear, by showing the versatility of his mind in being able to give his attention to a number and variety of objects, no idea can be formed of the large amount of correspondence which he accomplished, even though his head and hand might well have claimed the privilege of being excused from letter-writing, when the public business, which could not be avoided, was enough to absorb all his time and powers. The troubles in Silesia, which forced themselves upon the notice of the Government of that time, ought to have made a greater impression than was the actual effect produced, by preparing their minds for the coming struggle: for it was there, within the Prussian Monarchy, that the first attempts were made, for the resumption of that aggressive policy by the Church of Rome which, partly from universal apathy, partly from consciousness of weakness, had slumbered under Protestant rule during the eighteenth century. An account of the part which Bunsen was obliged to take in the Silesian negotiation could not be given without access to the several Archives of Rome and Berlin, and belongs to the province of a future historian; but so much is in the remembrance of the writer of these lines, that Bunsen had a high opinion of the abilities and of the piety of the Prince Bishop of Breslau of that day, who, with Archbishop Sailer, of Regensburg, and the Archbishop of Cologne, Count Spiegel zu Derenberg, belonged to that group of dignitaries of the Church of Rome who expected from peace and good-fellowship with all that call themselves Christians, the only real furtherance of the best interests of Christianity.

Those alone to whom the rules and practices of the Court of Berlin are thoroughly known, can be aware of the degree of distinction attending Bunsen's reception

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there, of which the extracts given furnish but a slight notice. The King, with the true fidelity of his character, showed him in every instance the continuance of the favour which he had demonstrated from the very first, at Rome, in November 1822, and appeared to make a point of marking him to every class of persons about the Court, as 'the man whom the King delighteth to honour'—and the hint was understood by one and all, causing demonstrations of good-will to be showered upon him so universally, as to render it difficult for him to retain all his self-possession; but he possessed much of the instinct for discriminating between those who encouraged him as a possible instrument for furthering their own views, and those persons who were sincerely well inclined towards him as a promising public servant, because devoted to the interests of the State. The Crown Prince (since Frederick William IV.) delighted from the very first in his society, and poured forth upon him the abundance of his brilliant intelligence and tenderness of heart in the frequent evening invitations, when Count Gröben was generally the only person present, and Bunsen was called upon to communicate all the results and projects of his study and research. But, although Bunsen failed not to remind himself (as may be seen in a few passages), that present circumstances could not be reckoned upon as durable, there can be no doubt that the general result of this first sojourn at Berlin had the effect of confirming and stimulating the sanguine temper of his mind; and such numerous instances of unprecedented success, by convincing him of his own uncommon power of personal influence, might well lead to so much confidence in himself with regard to overcoming difficulties in future, as to prepare the way for painful disappointments in days yet distant. The instances of success alluded to concerned not himself or his personal interests: on the contrary, he at all times carried even too far the repugnance to make representation of his own

needs, which were ever increasing in proportion to the widening space he was now occupying among his fellow-creatures. The only pecuniary gain obtained by him this time at Berlin, and upon which he was compelled to insist, was the regular appointment of an assistant, or office-clerk, the expense of which had been borne by himself, to keep the registers of the Legation, and the correspondence with the dioceses in Prussia and the Roman Government offices: a large amount of work, all accomplished by himself under Niebuhr, and till very recently, since his departure. The rest of the applications made and granted at his urgent request concerned the needs of Prussians at Rome,—artists, men of letters, students who desired leave to protract their absence, without losing their pension: as to which his ingenuity and good fortune in trying to get at, and in succeeding to reach the fountain-head, benefited and gratified many an individual, at the price of much future inconvenience to himself in the increase of applications and of expectations. Thus was this visit to Berlin in many ways a crisis in life, a retrospect of which shows the gradual formation of those clouds and storms which overcast and disturbed a later period.

Not to anticipate, the extracts shall be continued, and what further elucidation can be given will follow.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 11th November, 1827.

. . . The King has issued his commands to me to superintend the restoration of the Raphael picture, which as yet has been in his private room, contemplated by him with daily satisfaction. At the same time important papers were transmitted to me from the Cabinet, which it will be no small undertaking to study through and comment upon. Thus I have had to go to Count Bernstorff, and solicit a prolongation of my leave of absence, which application he received, and granted with evident pleasure; and informed me that the expenses of my journey and abode here would be divided between

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the two Ministers' (that of Public Worship, and that of Foreign Affairs); therefore, I shall not be out of pocket. On Friday, the 9th, I met at the King's table Herr von Plessen, Minister in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who expressed a wish to see the Solly collection of paintings purchased for the Museum, but as yet closed to the public. I offered to conduct him over it, and thus made his nearer acquaintance, of which I made use to induce him to entertain the project of proposing to the Mecklenburg Princes to belong to the Prussian Art Union, which would enable the Mecklenburg artists (such as Eggers and von Schröeter) to compete for prizes.

In the evening I was invited by the Crown Prince: Prince Wilhelm and a Prince of Brunswick were there, Ancillon also, and General von Knesebeck. At first and till nine o'clock Rome was the subject of conversation, and plans, &c., were brought out and consulted; but then the affairs of Greece and Turkey were discussed, and an animated and warm debate came on between the two Princes (the Crown Prince and his brother) on the one side, and Ancillon and Knesebeck on the other. The views and feelings of the two Princes were admirable, and the Crown Prince developed them with such eloquence and enthusiasm, judgement, and self-possession, that I often longed to applaud. The most important and delicate points of political life were touched upon freely, and even daringly: but not a word passed his lips that might not have been printed. Only at the very beginning had I any share in the discussion, afterwards it went on between the four already mentioned. If I were to write down the conversation as a memorial, twenty years hence it would hardly seem credible.

This day is the birthday of the amiable, gentle Crown Princess. At twelve there was a Court reception, after which we dined in the Palace with the Crown Prince, who presented me to the Duchess of Cumberland (she had desired to speak to me) with whom I am to dine on Friday. This evening the King receives the royal family: and I have been also invited. Next week I have so much work to do, that I must shut myself up: but I learn much by my present occupation.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 17th November, 1827.

. . . I have been prevented from writing by the same circumstances which have detained me here six weeks beyond

the expiration of the fortnight—that is, by a variety of business, and the time-consuming obligations of society. I need not enter into details of explanation, for you will have a fresh recollection of life in this place.. The King has commissioned me to superintend the restoration of the picture by Raphael which I brought hither; which will be terminated about the 10th of December. I am well satisfied that this pretext has been found for my remaining, for I have enough to do up to that time; if I would not quite break through threads which have here been begun, or leave concerns of importance incomplete: but I mean to start off without fail on the 15th.

I have at Berlin only one feeling, that of thankful joy, for the King and the Princes heap upon me all marks of grace and favour, and my chiefs, above all Count Bernstorff, are indescribably kind, while the remainder of society takes more trouble about me than I can deserve or desire. My old friends have patience with me, and although I have had little opportunity of explaining myself thoroughly to them, yet I feel that I am understood, not only by them but also by others who are like-minded. To know the Crown Prince is a comfort after so many years' privation of such an object of desire, and a treasure for life: no one, certainly, is more aware of that than yourself, and I assure you that I feel it most thoroughly. The acquaintance and friendship of Eichhorn, and that of Schönberg, are valued acquisitions in the world of public business.

To what a degree the acquisition of direct knowledge and the personal contemplation of the actual state of things is *solemn* and *painful*, I need not say. There is scarcely any one here, of those whose perceptions are not confined to eyesight, or their feelings to their fingers, who does not envy me my *otium Capitolinum*, or at least would consider it enviable if he knew it: and I feel that fully, when enjoyment and quiet are in question. But here I break off, for to what good can it serve to write, when the opportunity of conversing remains? I have declared that I cannot give up the journey by way of Bonn, even though I should have but two days to spend there.

The very day on which I received your letter, I had an opportunity, in the presence of the Crown Prince, to speak of the scenes in our Rhenish churches which recall the Ghetto

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practices and Jew preaching at Rome: he said, that, alas! this practice had prevailed for ten years—an ordinance of the Minister of War, General Count Hake, having expressly asserted, that this was a portion of military duty, and not an act of church-worship. I have not yet found occasion to communicate with Witzleben on the subject, but it shall be brought to bear upon him.

On this important subject—the compulsory presence of Prussian battalions in the Protestant churches in Westphalia and the Rhine Provinces, irrespective of the confession to which individual soldiers belonged, at the close of the Sunday morning's parade—Bunsen had no opening, on the present occasion of being at Berlin, to lay the facts of the case before the King; though he found that they were well known to the Ministry, and to all persons in high station and office about the Court. It will be seen later that, in the year 1837, he made his way through the barrier of timidity and alarm which by custom encompassed Frederick William III.; and that an immediate command for rescinding the former ordinance for marching the troops from parade into church, was the consequence of the information thus communicated to the King. In general, the attention of Bunsen was unremitting, to discover and endeavour to procure the removal of any and every just cause of complaint among the Roman Catholic subjects of Prussia, in order to render them less open to the destructive intrigues of the ultra-Popish party. In short, up to this time, he had been exposed to blame and suspicion, as being too favourable to them.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 17th November, 1827, 10 p.m.

. . . My last letter brought you as far as Tuesday, 13th, when I came home at midnight so tired that I woke to-day with headache, which, however, gave way in time for me to conduct the Countess Bernstorff and her daughters, and other ladies her relations, to the Solly collection of pic-

tures, which unique set of treasures few have yet seen : it is not without some foundation of truth when people say I have made it the fashion ! for I have two parties again for next week desiring to be conducted thither. . . . On Sunday I dined again with the King, and every other day I have been with the Crown Prince, or have seen him at dinner with one or other of the Princes : *Punctum puncti* stands as before ; but the Crown Prince agrees with me in all points. Neander's opinions are wonderfully in harmony with Rothe's and mine, as to the Liturgy ; with Schleiermacher I have much to fight through.

29th November.

Nicolovius brought me to Herr von Meusebach, a member of one of our tribunals, of great intelligence, a thorough judge of the German language, who possesses a fine collection of ancient Hymn Books. He is very hard of hearing, but most cheerful and amiable.

This was the beginning of a series of meetings which were highly interesting and profitable to Bunsen with regard to one of his favourite subjects of enquiry—German Hymnology : not only did Herr von Meusebach present him with several duplicates out of his own collection, but communicated to him the results of his own life-labour, and directed him to the earliest and most unspoiled Hymns, as composed and used in the first freshness of Protestant love and faith, before they were debased by the alloy of sentimentalism and prosaic rationalism, as is the case with most of the Church books of the present day. The beginning was here made of the valuable mass of materials for study and selection, which Bunsen procured at Berlin and elsewhere, and by which he was enabled to compose his own Hymn Book, as well as the Letters previously published in the *Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung*, with a criticism of the newly-published Berlin Hymn Book fixing certain canons by which to correct the language of former times used by the Christian poets of Germany.*

* *Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung*, 1829 (No. 41, 23rd May), and 1830 (Nos. 1, 41, 57).

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Herr von Meusebach possesses at least 350 Hymn Books, of which he caused 20 at a time to be brought into the room for me to look through at my pleasure, putting aside those I desired better to examine. Nicolovius kept up conversation with the family, the old gentleman being ever ready to reply to questions and give explanations as to all I wished to know. He gave me his duplicates, and when I retired at midnight, having passed there six hours, he complained of my going, saying that it was now just time to begin rational conversation! I am to go to him again to-morrow.

30th November.

Lachmann came to me, and we worked together upon the ancient language of the Hymns; of which he knows more than anybody: then we dined together.

Saturday, 1st December.

A great working day till two o'clock. Then I visited studios, and dined as Lachmann's guest in the so-called 'Lawless' Society. In the evening with the Crown Prince, where a remarkable conversation on the Constitution took place.

Sunday, 2nd December.

Heard a sermon by Theremin—eloquent, but not to be compared with those of Rothe in depth of suggestive meaning. To the King at dinner-time—he was most gracious: not being well, he retired without dining. Then I went to William von Humboldt, by whom I had also been invited to dinner. In the evening to Witzleben and *Silesiata*.

Thursday, 6th December.

* Heard a lecture by Alexander von Humboldt.

Dined at the Duke of Cumberland's with the Crown Prince and Herr von Reden. In the evening to Rauch, and afterwards to the Crown Prince.

Berlin: 17th December, 1827.

Should the idea of my mission to Breslau be abandoned (as may easily be the case), still my having been busied with this matter will not have been without result and use to myself and to others.

I was introduced to Neander by Nicolovius, and had a conversation of almost two hours with him. He is admirable both as a Christian and a scholar: I mean to go to him every

day I can—but to-day, for instance, I have been at my writing-desk from half-past five to the present moment—two o'clock. . . . I shall bring or send 100 New Testaments, which we want much for the German congregation at Rome: and hope to obtain a good collection of Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church for the library of the chaplain. . . . In aid of the progress of my liturgical studies, I shall bring with me much living experience and observation, and a large collection of books of Hymns, Chorales, and Forms of Worship. I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with my own and my children's fatherland, with a noble-minded pious King, and a highly-gifted Heir-Apparent, whose esteem and kindness has been granted to me, I hope for life, even though the favour of Kings be the most uncertain of this world's gifts. My Ministerial superiors, more especially my chief (Count Bernstorff) have given me the greatest proofs of their confidence—of which you shall be informed in detail, when once I shall again be on the dear Capitol. I have friends for life in Schönberg, Eichhorn and Nicolovius, and I believe I might reckon others in that number. At the same time I have been enabled to know the Court, and the world, and the condition of things most important in their actual reality: what an inestimable advantage!—O Lord! grant that in receiving all this as Thy gift to one most unworthy, I may be enabled to use all to Thy glory and my own salvation.—I have a general invitation from the Bernstorffs, Savigny, and Reden, to dine any day that I happen to be disengaged: and any way I do not fail to be with the Bernstorffs once during the day, for I feel most at home there. The Minister converses with me readily and confidentially: the Countess and her mother, both 'devout and honourable women,' pious without cant, and dignified without arrogance—favour me greatly, and I am well received by the three young daughters—therefore quite the *pet* of the house. Savigny I prefer seeing alone, joining him in his walk. The old Herr von Reden is most kind to me, and delights in the credit I am considered to have done to his praise of me, as if I were his son. The Crown Prince notices him very much, and makes him happy by giving him an opportunity for long genealogical communications. The Duke of Cumberland is also kind to him after his fashion—calling him 'du gut alt Mann,' or 'du gutes altes Reden'—which gratifies him greatly.

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In the evening, at Count Lottum's, I saw Field-Marshal Gneisenau, to whom I had before been introduced by Reden; this great man's appearance is grand and commanding, giving the impression of simplicity, tranquillity, judgement, intelligence and friendliness. I am invited to meet him to-morrow again at Savigny's. I was to have dined on Tuesday with General Müffling, but was also invited by one of the Princes, and therefore could only go to him after dinner. His conversation is highly clever and interesting, though it treats much of his own, in truth, very important person. I have written him an ostensible letter on the subject of Baron Rheineck, the Philhellene, with a view to his being retained in gracious remembrance by the Grand Duke of Weimar, his native Sovereign.

The lecture by A. von Humboldt on Physical Geography was one of the most interesting that can be imagined: never had I heard a man before communicate within so short a time such an amount of facts and of general views, both new and important. . . . In speaking of friends, I have not dwelt sufficiently upon Count von der Gröben, and his wife, Selina von Dörnberg. I am indebted to the former for much information, but for nothing so much as for his friendship. The second aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince, Major von Roeder, who accompanied Count Brandenburg to Rome in 1818, is the same as ever in high-mindedness and integrity.

With Schönberg (Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) I became thoroughly acquainted by means of a long conversation I had last week, in which he in the kindest manner possible gave me information as to the relations of parties and persons here, and confirmed me in the high esteem in which I have from the first held him, and in which the far greater part of Berlin sympathises. How much I have learnt from him, you shall hear when we read through this slight and hasty diary together. . . . I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Frau von Schönberg's self-denying assiduity in works of kindness, by her helping to watch by Eichhorn's dying child, always ready, in spite of bodily weakness and stormy weather, with counsel and consolation. After a long interval, I have again attended the evening worship at Schönberg's, and listened to Gossner's teaching with edification; though my thoughts were more with you than with his words; but they were with you in the Lord, and therefore

not wandering. O! let us never lose a Sunday evening's family devotion!—If possible, no evening and no morning—who knows how many more days we shall see come and go? and every day ought to be commenced as a serious work, standing alone in itself, and yet connected with the past and future, and more especially with the eternal future in the kingdom of God, as a link in the heavenly chain. Gossner had shortly before passed his examination in order to be entitled to preach to Protestant congregations—having come over from the Church of Rome. Neander being commissioned to examine him, began with these words, 'I am ashamed, from the bottom of my heart, to put questions on true and real Christianity to a man who knows it better than I do myself.' At Savigny's I sat the greater part of the evening by General von Grollmann, the first military head in the army—of whom you have heard Niebuhr speak. He looks like the personification of concentrated command, with an eye of keenest observation, and reflective composure, such as no roar of battle could disturb. I asked him questions about his campaign in Spain in 1810, and I wish you could have heard his replies. As to Waterloo, he insisted that Wellington's choice of position was admirable, and that the assertion was unfounded, that he had not taken precautions against a possible necessity of retreat after the battle. This reminds me to charge you that you must be sure to make me tell you Müffling's account of the battle of Assaye in India against the Mahrattas.

Monday was Christmas-eve; and how I thought of you all! The morning began mournfully. I followed the funeral of Eichhorn's little girl, over whose flourishing life I had rejoiced ten days before. The uncle, Sack, spoke words of comfort in the house, by the side of the coffin; Schleiermacher spoke at the grave; the father commanded his deep grief, and returned home to his second sorrow—his wife having but recently recovered from an attack of morbid melancholy, and being threatened with a relapse. May the blessings of Christmas be the portion of that excellent man!

I went home to write a concluding report to the King, about the Raphael picture, in which I incorporated my own deep feelings of gratitude and attachment to him, and then I had the treasure (the effect of which is finer than ever) conveyed to his own apartment, as being an especial earnest to

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him of Christmas blessing. I had sent it off, with the letter, just before dressing to dine with the Crown Prince, who had invited Gneisenau, Grollmann, the Prince of Waldeck, and Rumohr. At five o'clock the bells rang in the festival-season, and the Crown Prince dismissed us to go himself to the King, who always passes this evening alone with the royal family. I went to Gröben, who had gratified me much by an invitation to spend the festival with him and his family; there I found Gossner, and the Countess Dernath, and a few youthful relations. First a hymn was sung, then the door was opened to the lighted chamber, where tokens of friendship were given and received, after which Gossner read and commented upon Scripture passages. Afterwards I entered at eight the house of Bernstorff; the daughters had gone to the Countess America Bernstorff, to a party of children; the Count, on his bed of pain, and the Countess sitting by him, were alone in the dark and desolate house, where only on the last Christmas-eve, their only son and heir of three years old had played around them in health. I knew they would receive me, and so they did most kindly.

I stayed with Bernstorff till nine and then proceeded to Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's, but soon left it, although music (the composition of the youthful genius Felix) was to be performed and tempted me to stay, because I was bound to Redens. . . . At twelve I reached my room much fatigued, but in my inmost soul tranquil and cheerful, thinking of you. On the morning of Christmas-day I went to the old Gothic church of St. Nicholas, where a venerable old man, Nicolai, is the preacher: the service according to the old Lutheran ritual, the singing of the congregation very fine, accompanied by the trombone, to which I am now reconciled. Nicolai spoke in faith and power the language of the Gospel. On my return home I was astonished to find again an invitation from the King. I omitted in the account of the last occasion of being at his table (Saturday last) that he presented to me with his own hand a writing-case of embossed leather, as a Christmas gift. The surprise of the courtiers was evident at seeing me so soon again. During dinner very fine music was performed in the next room; beginning with a warlike measure, and then softening into choral symphonies, similar to the King's own course of life. I never heard anything more perfect. On rising from table the King spoke with me for at least half

an hour; then Strauss was addressed and drawn into the conversation. He having remarked that the *Kyrie* performed that morning had struck him as particularly fine, the King rejoined, 'The words too are fine—full of meaning; but many people do not desire that the Lord should have mercy upon them.' Then he proceeded to speak of Church music, and said, 'I told you in Rome that I regretted not taking you with me to Verona to hear the singing in the Russian chapel: we must see what we can arrange here, for we have a small Russian colony.' Then he called General Witzleben, and commissioned him to arrange that the Russian singers should perform on New Year's day at Potsdam, whither he invited me.

The results you draw from my reports of Berlin are just. To be in the society of the Crown Prince, of the family Bernstorff and of a few others, is exceptionally desirable; but in a residence here all domestic and literary life would be torn to pieces. I mean to let Count Bernstorff know that I wish to remain as long as possible in Rome—that I desire no other diplomatic situation, and altogether would prefer living in Rome, even to being settled in the fatherland, as I must prefer Berlin to any other German place of abode. Without some great and high object fixed before me I should not feel to be in my vocation; nay, rather, after four weeks' official position here, I should be compelled either to act against my conviction or resign. On this point I am agreed with all my nearest friends, and even with the Crown Prince himself. . . . My ruling consciousness is that of the transitory nature of all earthly conditions, and that keeps me cool and composed; may God preserve me thus, as He has granted me this conviction! Pray with me for His guidance.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 31st December—half-past 11 at night.

I am alone in the last hour of the year—alone, thank God! as I cannot with you in devout meditation await the opening of the new year; alone, thank God! because in spirit, that is, in God, I am with you. What a year of blessing now verges to its close! the year in which our place among our fellow-countrymen, acquired on the Capitol for the fatherland, has been secured; which brought us our beloved Emilia, and which finally conducted me hither to obtain a

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clear consciousness of the value and import of my present relative condition. How much greater, how immeasurable will the blessing be for which I pray—to remain firm in the conviction that the Christian should abstain from plans as well as from anxious cares in things temporal. How differently has everything turned out to what I anticipated and desired! How unhappy should I now feel had our fate been decided according to my wishes! Wherefore, no plans for the new year, but only the utterance of my almost three months' experience, that I have nothing to wish and pray for, but to be permitted to serve my country on the Capitol; and secondly, that if I am called elsewhere it may please God to call me hither. I would now turn from all contemplation of things earthly in this solemn moment to thank God with you for all His unmerited gifts, but peculiarly for His long suffering grace, which ever and again touches and renews our hearts with the breath of Divine life. O may we in the new year serve Him in pure love and childlike self-renunciation! May He in His mercy grant us thus to do! Amen. Surely does His hand of mercy rest at this moment upon those precious souls which He has granted and confided to us, as over those two which fled in the days of innocence to the arms of the boundless love that in Christ unites us all: to which hand of mercy I commend myself and all my beloved for the year which is just beginning!

Extract from a Letter from the Mother of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to M. A. Klingemann, Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation in London.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 28th December, 1827.

. . . We have made an agreeable and attractive acquaintance in M. Bunsen, Minister Resident at Rome. It is without example, I believe, that a man not belonging to the nobility should have enjoyed such favour from the highest personages as he has done; he is daily with the King and the Princes, and has been commanded repeatedly to lengthen his sojourn here. This unusual favour is the more remarkable and honourable to him as he does not purchase it by flattery, but on the contrary maintains his opinion with the utmost frankness against one and all of the acknowledged authorities at Court and in society. He has a powerful decisiveness of judgement, and even sharp persistency in opinion, yet such a gift

of intelligence to soften the edge of this otherwise repelling peculiarity, that his superiority is not oppressive, but is accepted as naturally resulting from the very charm of the abundance of his knowledge and animation of intellect.

For us more particularly his being here has had this fortunate result, that His Majesty has resolved to purchase the Bartholdy collections for the new Museum. . . .

Bunsen has purchased for the King a fine painting of Raphael's representing Mary with the Infant Jesus, of which Zelter* has said, 'This is really a mother, the other Madonnas are but nurses.'

A conversation may find a place here, which is recorded as having taken place during a Court Ball at Berlin, in the winter of 1827. Two gentlemen were speaking of the marvellous reception given to Bunsen by the King. 'All royal favours are showered upon him in an unexampled manner,' said one of the interlocutors to the other; 'nothing remains for His Majesty to do for him.' 'Nothing,' replied the other, 'unless the King means to *adopt* Bunsen.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

4th January, 1828.

How can I sufficiently thank you for the incomparable letter of the 17th December! Therein I recognise you as the angel hovering round me, as my conscience that never deceives me! You were right, dearest, to reprove my utterances of self-satisfaction. I am in truth well aware that what I wrote was intended to give you a clearer insight into the surrounding circumstances; still, what you comment upon has so frequently been the case, when you could not know it, that I will not attempt self-justification. Often does it happen in life that blame falls where it is less deserved than in a hundred other cases unknown and unobserved, but everyone must take man's disapprobation as the voice of God, which He in-

* Zelter was Director of the Sing-Akademie at Berlin. A few of his compositions, and a great number of his quaint, sometimes hypercritical sayings, are preserved, and his valuable correspondence with Göthe: also the memory of his friendship with Beethoven, and of his early appreciation of the genius that lay in Felix Mendelssohn.

dividually can alone interpret. Yet I have to thank God for composure and collectedness in action and demeanour, and for having in the secret of my heart combated against, and often overcome, the evil spirit of self and of self-conceit.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

7th January, 1828.

The King has treated me in these latter days with a degree of kindness which I can only term paternal. When I was invited at Christmas-time all believed it was because of my approaching departure, it being the King's custom to invite his diplomatic servants on their coming and going. But, on the contrary, I was again invited on the 30th,—the birthday of Prince Henry—on which occasion the King spoke affectingly of his brother and of his desire to see him. For the 2nd January he invited me himself, to dinner at Potsdam and to hear the singing of the Greek Church music, only the royal family and Bishop Eylert being present. On that day the King conversed with that peculiar power and just choice of words which is natural to him, whenever not overcast by native shyness. He expressed himself admirably, particularly on the subject of the Greeks, of which I will relate more.

On the 6th January I was again invited, and the King addressed me often at table, speaking of plants and flowers in his garden, and other matters of observation in which he takes pleasure; then after dinner he came towards me and Humboldt, as we stood together, and with a smile said, 'The *Privy Counsellor of Legation* Bunsen has ordered the Opera of *Alcestis* for us this evening.' (I made a request to be allowed to hear that fine work of Gluck, and Spontini having made difficulties, the Crown Prince had the kindness personally to order its performance.) The King continued, with occasional pauses, as is his wont—as though he were uncertain how to express himself—'I was determined to be the first to greet you by your new title; it was proposed to me this day by Count Bernstorff, and I have with pleasure granted his request. I am convinced that your zeal and activity in my service will not thereby be lessened.' I answered, as you may suppose, in as few words as possible, and the King rejoined in the same tone of commendation as before. The Court supposed (not the Crown Prince) that this private conversation had been a leave-taking and dismissal. This title will

make no difference in Rome, but here it alters my position in the State.

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You may suppose that I went straight to Bernstorff—still confined to his bed—his demonstrations of friendship towards me have been always growing more marked, and I have day by day openly given him an account of my acts and endeavours, so that I have earned his full confidence. He had said to me, on receiving my New Year's greeting, 'Your presence here has been for me and mine the most agreeable event of the past year; you are become a friend of our house, and I hope you will remain such.' I did not find Bernstorff alone when I came from the King's table, so I could only express my thanks to him when I called again after the Alcestis. He replied, 'I proposed this to the King because you ought to have been thus promoted before, and because I knew that the King would be pleased with the proposal: it is but a little thing for you, but you are aware that steps in advance must be small.' I thought in my heart—God forbid that I should look upon any step as a trifle and only be bent upon what is called *rising higher*! I pray to be preserved from longing after more than I have obtained—so much beyond my deserts. My way in life has not been made thus easy that I should dwell upon delights as if they were flowers that spring up beside me, but rather gaze intently upon the serious calling of which I was conscious when, poor and unprovided, unknown and disregarded by the world, I strode forth with the wanderer's staff joyfully into the regions under the blue sky, as my blessed, never-forgotten father, with upraised eyes, pointed it out to me on our parting in 1809, saying, 'Behold the heavens are blue everywhere!' Should I now forget that calling, or the vow I made in prospect of death during my severe illness? No; I have to call upon God for strength not to belong to those in whom 'the cares of this world have choked the good seed.' It has been granted to me in the height of ripened manhood, during a very important period, to overlook from a prominent point of vantage my own beloved fatherland, and to discern the nothingness of the individual as such, but the importance of the weakest, if a blessing be given to his smallest endeavours. It has become clear to me that my calling lies in a course of intense labour in the animated solitude of the Eternal City; not in changes and removals, not in 'looking back from the plough,' but in humility and singleness

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of heart, proceeding straightforward on the path marked out for me. Help me to pray for the help and strength which the Lord can give.

The two several Ministerial offices had demurred to the defraying of my expenses for living here as well as those of my journey. I having been too proud to solicit any aid, enquiry was made for me of Prince Wittgenstein. After a day's delay the answer was, 'It is the will of the King that Bunsen should not be a penny out of pocket.' The Ministers had meanwhile reconsidered the matter (the difficulty had been made by subalterns, who are naturally not well inclined towards me), and now it is only the question from which quarter I am to receive the amount of daily expenses. I cannot, beloved, yet set out on my homeward way; the business is complicated, which by a remarkable dispensation has been placed in my hands, and which, I may be allowed to hope, will come to a good end.

My life has now settled into a more even track; the hours are divided between labour and enjoyment, except those wanted for sleep; the enjoyment is not sought after, but spontaneously offers itself without proving a disturbance. The cold has become intense, but I am well, only need more sleep. The same friends which I enumerated before are those I daily visit; I wish you knew them all. The great news is that Tholuck will come in April to Rome as chaplain for one year, or at most for two; and Rothe will be enabled to depart by the 1st June.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Monday, 14th January, 1828.

The continued kindness of the King towards me is even more affecting, when I think how much he has done for me already, and only because the Lord has given me grace in His eyes. How thankful I should be to be enabled to prove my gratitude! perhaps in a way that the King would least anticipate. This day I was invited to Potsdam to hear the compositions which are his favourites in the music sung during public worship, partly of ancient German origin, partly from Palestrina, partly Greek-Russian: they were performed, on the whole, well, by a chorus of soldiers and of boys from the Orphan School, who were afterwards regaled with an abundant meal. Next week the King will inspect the antiques just

arrived from Rome, which I had been commissioned to purchase. But this is a hard resolve, for then he must also see in Rauch's studio the new and admirable monument of the late Queen. Rauch, having been dissatisfied with his own design (made in 1812), although it was accepted by the King, has been in secret at work upon a new mass of marble ever since 1819, and has fulfilled his own intention in rare perfection of execution. It will be difficult for the King, who by his nature clings to what is well known and habitual to him, to look at a new representation; but he will really come quite alone with his aide-de-camp; and that I should be appointed to be present is perhaps the greatest of all the proofs of his favour that I have yet received.

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[Translation.]

Berlin: 22nd January.

I am writing on as fine a spring day as can be imagined; blue sky—one window open, the other with the blind drawn, that the sun may not shine into my eyes. The good school-boys have been enabled to sing their chorale without icy wind and snow, such as we had recently. On the King's return from Potsdam on the 15th, two of his outriders were frost-bitten in the face, owing to 20° of Réaumur. . . . The cold diminished to 6° by Sunday, the 20th, when the Festival of the Prussian Orders with that of the Foundation of the Monarchy (the 18th) were celebrated. At the beginning was sung, 'Come, Holy Ghost,' and at the close the 'Te Deum,' versified by Luther to the melody of 'O Roma nobilis,' to the great satisfaction of the King, and therefore to the admiration of all. The Court was in full splendour, but the most striking and affecting spectacle was that of the old soldiers and men of the various working classes, wearing the Iron Cross, or some other decoration of honour, who on no other occasion can see the King, neither in his grandeur, nor as the father of his family, and who now surround him as his guests, mingled with persons of the highest station. Three hundred and fifty, with the Black and Red Eagles, sat at table in the Picture Gallery, two hundred and fifty of the others in the hall adjoining, the latter sitting down first. I sat between Schönberg and Nicolovius; the sounds of wind instruments securing privacy of conversation.

Yesterday the King sent me word that he was going

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to Rauch's studio, where I was desired to await him, and I fortunately was there a minute before he arrived, with one officer. First, the antiques were examined, which I had been commissioned to purchase, and the King expressed much satisfaction. Then I took the opportunity of showing the group, purchased and restored by Wolff, with which he was also pleased. I hope that Wolff will soon obtain the 1,000 thalers. Thereupon the King entered the room so long closed to all but the sculptor, where his beloved Queen was again to meet his eyes, restored to her original loveliness, without trace of death or of pain. He was much moved, but listened to Rauch's explanations, and expressed his commendation of the work. I shall endeavour to suggest Wolff's being commissioned to make a journey into Greece, and I have reason to hope for success. I have all this week had so much to do that I have accepted no invitation, but only spent a regular hour with Bernstorff, and walked yesterday and to-day with dear Gröben in the Thiergarten, which I have now visited for the third time only. This week has been a very serious and weighty one to me, but I begin to discern a conclusion. My next letter may explain more.

Through Henrietta von Reden I have heard of the death of Kestner's mother. Tell that excellent friend how truly I am concerned at his affliction.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 27th. January, 1828; 3rd Sunday after Epiphany.

I hope to be able to mention in this letter what the results are of the most important step that I ever publicly took in my life. The King has now in his hands, perhaps is at this moment reading, what has taken place among the Christians of the Capitol—all that relates to public worship. The resolution has, during the last fortnight, stood fast with me; in my conscience the explanation was obligatory. I have examined all as in the sight of God, and considered it with true and Christian friends; and I rejoice to have executed it before circumstances rendered it necessary. I could not again have looked upon that paternal, gracious countenance without having made all known to him—that was my feeling. He had a *right* to know all, and a double right from his kindness to me—that was my conviction. Yet all that had

been done then—all that I had to tell and explain, was only that which was ventured upon as being needful and indispensable for that particular congregation, according to its peculiar needs and its special constitution, for the maintenance of a Christian community. Nothing was effected which lay beyond those limits. Yesterday evening I read the whole aloud to General von Witzleben, who delivered it this morning after church. What the dear excellent Gröben thought and felt, when I communicated the determination the morning after it was made, you will see from the enclosed sheet, which I shall always keep as a memorial. I have since read my explanatory treatise to him and Strauss, and received the assurance of their approbation and best wishes for a blessing on what I have done and written. The Crown Prince is also informed of it, and was at first alarmed, out of regard for me, but became convinced that so it must be, and assured me through Gröben of his prayers for my success—that being all he can contribute. With this I will conclude, telling you that I am just come out of Schleiermacher's church, where I heard fine hymns and a very good sermon on the text—'I will make you fishers of men'—treating of the relation in which we stand, on the one hand, to the kingdom of God; on the other, to the order of things human. But now I must transcribe for you the hymn which Gröben first made known to me, and which I have since found in some of the old Hymn Books:—'O der alles hätt' verloren,'* &c.

He who was thus inspired had tasted the peace of God; and might I but meet him in the world of spirits I would address him in the words of Dante:—

O ben creato spirto, che a' rai
Di vita eterna tal dolcezza senti,
Che non gustata non s' intende mai.

I was glad this morning when the great crowd which filled Trinity church had left it to me, with fifteen communicants, and about as many more devout non-participants. The solemnity began with the chorale, 'Christ, Thou Lamb of God;' then followed an address, according to the Liturgy of the Reformed Church, and all knelt during a prayer of self-offering, which in matter differs not from ours. During the words of consecration, the choir sung three passages—

* This is No. 189 in Bunsen's Hymn Book.

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not the 'Holy, Holy,' &c., but something similar; and during the Communion chorales were sung. I had a great longing after the Lord's table; but it was not clear to me that one could rightfully disregard the accustomed order of preparation, and I participated only in spirit.

The finest spring sunshine enters through the open window of my cheerful room, and the air invites me to go out; but I must write till two o'clock, and then dine with Gröben, and afterwards go for a moment to Bernstorff's, it being the Countess's birthday—the first without her only son, who died last year; the last with her eldest daughter, lately betrothed. I must have appeared thankless this last week to these excellent friends, and wanting in openness and cheerfulness, but, with that consideration for others in which perfect good breeding consists, they noticed not the pre-occupation of my mind.

Saturday, 2nd February.

As yet nothing is decided, but I cannot keep you any longer without a letter. As the King was unwell, my packet was delivered later by four days than I had anticipated. Witzleben mentioned in few words the subject-matter, and the King laid down the packet upon his table without a word. This morning I received an invitation for to-morrow evening to tea and supper, which would seem to show that the King is not angry; but it will have cost him an inward conflict in his closet.

I can assure you that I have been (God be thanked!) light at heart, as I had not been for a long time, ever since the packet so weighty in matter was out of my hands, and on Monday, 28th January (the day after I had sent it off), I began my great labours upon . . . I had not been able to give it the right form before, and now it was a real consolation to be employed upon a matter both difficult and important. All possible documents have been furnished to me, and I have been commissioned to make a statement such as shall exhaust the subject, comprising all the merits of the case and all the arguments connected with it; after which I am to propose a decision in the King's name. Three proposals must be made, each distinct and varied in form, and each word thoroughly weighed, because of the consequences of such a document. The evening before last I read all that I had sketched out to Witzleben, who declared himself as

agreeing with me on the whole; therefore I am now working it into final completeness.

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A few words to give you my diary of social engagements, which I might else forget. Monday (29th) dinner at the Crown Prince's, with the Duke of Lucca; then invited to the opera of 'Nourmahal,' a tale from 'Lalla Rookh;' never had I seen such magic effect of decoration. Tuesday evening, to Strauss, where there were fifteen young students of theology assembled for discussion 'on the relation which the self-sacrifice of the Christian bears to forms of divine worship.'

The notices of the following days testify to anxiety of mind and want of rest at night. Then on Friday, 1st February, he continues:—

At last I am tranquil and cool once again. Had I not such a serious and engrossing task before me, how should I stand the anxiety and suspense, and besides the separation from you! Be convinced that in this activity and strain of mind only can I find strength, and be kept quiet. The weather is charming; perfect spring—open window—the sun only too hot.

Monday, 4th February.

After my long letter by the last post, you must be anxious for tidings without delay—so I write these hasty words to tell you that nothing has been said to me on the subject I spoke of, but that the King was peculiarly gracious and kind; wherefore I cannot doubt his having got over a shock, like that which made Cæsar exclaim, 'Et tu, Brute!'

Friday, 15th February.

God alone be praised! He has granted my prayer, not according to my unworthiness, but according to His own mercy. The boldest, and yet best-considered, step of my life has not been in vain.

Soon after I sent my last few lines I learnt from Witzleben that what I had done had given displeasure: the King had slightly and impatiently turned over the leaves, with the observation, that 'he could not see why so much alteration should have been made. Alterations serve to little or no purpose. It was true that the congregation there, at Rome, was peculiar. He could not issue commands under the circumstances.' And thereupon gave back the papers, to be further

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reported upon. Two days later he invited me to dinner, and was very gracious; but the occasion was a visit from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who was to be shown the Raphael picture, by me. A few days later the King resumed the subject with Witzleben; read my explanatory essay, which, written from my very heart, made its way to his feelings. On many points he expressed approbation: and having gone through the whole, and marked it with his pencil, he said—‘Here, and in general, I could make no use of this; but the thing is good, and altogether answers to my own original intention.’ He then desired Witzleben to speak to me upon one or two points; but added at last, ‘I shall speak to him myself.’ Of this I was informed when I was listening with many others, in a crowded room, to Humboldt’s lecture on physical geography. You may imagine what I felt. God be thanked! . . . On returning to my room, I found a small liturgical book, entitled ‘Luther’ (said to have been written by the King himself in 1827), which Witzleben sent to me to read, by command of the King. When I have read it, I shall go quietly, bearing in mind the words of the Lord—‘Take no thought what ye shall say.’

5 o’clock in the afternoon.

All has passed off much better than I had thought. The King received me at a quarter before eleven: spoke first of . . . then, turning towards the writing table, he said, ‘You have sent me an essay, which, I tell you plainly, at first greatly displeased me, and I was about to send it back and decline taking further notice of the matter; but at length I read it from beginning to end, and perceived that it was a different thing to any other plan of alteration that has been brought before me. I am willing to admit what has been done: I pretend not to extend my jurisdiction as far as Rome, and will not issue commands, but only say what I wish and advise. I have made observations in writing upon your manuscript, and shall talk them over with you.’ He proceeded to read and comment; his manner becoming gradually milder, more gracious and friendly: but I cannot go into details. The King closed with the gracious words—‘I do the fullest justice not only to your sentiments, but also to your manner of proceeding: I have not experienced anything like this before: there is a right mind in the whole.’

Saturday, 23rd February.

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When you read these lines, I hope I shall be no farther off from you than Munich. Yesterday I dined with Bernstorff, who expressed cordial congratulations, as well as Nicolovius, and both agreed with me that I must do all in my power to hasten my departure, in order to avoid the necessity of declining and renouncing what I yet could not accept; for as yet nothing could be done in the matter, and perhaps never. Something is fermenting in the head and heart of the King, but in writing everything may be replied to. In a long and serious conversation with Bernstorff to-day, he promised me to do all in his power to secure my being allowed to remain in Rome, and not summoned hither; his own opinion being, however, that I was indispensable. In every case, as to all my wishes, I might reckon upon him as a friend. Many more things, striking and admirable, did he say as to his own life and views, which I had rather relate than write. . . . Tholuck will arrive in Rome, so that Rothe will be free to depart. As his definitive successor I am to have Herr von Tappelskirch, from Königsberg, who first studied law, and is an enlightened Christian, the more so as he is thoroughly learned, and devoted to the calling of a teacher of the Gospel. He will make a tour through Germany, to collect for me all the ancient German liturgical publications; afterwards celebrate his marriage with Countess Bertha von Canitz, in Marienwerder, and with her proceed to Rome. He is a real gain to me, and it is truly providential to have found a helper, without whom I could hardly accomplish the work before me. . . .

26th February.

This day the King has dismissed me with the same gracious kindness with which he received me on my arrival. After dinner, he asked me if I had seen the view of the Capitol, hung up long since in his closet? and desired me to follow him that he might show it me; when he took the opportunity of saying, that he had had much pleasure in seeing me here, and was convinced that I should further serve him with the same zeal and fidelity as hitherto. My reply was graciously received; but the King added that he should see me once again, to entrust to me a letter for Prince Henry—at the latest on Friday. Wherefore my day of departure is

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(God be thanked !) at last fixed for Saturday. . . . When you receive this I shall have reached Bonn.

4th March.

MY DEAREST,—I am still here, but God has blessed this day of joy and thankfulness* beyond all hope.

On Friday last, I was in the act of taking leave of the Princes, when I received the King's commands to dine with him at 2 o'clock. On my entrance, the King told me he wished I should delay my journey for a few days: Witzleben would explain all.

To him therefore I went directly after dinner: and learnt that the King had resolved to have my liturgical arrangement for the chapel at Rome printed, with his own expressed sanction, and with a preface by his own hand; and that I was to superintend the printing. This morning I received the fair copy, with the pencil marks in the King's own hand, and the preface (also in his own hand) stating that this was only a developement of the general form of public devotion, long since introduced by himself.

I shall be able to move as soon as I have the printed copies. I am sure you thank God with me, hard as the duty is which imposes such a lengthened separation. . . .

6th March.

. . . . What you say of the beginning of a new life now before us is in my thoughts day and night; may God grant that it be in reality a *vita nuova*! The outward conditions of it are distinctly before me. The business of my office will unavoidably engross the first month, for affairs there are both manifold and important: but when I recover leisure, I could no more bestow it on that offspring of my youth (the 'Athenian Law of Inheritance' to which you allude), than you could a second time give birth to one of your sons. A large work was written on that subject last year, in which the author adopts all that was good in my essay. I should be glad to write comments upon points in which I think him mistaken, and I promise you to take into consideration whether I can do it without going into the whole.

10th March.

. . . . Since my last letter many communications have taken place: the King has taken each separate point into his

* His wife's birthday.

most serious consideration, and has ended by allowing all. Paper and type have been selected, and the printing will begin to-morrow. When this morning I arranged the entire MS. for the press, all seemed to me as a dream; for often has this been in my dreams. How much now lies behind me! but 'whoso layeth hand to the plough' must not look back: and so I will only think how much still lies before me, if the Lord will grant me health and His blessing towards the fulfilment of my vow.

It is indeed a blessing that the climate here agrees with me so well! I never sleep more than five or six hours, and have no rest all day, having to speak to a hundred persons about a hundred things, or to work in full strain of attention, except when I drop asleep about nine o'clock, and yet I never was better in health, and am cool and cheerful. Lately I went to bed at half-past seven, rose before three, and worked till seven—as I used to do twenty years ago; in the evening I never work later than nine.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, twenty years of age, is deep in chorale music. The unequalled collection of chorale-books belonging to Poelchau furnishes him with all that he can desire for study, and in 1829, with all his treasure of knowledge and genius, he will come to Rome. He is one of the most amiable and attaching human beings that I have ever known. I understand from Poelchau that many of our hymn tunes originate in popular songs: for instance, that of the Evening Hymn, 'Now is rest in every wood,' can be traced up to the year 1480, as in use among travelling workmen, when it was composed, or adapted to the above hymn, by the *maître de chapelle* of Maximilian I., a pupil of the celebrated Josquin. Several tunes can be proved to have been originally rhythmic, as I have always maintained they ought to be.*

As nobody yet knows the reason of my detention, reports and surmises are numberless; those who are favourable to me suppose I am to enter upon some high post or other—those who are unfavourable say that I am working to bring about a coalition of the Pietists with the Jesuits, in order to take back some kind of a report to the Pope. . . . My sleep is not disturbed by one class of suppositions more than by

* See the small publication of Becker and Billroth¹—tracing out ancient melodies to their origin in measured chant, for an explanation of 'rhythmic.'

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another; but amid those dreams I rejoice in the reality of esteem and kindness shown me by many of the truly worthy and distinguished—such as the hero with a gentle nature, Field-Marshal Gneisenau. . . .

14th March.

. . . . In the midst of conferences, conversations, and hard work, comes a wedding—that of Count Bernstorff's eldest daughter to Herr von der Busche. It took place in his house. The address by Lisco was edifying, but the whole seemed bare and empty from the want of a solemn liturgical form. This was the first wedding at which I had ever been present, except that where I was myself the bridegroom; and the 1st of July came with such power upon my soul, that I had nearly joined the good household in sobbing. All left soon after eleven; but three days later there was a great ball, at which the Royal Family were graciously pleased to be present, and which cost Count Bernstorff a relapse of his much-too-frequent gout. . . .

The spring makes itself felt, and the air of the late exquisite days has increased my longing to go out under the blue sky. I have enjoyed them only from my window, for there is not even an hour to spare for walking.

18th March.

I can announce to you that the printers are hard at work . . . but they will have an addition to their labours, as the King, of his own accord, has commanded that the Book of the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels should be printed with the rest. Wherefore Strauss, Tippleskirch, and myself have to go through and prepare the MS. with all care.

How can I be sufficiently thankful for all that the Lord has done for me! Had He not sent me this excellent young man (Tippleskirch), who lives entirely in this work, and helps me from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, how should I be able to accomplish it? The kindness of the King to me, and the earnestness with which he views and considers the matter in hand, are worthy of all respect and thankful acknowledgement. On the day when the new command was transmitted to me, I was summoned to his table, where there was no other guest: and the King said, 'I have given you much to do—it has taken much time,

and you have been long detained from your post; but this has been a regular controversy that we have had.' I have requested to be allowed to keep the MS. with His Majesty's own remarks, and I am to have it—a memorial for myself and my descendants.

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That same day I received the answer to the application made at my entreaty for a pension and rank as Saxon Chargé d'Affaires for Platner. I was just returning from Witzleben, when a few lines from that excellent friend Schönberg were put into my hands on the way. I read them at once, and my previous joy on my own account was increased to overflowing. I trust, from the terms of this reply, that all will be as we wish. Wolff's pension also is prolonged for three years.

24th March.

This day, six months have elapsed since I parted from you. I thank God the hour of departure must soon strike. Dear Tippielskirch will travel with me as far as Halle or Nuremberg.

I begin to secure a few quiet hours, in preparation for the Passion Week. I have been present, with much edification, at a Confirmation by Strauss in the Cathedral. I am to be with him this evening and that of Good Friday. I have passed with him some very solemn hours. I have also enjoyed my conversations with Neander. For all things, God be thanked!

The first meeting between Bunsen and Dr. Thomas Arnold, and the beginning of a friendship and mutual understanding, which increased and was drawn closer each year until cut off too soon and suddenly by the death of the latter in 1842 (shortly after the establishment of Bunsen in England), had taken place in May 1827, when Dr. Arnold (at that time still resident at Laleham) made a rapid holiday-journey to Rome with two pupils. His stay was restricted to a few days, during great part of which Bunsen, with great zeal and pleasure, accompanied him in his inspection of historical monuments, and communicated his own store of topographical information. Dr. Arnold wisely declined making any attempt

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to become acquainted with the Galleries of the fine arts, as such; his 'Roman History,' and everything that could contribute to fix or render clear his conceptions of any portion of it, having an exclusive claim upon his time and attention. Arnold and Bunsen considered each other as friends from the first, and parted with the expressed hope and purpose of not losing sight or knowledge of each other. The first letter that passed between them was written by Arnold, before the end of that same year, the answer to which follows.

Bunsen to Arnold.

[Translation.]

Berlin : Easter Monday, 1828.

The voice of esteem and hearty affection, from the lips of one whom one truly esteems and loves, is a precious boon to the heart, when granted as the result of long acquaintance; and only those who have thus experienced it can duly estimate its cheering sound from afar off, as the faithful echo of merely short hours of friendly intercourse. Every degree of mutual inclination and affection is a free gift from man, but also a gift of the Lord, in whom only the fullness of friendship can be met, and, in a peculiar sense, felt to be such.

This feeling, dear friend, was called forth by your letter sent after me hither from Rome; and as it has lived on in my soul ever since, I write the expression of it, this day to be delivered to you, with a parcel, by the excellent Mr. Jelf, tutor to Prince George of Cumberland, whom you knew at the University, and who is upon the point of starting for England.

As you have been attracted by much in the German character and life, essentially allied to, and yet differing from, the national character of your people and their method of mental cultivation, so is it with me in regard to yours, in which I have found so much, not only to respect, but to love. And as you have been disappointed in many of your expectations in the Germans of the present day, and have found in them what was chilling, if not repulsive to you,—so have I found, in the range of opinion which concerns the greatest political and religious problems of the day, precisely among those of

your countrymen towards whom I feel myself the most drawn (the men who hold Old England high above all else), points on which I cannot easily either make my own reasoning intelligible to them, or comprehend and accept theirs. Therefore it was to me such a very great and unexpected joy, that in the intercourse of a few hours I found I could with you at once come to a common understanding, which so opened my heart towards you as to make it easy to express what (as Plato says) the soul can only utter when conscious of communion with an allied spirit. Heartily, therefore, do I thank you for that friendship and kindness, which I hope to preserve for ever. . . . I rejoice in your removal to Rugby, because I hope that, sooner or later, it will secure to you that leisure which the Englishman of learning can rarely enjoy until he has paid his debt to public life by a course of practical usefulness. God grant that the abundance of business may not keep you entirely from your own pursuits!

A seemingly accidental circumstance caused my coming to Berlin, where I intended to remain only a fortnight, to become acquainted with the State which has adopted me since I have been in Italy, and to present myself before my hitherto unseen chiefs. But Providence has, otherwise ordained it; and on the day when six months will have elapsed since I entered the town, I shall depart, with unmixed thankfulness, for the more than kindness shown to me in my reception by the King and the Royal Family, but with yet greater thankfulness towards the Lord, who has allowed the fulfilment of my most cherished wishes.

My views on the subject of the Protestant Church in Germany, and particularly the need of a spiritual guide for the nation (*geistliches Volksbuch*) like your Common Prayer Book, I have communicated to you. My maxim is, No general Church without a Liturgy, and no Liturgy without a Church. The latter is, alas! not yet understood among us. In the consciousness of this need, I took it upon myself to modify the King's Liturgy for the chapel of the Roman Legation, after the pattern of the English Liturgy. My friends here were startled at this piece of daring, but the King has allowed of it most graciously, and even given orders for printing the form of worship, with the addition of some liturgical fragments which I, with my friend Rothe (chaplain to the Lega-

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tion), had selected and arranged, for the use of the German congregation at Rome. Thus is the origin of the book I now send explained. I am convinced that this form gives utterance to the idea of the ancient Church with respect to the Christian sacrifice; and this, with the conception of the spiritual priesthood of all Christians, naturally connected with it, is not only freely expressed, but laid down as the foundation of the whole. The order for Good Friday will show you the peculiarity of a German mode of devotional exercise, combining hymns with solemn prayer: The Hymns will please you—I hope also the tunes. No. 6 is taken from a MS. in the Vatican library, and belongs to a poem, ‘O Roma nobilis,’ discovered by Niebuhr.

The principal objects of the whole are two:—1. The representation of the Evangelical conception of the believer’s sacrifice, in public worship without communion, so that, in the latter case also, the sermon shall not appear the culminating point. 2. The connection of this idea with the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. The former was, alas! not attempted by the primitive Church, in that decisive moment of the world’s history when the daily and universal communion of the congregation ceased; and the latter, alas! soon sunk into obscurity and confusion—the external, purely symbolical use of the *προσφέρειν* of bread and wine being so exclusively brought into notice, as to overshadow the true idea of self-sacrifice—the continuous, spiritual giving of thanks, which is the self-sacrifice of the Christian; and to prepare the way for the notion of the Sacrifice of the Mass. The true idea of sacrifice belongs to Divine worship, or adoration as such, and not to the Communion, in the celebration of which, however, it has its most perfect adaptation. These assertions I shall be the better able to prove when I publish the ‘*Codex Liturgicum Ecclesiæ Universæ*.’ I experienced here, at first, much opposition and misunderstanding among theologians, but at length, in many quarters, encouraging and cheering concurrence. Dr. Tholuck (who is known in England) will go with me to Rome as chaplain to the Legation.

On politics it were best to be silent. The Austro-Turkish oscillations of your great commander, and I must admit also the state of feeling of a very large portion of the nation, have

grieved me to the heart. They must ever remain a spot of darkness in the constellation of Albion, and are among the greatest political errors I know of. If peace be yet preserved among the great Christian Powers, it is not certainly the result of this system. To the Lord I commend all! May He bless and preserve you and yours! Pray write to me soon!

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Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Wednesday, 9th April.

. . . . Shall you be grieved that I am still here? and can you believe that I shall really set out this week? After all the printing and the binding were really completed, I had myself the joy of taking to the King the first copies of the Capitoline Liturgy, of which he gave me one in quarto as his gift to the congregation, and one of the octavo edition for myself. Then he again repeated to me the gracious expressions used before, regarding myself and Rothe: after which he gave me, for the first time, his royal right hand. Then he spoke with me for at least half an hour, things important and not to be forgotten; and gave me an opportunity of saying many things. This was in the forenoon: I was invited to the King's table, and then finally dismissed with all signs of favour. As I departed from the Palace, General Witzleben informed me that the King intended a memorial gift for me; that he knew that I did not want or expect one, but that he wished to prove that he was *very well* inclined towards me. The King had (immediately after my last audience) desired the general to select some pieces from the porcelain manufactory, from which he would himself make choice of one for me.

It was granted to me to enjoy the Easter solemnity. Thursday was the day of preparation; Good Friday that of the Communion. Strauss preached in the Cathedral to 4,000 persons, 600 of whom remained for the Lord's Supper, the Royal Family among the number. In the afternoon I read with the Bernstorffs the Good Friday service; then heard Graun's oratorio of the 'Death of Jesus;' and at night remained late with Strauss. On Easter Monday I dined with the Gröbens, and joined them in celebrating the anniversary (April 2) of the gallant deed by which General Dörnberg

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accompanied by Gröben saved Lüneburg, and the lives of 100 doomed citizens, by a sudden attack upon the French in 1813.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Wittenberg: Sunday, 13th April, 1828.

. . . . Yesterday evening, at half-past ten, I drove out of the royal city, in which I have met with more affection and kindness than in any other town of my native country.

On Wednesday evening the King sent me a fine porcelain vase, with two paintings, one being a view of the King's Palace, the other of Berlin; he had chosen this himself out of twelve that had been brought to him for selection; and the accompanying message was—'As a memorial of himself and of his residence.' Next morning other persons came commissioned to pack the vase, and so it is now despatched, by Augsburg, to Rome.

I remained over Saturday on account of the baptism of the young Prince, son of Prince Carl,* where I again met all the Royal Family. The Crown Prince said he would not take leave of me there in public, but conducted me to his own room, where, after the most gracious expressions, he presented me with a piece of ancient German sculpture, an 'Ecce Homo' in ivory, as a memorial. Then it remained to me to bid farewell to my special friends; Schönberg, Witzleben (through whom I received a commission from the King to Heubner, at Wittenberg, &c.), Neander, Gröben, Savigny, Bernstorff, till half-past ten, when I left, oppressed with a multitude of feelings, which were merged in humiliation and thankfulness. The company of Tippielskirch was a solace. I have to-day heard Heubner preach, and had a walk with him. I enjoy this rest in Wittenberg.

* Prince Friedrich Carl, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian forces in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, and of the 'First' army corps in Bohemia in 1866.



Bust of Bunsen, by Wolff (1827).

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE IN ROME—(*continued*).

RETURN TO ROME—PRUSSIAN LITURGY—MUSICAL TASTES—CHURCH AFFAIRS
IN SILESIA—DESCRIPTION OF ROME—NIEBUHR'S POLITICAL OPINIONS—
VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE TO ITALY—ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—
EGYPTIAN RESEARCHES—DEATH OF LEO XII.—REVOLUTION OF 1830
—DEATH OF NIEBUHR—SIR WALTER SCOTT—CORRESPONDENCE WITH
ARNOLD.

BUNSEN'S long term of labour, anxiety, and excitement, as well as of honour and favour at Berlin, 1827-28, was critical in his life in more points than those yet mentioned. He returned home to his family and favourite position in May 1828, two days earlier than he had finally announced himself, in good health, but altered in person, having a fullness of cheek and a constant flush of colour, as well as a commencement of corpulence, a diminution of the original thickness of hair on the summit of the head, and a slight sprinkling of grey hair, such as testified to the close of youth and entrance on another period of life. These changes could in part be the

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more accurately noted, as in the beginning of September 1827, just previous to the journey to Berlin, the accomplished Prussian sculptor Wolff had modelled the bust of Bunsen with a success universally admitted—which bust he afterwards executed in marble with the highest finish, and it remains a precious family monument in the house of Ernest von Bunsen in London. It was an offering of gratitude on the part of Wolff, who desired to make some return, by the exercise of his acknowledged talents, for the essential services which Bunsen had sought and found occasion to render him. The gift of the artist could not be declined without a want of consideration for his feelings; and Bunsen made a condition that he should be allowed to take on his own account the whole cost of the material, accepting with thanks the intrinsic value conferred on the block of marble by the mind and skill of the sculptor. The bust in question gives the exact representation of the face, the features, and the hair-growth in Bunsen's youthful years, and the marble is not paler than he used to be: it may also be said to share, with three other portraits, viz. a fine medallion by Böhm of Vienna, executed in 1825, a pen drawing by Schnorr in 1835, and a miniature by Grahl in 1836,—an excess of seriousness, almost amounting to sternness, which strongly contrasts with the bright cheerfulness of the portrait by Richmond in 1846, and of the bust by Behnes in 1849. The medallion by Monroe, executed in 1853, has the solemn look, which suits well with its present position upon the monument in the cemetery at Bonn.

Although the letters to Christiana of December 1822, and January 1823, indicate the commencement and the nature of Bunsen's relation to King Frederick William III., some further explanation is necessary to render the extraordinary circumstances attending Bunsen's stay in Berlin, from September 1827, to April 1828, intelligible.

The impression produced by England on the mind of Frederick William III., on the occasion of his visit there, after the occupation of Paris by the allied armies, was strong and enduring in many respects; but nothing that he had witnessed was so congenial to his feelings as the solemnity of the quiet Sunday and the spectacle of the multitudes who, at least, showed the desire and seized the opportunity of worshipping God and of receiving edification on that day, which was thus shielded by custom from worldly occupations. He was intensely anxious to heal the wounds of his own ravaged and dismembered dominions, by effectually securing the advancement of Christianity, as the best means of renewing well-being in every direction, and he had a strong impression of the peculiar duty inherited by the House of Brandenburg, to create peace and unity between the observances of the Reformed (or Calvinistic) Churches and those of the Lutheran Confession. Could the King have had his wish, it would probably have taken the form of an absolute merging of variations into a solid and uniform establishment like that of the Church of England, which he knew to have originated in a compound of the maxims of the two Reformers, to be modified according to German peculiarities. This is not the place to note in detail the course of serious study and the manifold difficulties undertaken and worked through by the conscientious King and his favourite aide-de-camp, General Witzleben, during many years. The King's researches after modes of conciliation had encountered much opposition, and only in the military deference of this much-respected officer, and his honest appreciation of the object in view, did he find assistance in the construction of a form of prayer for his own private chapel, put together from various liturgical fragments, which he proceeded, after the mode of the long-established paternal (i. e. absolute) government, by degrees to introduce throughout the kingdom. The King's 'Agenda' became the authorised form of public

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worship in the 'United Evangelic Church of Prussia' in the years following the tercentenary festival of the Reformation in 1817, when the King had for the first time, although a Calvinist, partaken of the Lord's Supper in a Lutheran church. In the autumn of 1822, the King, when about to proceed from Rome to Naples, signified that a hall, properly fitted up for Divine service, was to be arranged within the residence of the Prussian Legation, in which on Sundays his own new 'Agenda,' or form of devotion, was to be performed. A chaplain had been granted in order to collect together and to edify the scattered German inhabitants of Rome on the urgent suggestion of Niebuhr, already in the year 1818, in the person of Dr. Schmieder: but the form of worship was limited, by custom, to the sermon, preceded and followed by a very few passages of a fixed character, containing portions of Scripture and prayers, the fine choral hymns joined in by the entire congregation, being the great point of union, as they are the pride, and justly so, of Protestant Germany. This arrangement for public worship was the King's institution, and supported at his expense; therefore when he directed the mode to be observed, this was only according to rule and custom; and the prescribed adaptation of a portion of the Prussian Minister's dwelling in the Palazzo Savelli was, in accordance with the King's command, effected, as well as the training of such volunteer performers as could be persuaded to lend assistance in forming an extempore choir (by dint of much exertion of influence, which fell principally to the share of Bunsen), within the short time of the King's absence at Naples. On the one Sunday that intervened before the King's final departure from Rome northward, he found all appearances fair and smooth, and was not aware that the performers of his favourite 'Agenda' would be and must be confined to the single occasion of his presence. It is not for me to explain why the course, seemingly most natural, of

a straightforward statement to the King that in an exceptional place like Rome the materials for a regular cathedral service were wanting, was not followed, nor his permission requested for a return to former practices as alone possible; and it is my belief, that had Bunsen been at the head of the Legation, he would not have been silent as to the reality of things; for often has he been heard to say, that the truth of fact is at least as much due to a Sovereign as to any other fellow-creature. The longing desire for an opportunity of open declaration of the state of things to the King was a principal reason for Bunsen's suggesting to his chiefs in the Ministry that he should himself be the escort of the Raphael picture, which they had ordered to be despatched to Berlin like any common package, in unconsciousness of the danger of detention. His anxiety as to the effect that might be produced on the King's mind by his communication will not seem surprising. But the result at last, which brought him an increase of favour and indulgence, proves a liberality and high-mindedness, a capability of examining into reasons, and a readiness to change an opinion on conviction, a sincerity in search of the right and just, and a power of self-renunciation in the King, which are deserving of all acknowledgement in proportion to the irritating nature of the trial.

This was, no doubt, with Bunsen that 'tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to prosperous fortune'—understanding 'prosperous' in the sense of the gratification of ambition in the attainment of high office. The inclinations of many persons in power, besides the very highest, set in strongly towards retaining him at that time in Berlin; and it was his own instinct fortunately telling him that a residence at Berlin was unsuited to the furtherance of his favourite pursuits, and the sincerity and urgency with which he expressed his desire to return to Rome and remain there, which saved

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him from becoming entangled in a position which he could not have mastered.

One of the singularities of Bunsen's relation to the Sovereign who showed him such paternal predilection, was that he first met the King's notice under the character (not self-assumed) of a judge and authority in the fine arts. The first report which reached Berlin and the Court about the unknown favourite of Niebuhr, was that he passed his leisure among painters and paintings; and accordingly the first words of the King when Bunsen was presented to him, in 1822, were, 'You are a great judge and connoisseur, I am told?' 'I do not pretend to be so, please your Majesty,' was the answer of Bunsen. On the next occasion of notice, at table, the King desired to receive information on the subject of Palestrina, some of whose grand compositions were to be performed by a selection of the singers of the Sixtine Chapel at the residence of Cardinal Consalvi, in order to bring to the King's notice one of the chief curiosities peculiar to Rome. The King's sudden and abrupt questions, 'Who was this Palestrina?' 'What is this music?' met not (for some unexplained reason) with the expected instantaneous reply from Niebuhr; and the King's eye, first directed to him, wandered on, till it fixed upon Bunsen, the question being at the same instant repeated, and replied to with the collectedness and presence of mind for which he was remarkable; so that the King, pleased with having been understood, and with the matter which his enquiry had elicited, continued the conversation with Bunsen till the end of dinner, to the astonishment of the Court party. In the momentary pause, before the King looked towards Bunsen, repeating his question, he was heard to utter in a low voice, 'Habe wohl etwas dummes gefragt!' ('I suppose I have asked a stupid question!') The King was shy—as if he were always conscious of his own neglected education; and apt to apprehend that he was himself in fault, when not understood.

After the splendid fête given to the King by Consalvi, the unexampled character of which originated in the suggestion of Niebuhr, whom the Cardinal in doubt and difficulty had consulted, the King took occasion to resume the conversation with Bunsen on sacred music, and signified his opinion that the singers and the music of the Greek Church were better worth hearing than those of the Papal Chapel; adding some expression intimating a desire that Bunsen should hear and judge, which the extract already given from a letter of Christmas 1827, proves that His Majesty had borne in mind during that five years' lapse of time, and thereupon gave his Court the surprise of commanding a musical performance at Potsdam for the express purpose of this class of music being heard by Bunsen.

The fine arts were the cause of intense pleasure to Bunsen, without being, strictly speaking, matter of peculiar taste to him in an artistic sense. He accepted them as realities worthy of a rational man, only in so far as he discerned in them the worthy substratum, the intelligible utterance of principles and feelings such as have a right to exist—moral, devotional, philosophical, humanitarian; understanding by the latter term that shadowing forth of varieties in man which the 'fine spirit' discerns in national melodies. Thus in painting, he admitted little within the sphere of his admiring acceptance but the grand productions of the most ancient Italian art, portraying elevation of character, intensity of divine love, human devotedness and self-sacrifice, in all the dignity of moral and physical beauty; yet he could bring himself to go far in grouping with those unapproachable standards of excellence, the best attempts by the modern revival of painting, in their aspiration after them. For landscape-painting he would allow no place other than that of an innocent amusement and decoration, except where the figures inserted told a story and gave a sense to the whole; it was pos-

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sibly his short-sightedness, which partially closed his eyes to the perception of the charm of imitating the inanimate creation—for of the general effect of fine scenery he was highly susceptible. The landscapes of Koch, the Tyrolese, were greatly prized by him, as entering within the pale of excellence laid down by him.

In music he ever sought anything but the charm of sound to dwell upon; and in early days could tolerate that music only which spoke its meaning by its combination with the human voice. But later, in the friendship and society of such musical composers as could meet his difficulties of comprehension, he learnt to believe, and in degree to feel, that music merely instrumental possesses the high privilege of demonstrating how much there is intensely affecting the human soul, which thought cannot grasp, nor language utter.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Bunsen had great difficulty, but at last succeeded to his own satisfaction, in admitting among the fine arts dramatic personation of individual character and of conditions of society and events in history. Even though greatly enjoying fine acting, he was at first of opinion that the human being was degraded by absorbing and representing, although but for an hour, the entire moral existence of another; and reconciled himself to theatrical representation only as being, like painting and sculpture, an imitative art, though not of such high standing as those, inasmuch as it only deserves to exist as the handmaid to poetry, understood as the true revelation of human nature, and as the utterance of the eternal and immutable distinction between right and wrong—embodying the Nemesis of the Greeks. It is needless to add that, carrying out this principle, he proscribed with utter detestation all that he casually knew of modern instances of the degradation of the drama; and earnestly

desired its renovation for the cultivation, and not the deterioration, of society. He rejoiced in the original design of Wagner, as he had done before in the grand attempts by Gluck, to combine dramatic and musical composition into one current, flowing from one source. He always insisted that the opera was, in its idea, a kind of poetical utterance not only lawful, but grand and satisfactory; only degraded in practice, like so much besides in modern days, by an alliance with the essentially immoral in composition, with the meretricious and ephemeral in execution.

To give an explanation of the peculiar labours, besides those already mentioned, into which Bunsen was drawn at Berlin in 1827-28, and which occasioned the first protraction of his stay there, is neither within the power nor the province of the writer of these pages. But it is certain that he was called upon to take part in other weighty matters such as those concerning the Church of Rome at Breslau, the effect produced in the northern and exclusively Protestant provinces by the introduction of the new liturgical form, and the attempt to unite the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. Bunsen was urgent from the beginning to the end of his career of public life, 'in season and out of season,' for the avoidance of every act of government which might have the slightest appearance of imposing trammels upon the conscience in matters of worship ever so seemingly indifferent. He had too good reason to know that the desire to serve the King in bringing about the execution of his benevolent designs had caused in many parts of the Prussian dominions a system of browbeating on the one hand, and of coaxing on the other, which, though outwardly successful, had not tended to peace between the variously-minded. On this field of exertion, it was his belief, on quitting Berlin in 1828, that he had gained important points, and that beneficial results would follow; preparatory to that full and absolute liberation of the

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Church (i.e., community of believers) from the State, which he faithfully advocated, and sometimes believed he had succeeded in making acceptable to the heir apparent if not to the then reigning Sovereign.

It will be seen, in the account of Bunsen's last and memorable conference with the late King, in September 1857, that he used a new line of tactics in order to bring his convictions to the royal acceptance, suggesting the rightful position of believers in the Christian State, by analogy drawn from the way in which the different classes among worshippers are placed in a reasonably-constructed cathedral-church. Of his upright and earnest striving, of his prodigality of intellectual energy, in the cause of Christian independence and freedom of conscience, may the royal archives one day disclose the multiplied proofs to the historian of another generation!

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

Villa Piccolomini, Frascati : 17th September, 1828.

Having worked through the accumulation of business which awaited my return after a prolonged absence, and taken refuge in this precious Tusculan seclusion, these lines were intended to announce to you the approaching arrival of the incomparable Capaccini; and I bitterly regret having delayed them to this last week, which the expected journey of the Crown Prince has so filled up, as not to leave me a moment. At last I write to-day, that my letter may at least enter your friendly dwelling in company with him. You were the first to prophesy to him that he would have to undertake this journey, and that was not the only reason for which he selected Bonn as a resting-place; and if I am glad for your sake as well as for his own of this meeting, I am no less so on account of the high interests which you have at heart, as few others have in our country, and which no one understands so well. I need not, on this subject, anticipate Capaccini's communications, for I could not state the case in a more unprejudiced manner than he will do. I could say nothing to you on the last evening when I took leave of you at Bonn, and

little enough in the too-swiftly flying moments of our being together: but you know me sufficiently to have seen and felt the deep gratification I experienced in seeing you again . . . how above all things, the fullness of affection and confidence did my heart good, which you showed me in those days which can never be forgotten.

Although I stayed two days at Munich, and besides giving a few hours to Verona and Bologna, spent a full day in the magnificent Ravenna, yet did I accomplish my journey in less than thirteen days, and reached my family on the Capitol sooner than I had promised, that is on May 21. Soon after, the old Cardinal della Somaglia retired, and Bernetti entered upon his post—a choice which necessarily pleased the public more than the College of Cardinals. My concerns were happily transferred from the confidential to the official division. You will certainly be surprised to hear that two-thirds of my time now belong to the purchase of works of art. I have been authorised to send Wolff by way of Corfu to the Archipelago to seek after objects of art in Delos. The King has commissioned me to purchase for him sixteen ancient pictures, proposed by Rumohr, among which is a youthful painting of Raphael's, and several splendid old Florentines: the Ministry has laid upon me and Gerhard the responsibility of purchasing another collection, and finally, I am desired to procure vases of Corneto, Apulia, and Sicily, by a direct royal order. I have worked out a general plan for the Museum to check endless and extravagant purchases, yet with the design of giving to the collection a degree of historical completeness which no other possesses, by means of good drawings and partly by casts of all the antiques of Italy as yet unknown to the public, but which deserve to be known. Such an archæological cabinet, once formed and arranged, might afterwards be kept up by the outlay of very moderate sums. Gerhard is now travelling through Tuscany accompanied by Ruspi, to form the designs of a complete body of Etruscan monuments, purchasing the as yet unpublished drawings of Inghirami. This and the like collections (especially of drawings of vases, the originals of which would uselessly consume all the money) will form a deposit for the Annals of the Berlin Museum. This plan is at present a very favourite project with me, and if it should not be altered and spoilt, and if they will leave Gerhard to

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me for two years longer, the result will be worth the trouble. The greatest gain of this year has been that of vases from the neighbourhood of Canino, ten of which are covered with inscriptions; some of them have Greek inscriptions, and, according to the conviction of the best informed, are of Athenian manufacture. Blacas desires to be remembered to you; he is (that is, he speaks as though he were) quite ministerial, for the *Ordonnances*! Most cordial thanks from my wife for your gift of the English translation of your Roman History, but she more than ever rejoices in being able to read the work in its own language. The translation is a medium of acquaintance with it for our English and Italian friends, and came some weeks ago with Dr. Nott to Leopardi.

Bunsen's entanglement in the 'Description of Rome,' of which frequent complaints occur in the foregoing extracts, may be said to date from the winter of 1817-18, when Niebuhr and Brandis, in conjunction with Bunsen, were endeavouring anxiously to find an occupation for Platner, by which his talents and acquirements might be turned to account for the support of his family. Platner had been till that time by profession a painter, and an unsuccessful one, his father having destined him for that pursuit without enquiring what Nature had designed for his son. At last, a much-wanted new edition of the old 'Description of Rome' by Volkmann and Lalande was suggested as an undertaking for which Platner might be well calculated, from his knowledge of works of art, of the antiquities of the middle ages, and of the history of Italy. But as, owing to his want of acquaintance with the Latin language, he was disqualified from going further than the Italian could carry him, Niebuhr and Brandis promised to manage between them the classical part of the work, and Bunsen undertook to help Platner whenever he should have need of reference to Latin writers. Cotta, the publisher, passing through Rome that winter, entered with the greatest alacrity into the plan. The work was to be executed on his account,

he was to pay two louis d'or for every printed sheet, and gave *carte blanche* for the purchase of the necessary books of reference. This was very liberal, but at the same time a good speculation; for Cotta judged rightly that a work for which Niebuhr and Brandis were vouchers would be worth his money. The contract was made in March 1818, and Platner set to work, in the first instance to make an historical description of the Basilicas, or principal churches of Rome. But he was every moment reduced to a standstill from the amount of Latin necessary to be waded through: and came about three evenings in every week for advice and correction of style—the latter being with Platner the most tedious of all matters, as he considered it his duty to fight in defence of his own arrangement of materials, and his peculiar use of German words. Nearly three years passed before anything was so far finished as to be submitted to the inspection of Niebuhr, who, when he at last saw a description of the Lateran, which had cost Bunsen time and breath beyond calculation, and more patience than he could have been supposed to possess, exclaimed to Bunsen, 'Can you, my good friend, for a moment suppose that what Plätner has here written can be sent to the press?' This was a serious decision, against the justice of which Bunsen could not protest, for it coincided with his own opinion; and he answered—'Then I must write the thing myself, for I cannot do more than I have done to help Platner to write it.' Wherefore Bunsen began at the beginning, and very soon brought for Niebuhr's inspection a history, description, and detailed criticism of the Lateran, and of S. Paolo *fuori le mura*, which obtained not only his approbation, but high commendation. And now it was settled that Niebuhr would keep to ancient Rome and its vestiges, Bunsen to the middle ages and their remains, and Platner to the museums and galleries, for which he proved himself fully competent. Brandis had

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gone long since 'over the hills and far away,' and the time soon came when Niebuhr was also to depart, without having contributed anything to the work except a short dissertation, small in bulk though great in importance, on the history of the first foundation, the improvement, the growth, diminution, and the destruction of ancient Rome. He was very sorry not to have done more, but a promise given in a weak moment was the cause of his being altogether prevented from fulfilling his favourite purpose. Gau, the architect (the same whom Christine Bonaparte, afterwards Comtesse Passé, and Lady Dudley Stuart, led about in her toils of the year 1817; before her first marriage), designed to publish some drawings of the antiquities of Nubia, and Niebuhr had promised a critical revision of the accompanying Greek inscriptions; which he had not intended to undertake till after having completed his portion of the work on Rome. But Gau being at Paris, ventured to advertise his work, promising Niebuhr's editorship and the whole publication within the year; by which proceeding Niebuhr was entrapped into working at the Nubian inscriptions up to the time of his departure from Rome, in the spring of 1823. Whereupon the whole weight of the Roman work remained on the shoulders of Bunsen, in addition to the entire business of the Prussian Legation, for which Niebuhr and Bunsen together had not been more than sufficient. The antiquarian portion was afterwards undertaken partly by Gerhard and partly by Urlichs; a portion of the middle ages by Röstell,—who in addition undertook to correct Platner's writing. At a later period, the distinguished Roman archæologist, Sarti, was induced to execute a highly valuable portion of the work.

The foregoing statement is accurate, so far as an outline of facts can go. But the import of the whole transaction in the life of Bunsen can only be estimated by those who witnessed the degree of disturbance created

by it, the uneasiness caused to him by the consciousness of responsibility, and the quantity of actual labour and intense application which he devoted to those portions of the 'Description of Rome' which were his own exclusive work, and which he spared no endeavours to render complete and clear to the comprehension of every reader, a labour which was all the more keenly felt to be an exertion, as it was given to matters not falling within his natural province, and which would never have been selected by him for the occupation of serious hours. Topography and antiquarian lore were intensely interesting to him as matters of secondary importance, because they enhanced the pleasure of walks and excursions, and contributed to the elucidation of history or of extinct nationalities. But they occupied him only as accessories, and he grudged the time he was called upon to give to that which filled not the mind; and his instinctive repugnance to them grew stronger as he became additionally conscious of the attraction of his great historical, biblical, liturgical, and hymnological investigations. But although inclination was with him a very powerful incentive, he had happily mastered in early life the conception of *duty*; and thus he performed to the full the self-incurred obligation, which proved for a period of eleven years (from 1818 to 1829) a serious impediment to progress in his own favourite pursuits.

The regular and obligatory business of the Legation, as long as Niebuhr remained at Rome, was never irksome to him, though the actual labour was considerable, because he had the most unvaried and deferential interest in becoming acquainted with the opinions of Niebuhr and with the results of his reflections. He experienced therefore great satisfaction in all opportunities of close intercourse with him. But when the departure of Niebuhr left upon him the accumulated labour of Chief and of Secretary of Legation united in one, the consciousness of inherent power gave him

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spirit to show his capacity, and to grapple with difficulties of the most various kinds. The variety of the objects of his attention was in itself a means of refreshment; and the same amount of mental exertion would not have been possible without overstraining the faculties, but for the different kinds of energy called forth. The collective impression, on reading through a large quantity of letters which have been preserved, relating to that early period, is that of spring-time, full of life and vigour and enjoyment in self-development, basking in sunshine, internal and external,—neither soft breezes nor strong gales being wanting to urge on his progress.

The departure of Niebuhr in 1823, and Bunsen's entrance upon the position of Chief of the Legation, formed an epoch in the life of the latter in more senses than one. Outwardly, inasmuch as he filled an independent post in society, and inwardly, because it formed the beginning of the emancipation of his mind from the exclusive influence of Niebuhr's opinions, which he had adopted to the pitch of seeing the facts of public life only through the medium which original temperament and much suffering had cast around the wonderful intelligence of the historian. During Bunsen's university years, his political sentiments and those of his associates would seem to have had no further aim than the expulsion of the French from the whole German territory, and the restitution of everything German into German hands: Bunsen himself had a strong and bitter consciousness of the hardships inflicted on the inhabitants of small States by the system of miniature Principalities, and an early conviction that only in the greater State (*viz.*, Prussia) could any good be anticipated for the advancement of an individual or a cause. He agreed with his friends in abhorrence of the levelling principles generated by the French Revolution, and of the thirst after universal dominion which had spread French armies over Germany; as also in the trustful hope, with which they all

looked to the introduction of those essential reforms required in every German State, by the hands of each Government within its own bounds. Too soon, the proceedings within the first years after the expulsion of the French made it clear to Bunsen, as well as to Niebuhr, that the state of the Prussian dominions did not show that thorough renovation acknowledged to be requisite: but the irritation of Niebuhr's mind was directed against individuals who impeded the full efficiency of a benevolent despotism in bestowing the best gifts upon those subjected to its power,—while he mistrusted and condemned as Jacobinical every effort of the liberal-minded to establish that representative system, which the King had promised to grant by way of a recompence for the patriotic efforts by which his throne had been preserved. Niebuhr's inclination to trust government, instead of the nation governed, extended beyond his own country; and even the successive administrations of the Restoration in France did not affect his confidence in the capacity for good in each as it came. As to England, his admiration of the constitutional system was undoubting; but he believed only in the Tory party as the real friends of the country; he adopted unconditionally the sentiments of Burke in his work on the French Revolution, and had the most unqualified admiration for Pitt and for his policy, believing that by favouring the national animosity against the French and engaging every active interest in the war against them, as regicides, he had checked the revolutionising process in the English mind. Towards England under Tory Administrations he was well inclined and trustful, until he saw or suspected a swerving from the right course under Whig influences; which suspicion would seem to be the probable explanation of the strong turn his feelings took against Canning and Wellington, and of his virulent condemnation of the peaceable attitude of England assumed by the Duke of Wellington towards the new Government of

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cessor, a man of superior worth and heart, or of strong feelings of right and wrong, but a man of *persiflage* and a libertine, he possessed that unsurpassable Russian penetration which made the discovery of reality a thing of course to him, and he had no passionate attachment to any party or any system, which could lead to self-delusion. It was also in the house of Italinsky that Bunsen met the brilliant young attaché, Baron Paul von Hahn of Courland,—who after a long course of public service, extensive and important, under the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas, finally as Governor-General of the Caucasus,—came with his admirable wife (born Sophie de Gräinberg), nearly at the close of his career, to Heidelberg, to shed a soothing influence, by faithful continuance of friendship and sympathy, over Bunsen's declining years.

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In the course of various changes in the French Embassy during the fifteen years of Bunsen's independent position at Rome, the list of diplomatists contains many names of interest to him, denoting so many opportunities of useful and interesting intercourse, and so many individuals who met him with confidence and kindness: Chateaubriand, La Ferronays, Laval Montmorency, Lator Maubourg, St. Aulaire. To his English acquaintances, many of whom became cherished friends, he ever looked up with more especial sympathy, and from them he sought and received that great amount of knowledge of men and of things with which he came provided, to every one's surprise, when at last he reached the shores of England. To enumerate all the names of more or less importance to him now would scarcely be possible, even were it desirable, but Thirlwall (now Bishop of St. David's) and Dr. George Nott may be named as the associates of the earliest years in Rome. The conversation of Bunsen may not have been without influence on the choice of a profession in the case of the former; who was far from having decided upon taking orders when he came to

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Rome in 1818-19, and was probably struck by the higher interest taken by Bunsen in theology, compared with every other subject, and his admiring preference of much in the Anglican system. Without laying such a stress upon the influence of individuals on the mind of Bunsen as would lead to a wrong inference, it may be said that from the ultra Tory creed of Niebuhr, which the latter had fully adopted as the standard of truth, even to the extent of holding in abhorrence, as political sinners, the great writers in the 'Edinburgh Review,' Bunsen gradually turned to accept the moderate Whiggism of Hallam and of Arnold, and became opposed to every let or hindrance that could bar the influence of public opinion; in intelligent and cultivated nations, upon the conduct of government; therefore from inmost conviction, with all the energy of his character, he became an advocate for the thorough carrying out of the representative system.

The visit of the Crown Prince (afterwards King Frederick William IV. of Prussia) to Rome in the autumn of 1828, was an event of which it is hard to give an adequate impression. Letters from Bunsen himself, when accompanying the Prince on his return to the frontier of Italy, and privileged to enjoy his society uninterruptedly by occupying a place in his own carriage, show his animated sense of the enjoyment, as well as of the distinction granted; add to this his clear perception that the future was not to be calculated upon according to the brightness and high temperature of the present, even though all such reasoning checked but little the intoxicating effect experienced at the time. Many persons have been under the spell of the Prince, for a shorter or longer time, some for the greater portion of their life; but those who saw him not in Rome can hardly imagine how great was the expansion of all his most engaging characteristics in an atmosphere so genial, and how splendid the coruscations of wit and humour, which were the natural result of a childlike gaiety;

proceeding from the gratification of his life's longing to seeing Rome.

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Each happier tone of every chord he hit—
His gravity was sense, his mirth was wit;
His were affections undebased by art,
The mildest manners, with the warmest heart;
Memory with unobtrusive knowledge fraught,
And, joined to playful fancy, depth of thought.

—Soame, on Bunbury.

These couplets, whose author and subject have long since passed away, may shadow forth the features of a character truly illustrious, which, in those happy youthful days, so well filled its high appointed place, and left nothing to be wished, save that his future growth and added vigour might equally correspond to the requirements of a position still higher and more responsible.

In November 1828, the Crown Prince left Rome, in fullness of health and of delight in a happy retrospect, to meet a promising future with hope and joy; nearly thirty years later did he spend the winter of 1857-58 in that same Palazzo Caffarelli, of which, in the meantime, he had, notwithstanding great difficulties, secured the possession. It was affecting to observe, that although the prospect so interesting to him was on this last occasion scarcely within the reach of his declining sight, he yet preferred to inhabit the second storey which had been the abode of Bunsen, and remained distinct in his accurate local memory, instead of the more roomy and palace-like first-floor, long ago arranged for the use of the Legation, but which to him was strange, or only recollected as the dreary dwelling-place of the former proprietor, the Duca Caffarelli.

If the instances are many in which the remarkable combination of faculties in Bunsen, moved by the untiring energy of his heart and will, were doomed to an immense amount of labour, without the immediate and conscious result he had hoped for, yet there are many cases in which his success was great and salutary beyond

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expectation. A letter from him to Niebuhr gives the date of the first effort made to establish the still subsisting and flourishing Institute for Archæological correspondence at Rome; which he was led to consider a necessity by the experience of his invaluable friend Edward Gerhard* (then an early pioneer, and long an honoured centre of antiquarian studies of Germany); who had wandered for years throughout Italy, exploring in all directions its unnoticed treasures of historical inscriptions and relics of the past, and was thus enabled fully to estimate the disadvantage of isolated and disjointed research, and the need of some central point of union; where scattered details might be collected, sifted, and preserved from again falling into oblivion. With eager interest did Bunsen seize and follow up the idea which had been brought home to himself by personal experience in archæological research, while working out the portion thrust upon him of the 'Description of Rome;' and the result of his frequent consultations and conferences with Gerhard was laid before the Crown Prince of Prussia on the occasion of his visit to Rome in the autumn of 1828. With warm interest was the plan of an Archæological Institute, and the patronage of the same, accepted by his Royal Highness, who ceased not to afford it his protection and support both before and after his accession to the throne, and at length, as one of the latest acts of his life, completed the work he had early begun by endowing it liberally, and founding travelling fellowships in connection with it, for German students; thus providing for its permanent existence, and enlarging its sphere of usefulness. From the first it was open to all who took interest in the study of ancient Italy, for English, French, and Italians, as well as Germans; and, by means of lectures, meetings, papers, correspondence, and personal intercourse, all means were used to interest the literary public, so that the desired cosmopolitan

* Dr. Edward Gerhard died at Berlin, May 1867.

object might be attained.. The venerable Abbate Fea was the first among the Italians to give his cordial adhesion to the plan; among the French, the Duc de Luynes; among the English, Sir William Gell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Millingen; of the Germans who gave active aid in the matter, the names are too many to be enumerated, besides Braun, Lepsius; Otto Jahn, Kellermann and Wilhelm Abeken, who died also too early. In addition to the unremitting labours of Gerhard, and the permanent support of Bunsen, the Institute was deeply indebted to the unceasing sympathy and watchfulness of August Kestner. Bunsen, its secretary-general, obtained rooms for the first establishment of the Institute, in its first beginnings, within the Palazzo Caffarelli; but, in process of time, by dint of perseverance, of collections, of subscriptions, of contributions, ground was purchased and a building was erected on the Tarpeian Rock, which furnished a permanent and a suitable abode, for the collections, as well as for the managing secretary, including a hall for the meetings. Often, in the course of thirty years, was the destruction of the establishment threatened; but Bunsen lived to see it fixed upon a secure basis.

A rich harvest was granted to the early years of the Institute in the discovery of the buried treasures of Etruscan art, and a still wider field of research was soon opened by the removal of the veil cast over Egyptian antiquities.

The start made by Bunsen on his course of Egyptian research has been mentioned before, at the time when he first made the acquaintance of Champollion at Rome, in 1825; soon after which the careful examination of Egyptian antiquities in the Roman collections, and the publication of the great work of Rosellini, besides conversations with Baron Prokesch von Osten (who had made researches and observations in Egypt and Nubia), had more and more confirmed Bunsen in the conviction that

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a grand field of historical research was in fact opened; and he longed to see due advantage taken of it by his own nation. He had as yet no personal acquaintance with Richard Lepsius, but, having formed an opinion both of the man and of his powers, which experience proved not to have been exaggerated, he wrote to him in 1826 to state his views on the value of Egyptian lore; his advice was that Lepsius (then at Paris) should turn his attention to the Egyptian treasures contained in the Louvre,—and he expressed a wish that Lepsius would come to Rome as his guest, and consider the advisableness of bringing this new branch of historical information within the compass of the objects of the Institute. Lepsius entered with warmth and devotedness into the subject opened to him, and from this meeting there resulted not only a close and faithful friendship, but the plan of that important expedition to Egypt which some years later was accomplished, under the protection of King Frederick William IV., and at the expense of the Prussian Government. The plan was submitted to the King before his accession to the Throne, when he at once, with his rare clearness of intellectual perception, took in the full importance of these studies, at a time when they were not countenanced by any of the learned in Germany; and continued to follow up the subject as one of peculiar interest to himself throughout his life. The Prussian Treasury has rarely expended large sums with greater advantage to science or credit to the State. In the case of Bunsen the subject continued interwoven with the whole texture of his occupations and meditations, even to the last year of suffering and decline; his published work, ‘Egypt’s Place in History,’ in the original German and in English (which, though a translation, has the recommendation of possessing the latest additions by his own hand), setting forth his full testimony to the weighty import of the discoveries made.*

* A hope held out of the reproduction, rather than literal translation, of

On ground adjoining that on which the Institute was established (previously covered by ruinous but not ancient buildings), Bunsen succeeded, after years of persevering labour, in establishing the Infirmary for Protestants, for which (it will have been observed in passages of letters) Niebuhr had already ascertained the crying need. Among the host of difficulties with which Bunsen had to contend, was that of proving the necessity of thus securing for Protestants due care in illness and protection from the proselytising system pursued in the Roman Hospitals; for he was bound to avoid publicity, and not to incur the reproach of want of respect to existing powers. Contributions soon began to arrive from Sovereigns and other men of mark in various Protestant countries—among which it is remembered that Bunsen had peculiar satisfaction in the very liberal, though unsolicited, contribution from Baron Rothschild. Mr. John Hills assisted the work by the loan of a considerable sum; the Prussian Government granted munificent assistance; and slowly and gradually, in faith and patience, with unremitting exertion, was the ‘Casa Tarpea’ completed, and permanently annexed to the chapel of the Legation; comprising within its circumference not only the Infirmary, but also the rooms of the Institute for archæological correspondence, and convenient places of abode for the ever-renewed colony of German scholars in Rome; and enjoying the finest air (as is generally admitted by the popular voice) and a fine prospect from the garden, like the one so well known and admired from the Palazzo Caffarelli.

The *Collegium Preuckianum* was an old Roman Catholic foundation in Rome (originating in a bequest of a Baron von Preuck, belonging to one of the some of the works of Bunsen into French, has vanished on the sudden decease of M. Jean Reynaud, a distinguished writer and personal friend of Bunsen, who entertained the project of making them known to his countrymen. Might but his purpose be followed up by one equally competent and equally zealous!

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Prussian provinces), which the efforts of Bunsen restored to the effectual fulfilment of its object, in affording to young Roman Catholic students the means of residing in Rome for a given time, to follow up their intellectual pursuits. The endowment had sunk into forgetfulness at home, and on the spot its lands and buildings were neglected, and its diminished revenues became as a stream lost in the sand. But by dint of an amount of pains and of patience which can hardly be imagined, much less described, the mystery of its seeming disappearance was unravelled, and the whole replaced in a state of efficiency. Two distinguished young men—Ambrosch, who died many years later as Professor at Breslau, and Papencordt, early cut off in the prime of life and of literary promise,—were the first to profit by this restoration, and were each of them friends and cherished associates in Bunsen's house. The more ardent the piety of a friend, the nearer would he be to the sympathies of Bunsen: only dogmatisers, of whatever religious persuasion, repelled him, and were repelled by him.

The high appreciation by Bunsen of the merits and abilities of Bainsi, the Pope's Maestro di Capella, and respect for the last representative of the long line of illustrious composers in the style of sacred music peculiar to Rome, induced him to make persevering efforts for a length of time to raise money for the publication of the collected works of Palestrina. This collection existed only in manuscript; it was, however, most complete, in Bainsi's own hand. Bunsen hoped thus to obtain for his friend, the venerable witness of the past, the satisfaction of adding another monument to the memory of his admired model, Palestrina, besides his biography, which had been a labour of love, only lately (in 1820) published by him in two volumes. For this purpose a series of three concerts was arranged by Bunsen and Kestner, in which a selection of pieces

by Palestrina was performed by the singers of the Sixtine Chapel, to a considerable number of the strangers who were staying that winter in Rome, in a large hall, then empty, on the ground-floor of Palazzo Caffarelli, afterwards arranged, and still in use; as the chapel of the Prussian Legation. But in this as in many other cases, the past was destined to remain the past; the amount received for the tickets was all that the two zealous friends could procure towards the hoped for and desired publication by Baini, to which few, however, were disposed to subscribe.* The paintings of the fifteenth century, and the vocal music of the sixteenth, might be thought to occupy a parallel rank in the arts, and to speak the same language to the mind and senses; but the paintings, which were just then gradually coming into general acceptance, have the advantage of existing in their full completeness, as left by the master's hand, and of inviting the steady contemplation of the eye, by which their meaning may make its way to the heart. Therefore their effect will always be far more certain than that of the music of another age, which dwells in a region of sensations far too lofty ever to become what is called *popular*, or to seize upon the common mind, unprepared by taste and habit for any but commonplace impressions.

Bunsen to his Wife. (On his journey to meet the Crown Prince on his approach to Rome.)

[Translation.]

Florence: 18th October, 1828.

The Prince received me with the same affectionate kindness with which he dismissed me at Berlin. . . . I have pro-

* Poor Baini's hopes have been in part fulfilled since his death. Some of Palestrina's Motetti, Masses, Offertories, &c., are coming out in P. Alfieri's '*Raccolta di Musica Sacra*,' published at Rome since 1841, of which seven volumes are now printed. Of Theodore de Witt's German edition, published mainly at the expense of the Prussian Government, *Motetten von Pierluigi da Palestrina* (Leipzig), commenced in 1862, only three volumes have come out. It is stated that in Paris also, and in London, selections have been printed.

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posed to him to make his entrance from La Storta over the Monte Mario if the weather is fine, therefore please to send the light open carriage either the day before, or very early on the 23rd, to La Storta, where the Prince means to arrive at noon. He will then behold the prospect from the height of Monte Mario, and drive into the city by St. Peter's and the Pantheon to the Hotel Romelli, where he will dine, and in the evening see the Forum and the Colosseum. The Prince expressed to me his desire to have a fine view of Rome, at once, from the very first, and therefore this plan occurred to me as feasible with a *carretella*; but the horses must have arrived in time to rest beforehand. The Prince will remain twelve days at Rome and four more on his return from Naples. I have prepared the way for my *not* accompanying him to Naples, nor yet to Ravenna, unless he should especially desire it.

Bunsen to Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Rome: 8th November, 1828.

. . . I have had a fortnight full of work and of pleasure during the stay of the Crown Prince of Prussia, who has viewed Rome with indescribable enthusiasm, and with a knowing and intelligent eye.

A general German Exhibition was arranged in the hall of Palazzo Caffarelli, to which forty artists (twenty-five of whom were Prussians) united to contribute; and, although it had not been made a matter of previous preparation, it formed a fine whole, and met with universal approbation. Munich met the taste of the Prince in many ways: he is better satisfied than I am with the building of the Glyptothek, the paintings in which delighted him, as did here those of the Villa Massimo. Our Capitoline Chapel, now possessed of an organist and leader (Georg) and an efficient band of singers, was thoroughly satisfactory to him.

Contemporary Notice.

12th November, 1828.

The sight of Chateaubriand, just arrived as French Ambassador, has been a gratification of curiosity, and nothing more. He is a vain being, standing in the midst of a room full of

guests in his own house, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, as the only mode of looking over their heads, for he is low of stature, and though he avoids speaking, he yet presents his face to observers. The head and features are well chiselled, on a scale too large to be in proportion to the rest of his figure. He speaks French so that it is a treat to hear his enunciation; but the sentiments he has uttered form a kind of mask: perhaps the time will come when he will communicate his opinions.

From a Letter of Bunsen to his Wife. (When accompanying the Crown Prince on his way back through Italy.)

[Translation.]

Bologna: 6th December, 1828.

. . . As you have rightly guessed, I am not to return from Ferrara, but from Verona. There never was anything like the Prince's kindness and the satisfaction he expresses in my company. I am alone with him in the carriage from morning till evening, and his whole royal heart is opened to me—Church, Government, Education, and all the great objects of my fears and hopes for the country's future, are talked over, fully and frankly. I can only say that I am overwhelmed with thankfulness to God for such noble, profound and wise views, intentions and principles as the Prince has displayed to me. Such an occasion can never again occur, according to all human probability; and my good Gröben, in expressing the Prince's desire to have my company through Italy, urged me not to decline on this consideration; and indeed I did not intend doing so.

All are well, and we have had rain only for the three last days—much fog, however; still we have seen Ravenna, which has surpassed by far the Prince's expectation. It is wonderful how many interesting observations and discoveries he made there.

To-day we go to Ferrara; to-morrow to Padua. At Venice we shall be till the 7th; at Verona, the 8th, where we part. . . I hope to be at Rome on the 14th.

The Prince and I had a narrow escape on the Apennines—on the edge of an abyss of 500 feet, the fall of a horse saved us from being precipitated to the bottom. We have never since travelled in the night.

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Rumohr awaits me at Florence, and will go with me to Siena, perhaps to Rome. I am sorry not to have known the date of dear Kestner's birthday before, or I should have thought of it.

Bunsen to Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Venice: Sunday, 7th December, 1828.

From this magnificent seat of sea empire I must write a few hasty lines in reply to your letter, which I received at Bologna, the Crown Prince having permitted me to accompany him to the frontier of Italy, after I had conducted him through Rome.

I have never accepted the office of godfather more gladly than I now meet the offer made by your fraternal friendship, not only from my affection for you, but also from the firm conviction that the as yet hidden soul will be trained with parental faithfulness by you and your dear wife, to that faith which I or my Fanny will solemnly profess and promise in its name. I accept your proposal with joy and thankfulness, as forming a new bond of Christian friendship between us all, to which may the Lord give His blessing, that we may all, together with the soul now by you bound and confided to us, some day joyfully appear before His throne!

I have much to write to you; but time is wanting: you may well think that the last two months have formed no unimportant portion of my life, and particularly the last fortnight, in which I have been with the Crown Prince, and have had an opportunity, not only of explaining myself and of thoroughly talking over everything with him, but also of admiring the depth and brilliancy of his mind and understanding, freely and uninterruptedly. His soul is filled with the highest and most splendid designs, and with an amount of knowledge and of capacity of entering into details, of contemplating an object on all sides, of weighing and balancing, and then holding fast the best—such as in a Sovereign, present or future, will hardly ever have been found. . . . I hasten back to Rome by Florence and Siena. My liturgical labours will now be recommenced with redoubled zeal; and many other kindred subjects, of no less importance, have been suggested to me of late, for which, as well as for the former, I desire your prayers for Divine aid.

Will not Schelling come to Rome? that is, will not the first volume of the 'Universe' be published?

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Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Florence: early in the morning, Thursday, 11th December, 1828.

Here I am again, happily arrived in beautiful Florence. The day before yesterday, at eleven o'clock, after bidding farewell to the Prince and his suite, I got into my carriage to leave Verona, and alighted from it yesterday evening here, at five; so that I had crossed the long space—first of the plain of Lombardy, with the Crown Prince; secondly, the Apennine chain between Bologna and Florence, as in flight, within thirty hours; the weather was gloomy, the mountain tops wrapped in clouds—but I had reckoned right, that I should get through the dangerous passes by daylight—and all went off well. When I looked down from Caffaggiolo into the plain of the Arno, the sky had brightened, and as I drove into the suburbs of Florence the sun set in splendour. Finding that Rumohr had gone on to Siena (not having received my letter) and that Metzger was not at home, I was glad to go to bed at my favourite hour, eight o'clock, and awoke much refreshed at five this morning. Soon after, I learnt that Metzger had called at night, and left a letter for me. I had scarcely hoped, though never ceased to wish, that I might hear from you, here on my way home.

To-morrow, Friday, I remain at Siena with Rumohr—whither I go (to see with him the Duomo and Town-house) as soon as I have spoken to Metzger,—with whom I shall go in search of Leopardi; but first of all I must arrange my papers. . . . My travelling plan has the advantage that I shall pass those spots where travellers have lately been attacked (between Montefiascone and Ronciglione) in broad daylight—so keep off all anxious thoughts, and be assured that I shall use every precaution.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

24th January, 1829.

The information that engravings cannot be admitted in your Review * has hastened the realisation of a plan which

Rheinisches Museum für Philologie, edited by Niebuhr.

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has occupied me for some time, but to which I have hitherto had an objection, lest it might have the appearance of rivalry with that work, or with the archæological portion of it. The Duc de Luynes, Gerhard, and Panofka worked hard last winter at the idea of a Society to bring out periodical publications, the object of which should be the communication of facts from Italy and from transalpine writings in the field of archæology, and the 'Journal de la Société Archéologique' was to appear at Paris. I was not aware that there was any particular call for me to take an interest in this; but I proposed to re-form the plan into a publication confined to *monumenti inediti* and notices of facts, to be published in Rome. The Crown Prince seized the idea at once, and more especially with a view to securing a continuation of topographical notes from Rome, and demanded of me to take the matter into my own hands, promising in that case to become its Patron. Wherefore, I have proposed to establish an 'Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica,' divided into sections, the central points of which are to be the principal towns of Europe, but the seat of the administration, Rome. The prospectus on the subject issued this day from the press, but is not worth your paying extra postage for, as I can forward a copy of it by the next courier to Berlin. The main point is that we have already the first *fascicolo* completed, containing the walls of Norba with a plan of the city, the so-called *Porta Saracinesca* of Segni, besides three interesting *inediti* of vase-paintings. The text, besides explanations and report of excavations, will comprise a description of the newly-found sepulchral paintings in Corneto, and announcements of Gell's and Westphal's maps of the Campagna—to which I intend to add an extract from your work on the Etruscans and their works of art.

After this introduction comes the request, that you will permit us to place your name, in company with the following, among the 'Socii Ordinarii della Sezione Allemanna:—D'Alton, Böckh, Böttiger, Creuzer, Göthe, Hammer, Hirt, Wilhelm and Alex. von Humboldt, Jacobs, Klenze, Müller, Rauch, Schinkel, A. W. Schlegel, Schorn, Steinbuechel, Thiersch, F. Tieck, Uhden, Welcker.

Whatever you will suggest to us shall be performed as quickly as possible. The coming of the Crown Prince has

set the whole matter in motion, of which I gladly take advantage, to rouse both Germans and Italians.

As regards myself, the journey with the Crown Prince makes indeed an epoch in my life, and the impression will be indelible. His receptive mind expanded as in sunshine in the presence of antiquity, and rushed on sparkling and shedding light through every track. The twenty days in Rome were splendid in every respect. To Naples I did not accompany him, on account of official business, but afterwards I travelled with him in his carriage from morning till evening—when he opened to me his royal soul in rich and manifold communications. That soul is known to you: I need not therefore say more on the subject. May it please God to cause such blossoms to ripen into fruit, in spite of the tares that the enemy may and will evermore sow among them! I am more sure than ever that he sees through the hollowness of the party that seeks to spin its threads about him. He feels his high calling, to become the mediator between the two extreme parties which divide the world. He is overflowing with affection towards you, and cannot give up the hope of having you near him. The thought, that you possibly might take the resolution to accompany him to Rome, passed through my mind like the wish of a dream, when first I heard of his coming. He will surely come a second time, and then you will realise his and my wish!

The Crown Prince wishes to make Rumohr Director of the Berlin Museum; the latter and I are striving to get Count Platen to Berlin, to which plan the Crown Prince is well inclined. Platen is the man for him,—that is, I am speaking of the poet, the man I have not yet seen; he is now at Siena on the way to Elba. His health is improved; he works diligently, and will not therefore, it is to be hoped, sink altogether into the idolatry of art. Your opinion of him shall be faithfully and soon transmitted.

I commenced this year by writing two Memoirs on the subject of Catholic Emancipation in England, which were asked of me by Mr. Wilmot Horton, and by a friend of the 'Captain of the Age,' and which have been long since forwarded to London by a safe opportunity. I became acquainted at the same time with Mr. Wilmot Horton in person and with his book, and I can only agree to his plan for admitting the

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Catholics into Parliament on condition of their 'abstaining from voting in all cases which affect the rights, the privileges, and the revenues of the Church of England,' &c. In one of these Memoirs I put together comments on the *status quo* of the Continental powers and of Rome previous to their negotiations; the second Memoir treated of the necessity of taking advantage of the presence of our excellent friend Capaccini at Brussels. But how should this help? Horton will not attain his point without the Duke, and the hope which was entertained three weeks ago of an understanding seems now to have vanished. Huskisson, alas! cannot be persuaded that a negotiation with Rome, without a *status quo* as matter of fact, would be an absurdity; many Whigs insist that Emancipation with such a limitation would be 'a paltry measure.' Let that be as it may, one cannot cease to cling with heart and mind to that country with which the freedom and the glory of the Reformation would perish.

Extract from a contemporary Letter.

Rome: 6th March, 1829.

The intense cold of the last month has caused much sickness and many deaths—among others those of Pope Leo and of Torlonia, which have produced the most singular contrast in public feeling, that of the latter having been generally lamented (on account of the great amount of alms by which he endeavoured to buy off his offences), whilst that of the former was indecently rejoiced over: the season at which it took place having been the only thing unwelcome to the Roman people. Their hatred is grounded upon those actions and that part of the conduct of the Pope which posterity will applaud; and not his defects but his merits were displeasing and inconvenient to them. Bunsen sincerely regrets Leo XII., from his own experience of him in the transaction of business, and it is a great question whether his successor, whoever that may be, will possess that knowledge of the state of the public mind in foreign countries, which rendered it easy to argue with him, and induce him to listen to pleading. Humanly speaking, it was most unfortunate for Bunsen and the cause that Pope Leo did not live a few months longer, for he seemed on the point of concluding an important nego-

tiation as to the so-called 'mixed' marriages between Protestants and Romanists in the Prussian dominions, the decision of which is now not merely delayed but become problematical.

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On the occasion of the obsequies of Pope Leo XII., in the spring of 1829, a very unexpected communication of opinion was made by M. de Chateaubriand. In that part of the ceremonial consisting in the several absolutions of the deceased Pope in each of the clerical orders held by him during life, a procession moves slowly round the catafalque upon which the remains are deposited, headed by the singers of the Papal Chapel, and consisting of all kinds of ecclesiastical persons, followed by the diplomatic body, the Roman princes, &c.; at the close of each several division of the appropriate passages of Scripture sung by the choir, the entire procession pauses, and the clerical members collect in a group behind the officiating prelate, who sprinkles holy water upon the catafalque, and recites the appointed form of absolution. While this lasts, the diplomatic body and others not officiating, stand apart, no longer in rank and file, and converse in low tones unhindered, for a few minutes, until the procession again moves on, which must again be followed, till the next pause. On these occasions Chateaubriand and Bunsen could approach each other, and many were the subjects talked over, the only one that has transpired being the remarkable event of Catholic emancipation in Great Britain, closing apparently the national as well as Parliamentary debate of such long standing, upon which Chateaubriand observed, 'For the sake of human nature I must rejoice in this event; but as a Catholic I regret it: the Church may abandon, in the exultation of triumph, her accustomed caution,—and prepare for herself dangers in the future.'

The winter of 1830-31 was marked by the presence of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy at Rome, whose delight-

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ful letters (lately published) reflect with perfect truth the rare charm of his mind and character, and retracing the passing scenes of his happiness in Rome, tell yet more of the 'fine spirit, thus finely touch'd, and to fine issues.' Bunsen's feelings towards that graceful embodiment of genius were high-wrought and faithful, and it was given to him to rejoice, as over a son, at a course of life from first to last so bright and pure.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

25th June, 1829.

. . . I am just returned from an excursion by Civita Vecchia to Corneto, Musignano, Canino, Toscanella, Viterbo. Lucien Bonaparte has discovered the enormous Necropolis of Vulci (to which city clearly belong the ruins on the right bank of the Fiora, near Ponte della Badia), now called Pian di Voce. This cemetery is six miles in circumference, tomb after tomb: the vases (of which Lucien alone has 2,000) exceed any yet known. I stayed two days with the Napoléonide, with several friends. All inscriptions are Greek, of a very ancient style of engraving, and almost all have characters of the so-called Etruscan alphabet (but which are certainly Tyrrheno-Pelasgic), together with those usual in Magna Græcia. It is clear to me that these funereal decorations came to the wealthy Etruscan cities by means of commerce, as the porcelain of Dresden comes to London. . . . On this tour, I saw the wonderful tombs of Castel d'Asso (Castellum Axiu) three miles from Viterbo. In a deep and narrow valley are steep walls of rock sixty feet high, which enclose it on each side; a great part of these have sepulchral chambers, hewn out, and all (as may be seen in the work of Orioli) have the appearance of a door chiselled in front, with a frontispiece over it and an Etruscan inscription. I have transcribed these, and have found here, as everywhere else, that nothing is more fruitless than the so-called study of Etruscan inscriptions; the greater part of those published are wholly inexact. A *corpus inscriptionum* made with real exactness might still be useful. As to the language and its grammar, I believe I have made out something. I hear that

Ottfried Müller has made discoveries, but I have not seen his book.

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In the course of the next few years, when Bunsen, fortunately for his family, was not called away from home to Berlin, the materials from his own hand to mark their tenour are scanty, intense as was the continuous activity of his life. In 1828, the large apartment on the first storey of the Villa Piccolomini at Frascati was secured for a summer retreat, and enjoyed by the family in each succeeding year of their stay in Rome; and gratefully do the survivors look back upon a residence which afforded them all the luxury of the summer and of the climate. Other luxury, or even elegance, there was none; but the inmates were broken into the habit of feeling that space, fresh air, and walls thick enough to keep out the heat, constitute all that is strictly indispensable in a southern climate; while the amount of objects of necessity, in furniture, &c., is small to those habituated to discard conventionalities. Happy was that long succession of bright summers; happy was Bunsen in the undisturbed exercise of his faculties in productive labour, in teaching his eldest sons, and superintending their studies; happy in the relaxation and recreation furnished by that beautiful neighbourhood; happy in the society of chosen friends. The sole occasion of assembling a large party was the birthday of the good King, the 3rd August, when as many Prussians as could be found were collected in the large hall, to dine and drink his health, and sing the stanzas to the melody of 'God save the King,' which Bunsen and Gerhard had written between them. The birthday of the Crown Prince occurred too late (15th October) for celebration at Frascati, where the lengthened evenings after the beginning of October are cold and cheerless. The years 1829-30 were marked by a family reunion with Mrs. Waddington and Mr. and Mrs. Hall (afterwards

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Lord and Lady Llanover), who spent the winter and spring in Rome. On an excursion from Rome, in company with Mr. Hall, to view the Isola Farnese (the supposed site of Veii), in April 1830, the party witnessed an extraordinary suffusion of the atmosphere on a cloudless day, by impalpable dust, which lay like snow on the roofs of Rome, and was visible on the clothing of travellers, a phenomenon long unexplained, but which was afterwards found to have proceeded from an explosion of Etna, without flame, stones, or lava.

In October 1830, Bunsen and his family visited Naples; those only can understand with what feelings, who have for the first time seen, not that thoroughly unpicturesque and uninteresting town, but the glorious 'prodigality of nature' all about, above, around it, in the finest October weather, with eyes and minds open to impressions, and undisturbed by uncongeniality of any kind. The tour of the coast and islands was made in the company of Count Platen, the poet, whose refined and amiable nature could not but interest, while his companions deplored the condition of anxiety and mistrust, which kept him in constant apprehension of calamity, and made expansion into joy and well-being impossible. His small poem on the death of Carus, the Roman Emperor, was composed and recited by him to the party, when resting at the Sentinella in Ischia. But in those scenes the mind craved poetry of more power than Platen could command: the lines of Lord Byron on Greece were rapturously recalled to mind; just as, long after the days of the Villa Piccolomini were past to the Bunsens, the prose and poetry of Mrs. Fanny Kemble (in her 'Year of Consolation') reflect, recall, and reverberate, objects, sounds, scenes and emotions peculiar to Frascati.

At Naples began the family friendship with Valette, whose maturity in Christian faith and life rendered his countenance and demeanour venerable even in those

youthful years and yet unbroken health. He had the care of the Protestant community under Prussian protection, and remained many years after that visit, through the awful visitation of the cholera in 1836-7, after which period of danger and self-devotedness he was called to his present sphere of exertion at Paris.

After the lapse of five weeks, in which the line of Sir William Jones, 'to be all eye, and see through every pore,' indicates the kind, though not the degree, of pleasure experienced, the party returned refreshed to Rome, 'and busy life again.'

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

19th April, 1830.

The Dutch Ambassador in London, M. Falck, on his way to return thither, wishes to be introduced to you by this letter. His desire, first of all, is to know you, and to confer with you on many topics; in the second place, to know Bonn. This, the most distinguished Dutch statesman that I have ever seen, is more especially interested in the spiritual concerns of his country; he admits the former errors of the Government, and can no more believe than I can, that the giving up, at last, unconditionally, what never ought to have been called into existence, has been anything but a sacrifice to the need of the moment—though it now passes for State wisdom. I have directed him to Capaccini, upon whom, after himself, all depends. I assured him that the King had thrown himself into the arms of a man of honour, a man whom I value as a brother.

In France I behold the year 1687; Falck is not so entirely convinced: time must teach us who is right. I comprehend that much depends upon the effect produced by Algiers, much, also upon bayonets, and much more upon money.

What would I give to listen for an hour to the words of your mouth! Next year, please God, I may greet you in person, on my way to London.

On the subject of our concerns here I have already written to you. I have had to carry through the whole negotiation without instructions, except a single Cabinet order,

CHAP. VI. --which gave me time till Easter, and in all things else full liberty of action: both to the great alarm of the worthy Raumer, and to the horror of Altenstein. The Papal Instruction contains the following three points:—

1. In all past cases (of mixed marriages) the Bishops are permitted to act freely, and to remedy what was wrong (*sanare*) without any clause about education: even where marriages in the first degrees of kindred have been concluded without a dispensation.

2. From March 25, 1830, all mixed marriages concluded *extra formam Concilii Tridentini* are considered good—(implicitly, therefore, those also which were celebrated by a Protestant)—they are *matrimonia rata et vera*.

3. The priest may permit marriage, even without having received any promise as to religious education.

4. The Bishop in the same manner, in the cases when he may accord a dispensation to Catholics.

The *Brevi* remain what they are, but the Instruction says nothing about them and their execution.

I had promised that the ‘*acte civil*’ should be given up in case they entirely satisfied the King, and I succeeded in obtaining the above concessions, because I accepted them *ad referendum* only; so that an appeal is made to the King’s generosity, while more is granted than ever was granted before.

The form of expression is excellent, both in the reply and in the Instruction: it is the composition of the Pope himself (Pius VIII.) and of Cardinal Cappellari,* with whom I have had conferences since the 19th January, without which nothing would have been accomplished. Both are men of honour, but the Pope full of scruples, and besides rather irritable.

The question is now, whether the Bishops will execute the *Brevi* without the clause? I believe they will make no difficulty. The basis given is wider than the Bishops have ever had before.

Together with the *Brevi*, I sent to Berlin an account which I had written of all the negotiations on these matters from the year 1772 to the present time. In it I have proved that your view of the subject has been that on which I conducted the negotiation; and demonstrated, by extracts from your

* Cardinal Cappellari became Pope later, as Gregory XVI.

statements, that nothing but Hardenberg's negligence and delay prevented you from acting decisively while the negotiation was yet pending; and that later, you were left without reply to your communications of December 1822. So much by way of supplement to my letter by the post.

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Bunsen to J. Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Easter, 1830.

. . . . As to our habitual life, we have allowed ourselves a new enjoyment,—that of having every Sunday evening five singers of the Sixtine Chapel, with from five to seven dilettanti, to perform the finest pieces of Palestrina's composition. At our family table we have now only Gerhard, to whom we are becoming more attached than ever. My relation to Tippielskirch is most cordial.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

19th June, 1830.

. . . . Your valued letter, received through Count Beust, brought me the first exact account of the great misfortune* that has befallen you, for the particulars in newspapers and private letters were so contradictory, and at the same time so distressing, that I shall ever be the more grateful to Countess Voss for having written to me from Fulda the certain intelligence that your MS. of Vol. II. of the 'Roman History' was saved, all but the introduction. . . .

My leisure is now principally devoted to the completion of my Collection of Hymns of the German Church, the first quarter of which will be printed by Perthes. I have collected and prepared the materials according to settled principles, and I believe I am working on a good foundation. You are possibly not aware that you yourself, originally at Berlin and afterwards in Rome, excited my enthusiasm for this branch of greatest vitality in our religious life—this sole and single witness for the continuity of our literature; but I have never forgotten what you said, and I hope that my work, with all its imperfections, may not be wholly unworthy of its originator.

The publication of the incredibly faulty Berlin Hymn Book

* The burning of Niebuhr's house at Bonn.

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stimulated me to write a series of letters on the subject, which I closed with a representation of the canons or rules of criticism I had formed. The first was written in the hope that it might not come too late to warn the King and the congregations against accepting a work founded on untenable principles. My friends caused it to be printed in the 'Kirchenanzeiger,' and I have been assured that it obtained approbation beyond the circle of readers of that periodical. It appears there in good company—next to a treatise of Raumer's upon the same subject. I am much concerned at being informed that this periodical would seem to have become the organ of a harsh and narrow-minded orthodoxy since the publication of Gerlach's attack upon Gesenius and Wegscheider, written without a wrong motive, but ill contrived and little to the purpose. An intellectual struggle must be fought out intellectually; or practically, when one has to contend against men like Wegscheider, one course only remains—to appoint other individuals of sounder metal to lecture by the side of them, and fairly talk them down. The definitive clearing up of the great confusion in which we are entangled would seem to me to depend upon favouring the developement of an independent Church; but this is not to be effected by Ministerial Circulars—for the old condition of things cannot be re-established according to the letter, and no Church can again be founded, whether in doctrine or in constitution, upon the narrow principles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If I mistake not, many will be the false measures resorted to, and many more the misunderstandings that will take place—hatred and malice will find a new field of action, and the stigma of heresy will be the form of warfare. But all these considerations hinder me not in devoting my earnest endeavours and labours towards the objects in question, from the point whence they are to me inwardly clear and transparent; and this I do, not without rejoicing in the consciousness of this Roman leisure and independence, with a thankful heart towards God, and, after God, towards yourself.

Happy were he who could forget in these contemplations the great crisis of the political world—who could avoid vexation at the blindness of the Bourbons, and grief at the decline of England, and despair at the impotence of the men who

ought to conduct the affairs of Greece. I should rejoice in the expedition to Algiers, if thereby a beginning could be made of a secure system of colonisation, a thing essentially necessary. The opposition to it, made by Laborde and his friends, is from every point of view blameable. The sympathy which attends the expedition is great in this country; and did the plan but proceed from a popular Ministry, enthusiasm for France would spread from one end of Italy to the other. But even Rome trusts not the state of France—all feel the sultry atmosphere which precedes the earthquake. For my part, I think the King may yet put forward the Dauphin as *Président du Conseil*; for how can any one doubt the majority against Polignac in the Chamber?

As to what concerns our own Government, I am driven to despair by the slow progress of the affair of the mixed marriages in our Ministry of Public Worship. My reports were replete with proofs incontrovertible, or rather self-evident, that the Bishops must be forthwith decided upon and installed, lest intrigues and objections should come between. Count Bernstorff, in spite of his ill health and domestic distress, urged on the matter just as I desired and suggested; and yet, six weeks after the arrival of Roestell, as courier, the report to the King had not yet been sent in. During this delay, and because of this delay, many things have altered for the worse. I shall not shrink from writing the truth to the King in one of my next opportunities by way of postscript. And yet in all this there is no ill intention, only want of energy!

My position here is in every respect (except the economical, and this they give me hopes will be improved) more advantageous than I could ever have anticipated, and everything that, out of my own country, I could desire. To be enabled to remain on the Capitol is an essential portion of my happiness, and the plan of making the acquisition of this property for the Crown is in good progress: the King has entered fully into it, and the sum received for the former intended purchase on the Quirinal is to be devoted to its execution.

As often as my wife and I dwell on the consciousness of our happy condition, our thoughts turn to you, whom we have to thank for so many benefits, who have ever been much and sometimes all in all to us. You must therefore allow me once for all to express this.

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VI.*Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.*

Frascati : 17th July, 1830.

I was very sorry that the first sheet after your departure was sent without a line from my hand, because I really wanted to write to you, as I always wanted, when near, to speak to you, to open my heart to you, to gaze upon you, and catch every glimpse of that countenance of benevolence. The more I feel this, the more I am thankful for the great blessing conferred upon us by your coming from England to see us: the heart has so much to feed upon, and the mind has enjoyed so much reality, that all further wishes, ardent as they may be, are in comparison thrown into the background and vanish. I never loved you enough, nor do I now: when I contemplate all that I admire, respect, and value in you, I feel more than ever that so noble a mind, so generous a heart, so entirely occupied with the happiness of others, is never known or loved as it deserves to be; but that feeling again is happiness.

Alexander von Humboldt to Bunsen. (Speaking of Vol. I. of the 'Description of Rome.')

[Translation.]

Teplitz : 1st August, 1830.

Your treatises upon the mysteries of the *aria cattiva* and your historical investigations have particularly attracted me. You have founded a fine undertaking.

The decay of the Osman Empire, which, like Poland, seeks protection at the hands of the conqueror,—the unsuccessful attempt to construct a dam to the agitated waves in the East, by the foundation of a sham-Greek monarchy,—the Albanese,—the crafty procrastination of the Egyptian Harpagon, whom death will overtake,—the great event on the north-west coast of Africa,*—the political embarrassments threatening France and England, where what is aged freezes in aged imbecility,—Bolivar's removal from a scene where his presence weakened every belief in institutions, inasmuch as people looked towards him only and expected all from him,—the Byzantino-religious controversies in Germany,—all these are subjects which cannot fail greatly to occupy a

* The French expedition to Algiers.

mind like yours. The evil of the age and what characterises its inert weakness is, that people imagine themselves in the midst of *mud and ease*, whilst the world is filled with elements of renovation.

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In friendship and respect, your obedient,

AL. VON HUMBOLDT.

P.S. Our excellent monarch has enjoyed in this place the best health and the happiest cheerfulness. Two days hence we go to Berlin and soon after to the Rhine; I, in every case, for several months to Paris. My brother is quite well at Gastein, and deplores with me that Niebuhr's refusal (not easy to explain) has deprived the State of his usefulness in a wider political sphere. The Ministers continue their still life—that of mummies.

Bunsen's Last Letter to Niebuhr.

[Translation.]

Rome: 7th October, 1830.

I write on the point of starting for Naples, perhaps just before the closing of the gates there. At Paris, 1688 is come, more quickly and more terribly than I expected. Those who sought to push backwards the chariot-wheels of the history of nations may now stand and behold how they have literally rolled back, though not in the direction which they intended. The work of 1814 and 1815 is destroyed, like an unravelled web.

It is said that we are to have Chateaubriand here again; his fencing in the air in honour of the Duc de Bordeaux was much less to my mind than the declaration of Fitzjames. Had Chateaubriand been thoroughly in earnest, and not bent on rhetorical effect and stage-heroism, why not attack the single vulnerable and inexcusable point of the late Revolution—the abrogation of the right of inheritance of the younger branch? Lord Somers and his friends were indeed men of a far higher description. I must remain convinced, that no real 1688 is possible without a previous 1517. Much work is being done in that direction, but the right spirit is wanting. All the fanatically-disposed in this place justify and commend the Belgian Revolution. The Jacobins raise their heads exultingly; others drop their hands. La Ferronays had actually, immediately after the publication of the Ordon-

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nances, written his resignation of the post of French Ambassador; but the letter to Polignac which contained it was kept back, because the King of Naples (La Ferronnays being at the time there) requested that he would detain it for further intelligence. He then withheld the letter to Polignac altogether, to spare him; and gave in his resignation to Count Molé, with a letter to Charles X. Many young Frenchmen here say that the present despotism is more hateful to them than that which preceded it.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Rome: 22nd January, 1831.

Your terrible intelligence of the death of Niebuhr struck me like lightning from a blue sky. I opened the letter without anticipation of its frightful contents, in spite of the black seal, for I knew that mourning was in your house; but at the first mention of Niebuhr's name, I was seized with anguish, for ever since the receipt of his last letter I had been conscious of an inexplicable sadness, which I endeavoured to explain by the melancholy tone of the letter and of its prophetic utterances, and, what to you only would I mention, by my having not long since awakened from a dream about Niebuhr in tears and agitation—a thing which never happened to me before. My soul must have felt that a portion of its life was about to be torn away.

With me, ever since the first independent awakening of mind, in the years 1811 to 1815, Niebuhr's name and individuality was the ideal that drew me onwards. My acquaintance with you urged further on the fire of youthful enthusiasm; and you know what a fixed point it was in my purposes, previous to my intended Asiatic journey, to behold Niebuhr face to face. And how much more did I find (from November 1815, to January 1816) than I had ever anticipated, both of soul and of mind! and yet what was this compared to the meeting with him in Florence,—to his reception of me in Rome! Could a father do more for a son, than Niebuhr did for me? Whom have I to thank for my household happiness, for the blessing of home never sufficiently to be estimated and acknowledged? Whom to thank for a position in the country, towards which, in the days of common mis-

fortune, my strongest wishes had been directed? And if these personal bonds of gratitude were not enough to attach me for ever to that great man's memory, who is there that I have honoured and admired like him, as the pattern of excellence and dignity of soul? All this passed through my mind while I glanced over your tale of woe. I sunk under grief as I have never sunk before; and when I roused myself to a consciousness of the loss experienced, it seemed as though it could not be a reality. To fancy myself without him—the fatherland without him—science, the world, without him—was what I could not take in, because it seemed intolerable. For so many years accustomed to do nothing, to decide nothing, without his counsel, or at least without considering—what Niebuhr would say to it? what his judgement would be? The mainspring of the soul's consciousness seemed snapped through. I am recovering but slowly from the blow; I wished to reply immediately to your letter, but could not. The Pharos has vanished in the storm, and I cannot yet learn to steer without it.

He had written to me about a fortnight before his illness about the Latin inscription; adding his sombre forebodings as regards Germany and Europe. I should have immediately replied with the utterance of my own feelings on the subject, which I had long wished to communicate, but I waited for the arrival of the second volume of the 'Description of Rome,' with the announced preface. . . . But now he is dead, whose judgements I honoured even when I shared them not, and whose anticipations I contemplated religiously, even when I comprehended them not: in both cases with the conviction that a great if not self-evident truth lay at the foundation of his opinion.

I imagine his dying like Burke, in sadness as to the future of the world; and like Pitt, with the sigh or ejaculation, 'My country! how I love my country!' His mental affinity to Burke, in political views, was always clear to me.

Think me not ungrateful for what you have communicated if I entreat you very soon to write me a fuller account of his last days—every dying word would be sacred to me, every detail precious. Tell me how much he caused to be read to him of the 'Description of Rome?' how it is with the MS. of the third volume, and other preparatory writings? How with

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the Notes of his lectures? Did he speak of the whole Roman History? His spirit was in its glory, when he described the grand periods of the Republic—the times of the Gracchi, of Marius, of Cicero, and of Cæsar; when he shed unanticipated light over great characters and events apparently familiar. Is this to be all lost in the dying away of the root?

As to the philological-antiquarian portion of his intellectual store I am less afraid; he will certainly have shed fruitful seed into receptive minds. But in historical matters it is far more difficult to seize the perceptions of historical genius, indeed for youths at the University it is impossible. And this is yet more true of his views and enquiries on finance and political economy. For his political Minutes (the best of which, in his own opinion, lies in the Archives of Holland) the time is not yet come to collect and publish them; but it will come. . . .

Before all other things, write to *mé*. more of yourself, beloved friend! You ought to do something decisive for your health, and not, as usual, prepare yourself for a course of waters by redoubled labour beforehand. Cast away from you the self-imposed burden, as far as possible, and, retaining only a sufficiency of ballast, sail onwards. Publish of your *Aristotelica* what you have ready, and be convinced that sooner are a hundred scholars to be found capable of gleaning after you than one in a condition to carry in the general harvest. I become ever more sure of this fact, when I see how few men, in any and all times, have been of force and capacity to accomplish more than paving and treading a road traced out before them. Until you have published this work you will never feel free in spirit to labour creatively in your own proper element, philosophical science. Do you not pity the wretched quackery and juggling modern speculation? the shallowness in ethics? the entire despair of the cultivated portion of the nation as to the noble study of philosophy? In the History of Philosophy also, you are not yet arrived at your own proper province—the twofold position, first, of the scattered original matter, and, secondly, of the principles in the mind of the greatest philosopher of antiquity.

In *this* letter, shall I write of myself? I cannot leave unanswered the passage you write concerning me. I have

taken in hand, yesterday and to-day, as the first work I was capable of in my present lacerated condition, the reading through of the four letters you objected to,—in presence of Niebuhr's venerated manes. Of what use is it to contend? I must just tell you how I view the matter. My object was, to show those who have concocted the official Hymn Books the unsound foundation upon which they stand. . . . The nuisance of the alteration and deterioration of the ancient hymns is great and universal. I have exaggerated nothing. . . . When I reprint my four letters, I shall abstain from all personal recrimination, although many passages offer great temptation, particularly that which speaks of the privilege of those who 'occupy the pulpit.' I suppose that means the privilege of distorting and wresting the words of other men, as though they were texts of Scripture: *habeat sibi*.

On the subject of Neander, I can only leave you the choice between two alternatives. He is wrong, and yet right; or, he is right, and yet wrong. But I incline to the first. Intellectually speaking, he is wrong: there is no common sense in his reasoning, in connection with the case in point: but he is in the right, in so far as he is urgent against the tendency to limit spiritual freedom, where no true order exists, but either complete anarchy or despotism. I am only for this reason against the proposed interference, because the amendment of an entirely anarchical condition must not begin with limitation of freedom, without an assurance of the introduction of a better state of things. I have vowed, and with God's help shall maintain the vow, neither by counsel nor deed to favour anything of the kind, nor to advise or enforce any practical measures, until I behold in existence a satisfactory plan for the restoration of freedom and organisation in the Christian Church. Eight years ago I said this to the King; and three years ago I gave the same in writing to the King and the Crown Prince. As I know what I should do, and what I am resolved to do, I trust that a snare may not await me in this matter. All the rest is in God's hand.

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Bunsen to the Widow of Niebuhr, at Bonn. (Written immediately on receiving the intelligence of his death, but not received at Bonn till after she also had expired.)

[Translation.]

Rome: 22nd January, 1831.

In the midst of your anguish, you cannot forbid the approach of the children who weep for the loss of their father, and supplicate the mother to live for their sake: and thus may I also approach to mourn with you; for I, too, have lost a father, and am impelled to lay my grief at the feet of his innermost life's companion. Since I entered upon an independent position, my own beloved and revered parents have been taken from me, and I have been called upon to bury two children, one of them, the peculiar darling of my heart, in a foreign soil. But yet no stroke of death has so moved my inmost soul as this last. It seemed to me as though the thread on which my whole consciousness rested, had been cut through: and how should it have been otherwise? How could a father do more, or be more to a son, than the great man, your husband, now passed away into eternity, did and was to me? With his own great and unspotted name, and his own honour, did he, as it were, pledge himself for me, in the founding, first of my domestic life, secondly of my position in the State: and what devoted veneration is not due from me to his character and his memory, independently of the childlike love and gratitude which outweigh all other feelings, and must bind me ever to him!

What I have lost in him, nothing can replace; and in the same complaint, the whole of science, the cause of human culture, the King, the fatherland, Europe at large, may join. But nothing can come up to the loss which you, most honoured friend, and your children have sustained! The keenest pain is that of the heart which was most closely bound up with all that was most excellent, and most eminent in the world, and whose very being was merged in his; for to that heart the pang is hardest to bear of the separation which attends all earthly conditions—and this is your lot, your anguish. But therein lies also your consolation, or the possibility of consolation; what is immortal and imperishable has only been removed; it has not been torn away, hopelessly or for ever! and when by this ray of faith

the darkness is dispelled, then only can the unspeakable value of such a possession, with all the blessings which emanate from it, and extend beyond all space and time, fully rise upon the memory, not to increase the pain of privation, but to soothe suffering by childlike thankfulness.

"May it please God to preserve your precious life to those beloved children to whom the heart of the departed clung with such tenderness! . . . We, the spiritual children of the great Niebuhr, can but follow you with respectful attachment, thankful if we are not found to disgrace his paternal friendship, and more thankful still if we shall be enabled to prove to you and yours on the pathway of life, the devotedness and boundless gratitude, with which, from the bottom of my heart, I remain, . . .

BUNSEN.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

Frascati : 15th October, 1831.

Bunsen has been at Castel Gandolfo to wait upon the Pope (Gregory XVI.) who makes his autumnal villeggiatura there; and after having received him (as ever) graciously, the Pope desired he would remain to dine with the Cardinal, the Maggiore Duomo, and others of the suite. At dessert, the Pope came in himself, but his meals he takes alone, not to make ostentation of keeping to his monk's fare; otherwise, as being in the country, he might, without sinning against rule, dine with other mortals, which in Rome is forbidden. The Pope entered into conversation, and was very animated, the whole party being so full of October cheerfulness that it was a most original spectacle to be witnessed by the new Secretary of Legation, M. de Sydow, only just arrived in the country.

Rome : 30th November, 1831.

On the 20th, a visit was made, unique of its kind. Although now fifteen years resident in Rome, and having been accredited to four Popes, Bunsen had never presented his wife to any one of them; but now the Prussian Minister at Florence, Baron de Martens, being here with his wife for a short time, and desiring that an application should be made to the Pope to receive them, it seemed not right that I should not take advantage of the occasion. The audience was fixed for Sunday evening, the 20th, at the pavilion of

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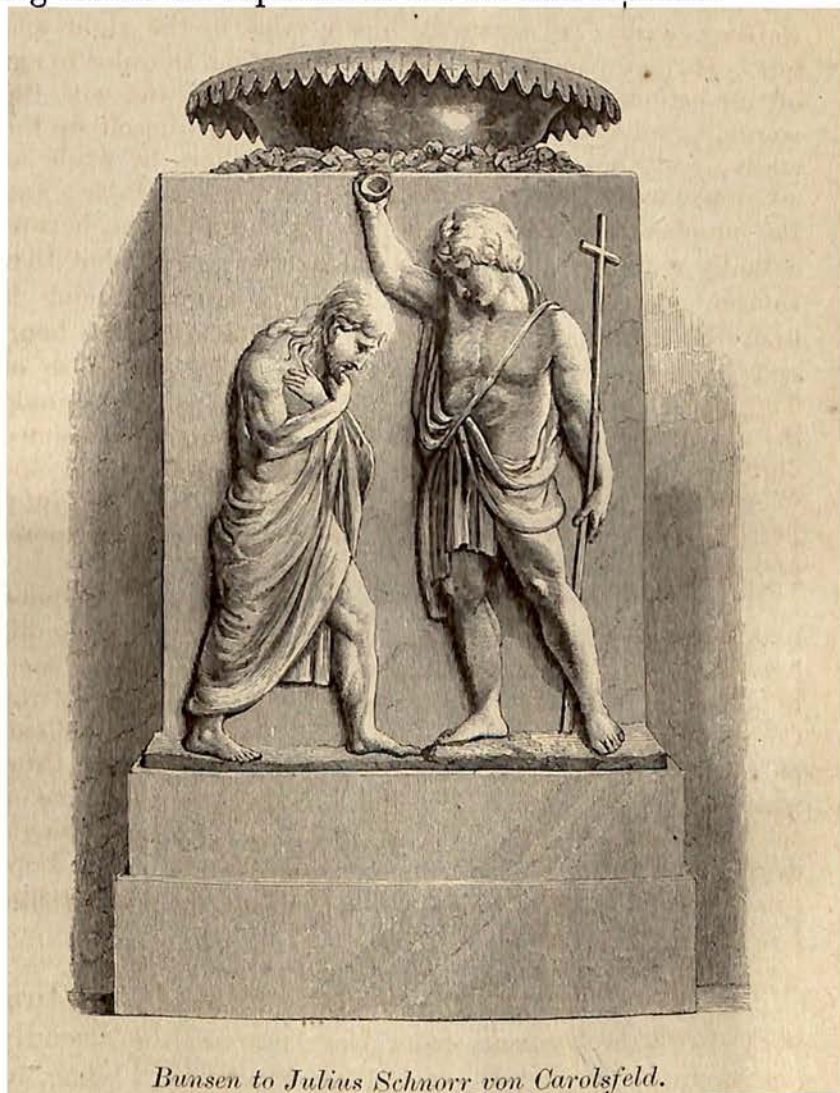
the garden of the Vatican, and having accomplished the long walk along the terraces, secretly speculating upon the possibility of finding, in that splendid solitude, guidance to the right entrance of the Casino, all at once we beheld, issuing from the hall-door, actually upon the steps, nothing less than the Pope himself, preceded by the Monsignore in waiting, with two or three *gentiluomini* to the right and left. He had chosen this mode of reception, in order to cut off all ceremonial of any kind of obeisance; and with the words, 'Siamo in campagna,' he led the way himself up the stairs, and showed us into his saloon, where he made us sit down with him on chairs placed at a round table; and the number of chairs placed proving short by *one*, he was actually reaching an additional chair for himself, but that Bunsen succeeded in getting hold of it and placing it first. He detained us with him for more than half an hour, and kept up an agreeable conversation without pause or flagging, showing neither the embarrassment of a monk, the obsequiousness of a secular ecclesiastic, nor the assumed dignity and extravagant condescension of a Cardinal, one of which extremes might have seemed unavoidable in a person called so late in life to fill the part of a temporal and spiritual sovereign.

He spoke of the improvements he had made, and intended making, in the garden and casino of the Vatican, giving his reasons for fixing on the Vatican as his principal residence, founded on the greater importance of the presence of the Court in that forsaken quarter of the city, in giving employment to the lower class of inhabitants. (The three predecessors of Gregory XVI. had preferred the residence on the Quirinal.) Much might be added as to the affectionate deportment and the expressions of approbation of the Pope towards Bunsen, as though he had pleasure in doing him honour in the presence of strangers.

The personal predilection and kindness of Pope Gregory towards Bunsen, from the time of the friendly transactions during the reign of Pius VIII., when, as Cardinal Mauro Capellari, he was in the habit of having frequent conferences with him, rendered the subsequent change the more painful; when in 1836 the Pope was

induced by misrepresentations from the Ultramontane clique, and the confounding of different documents, neither of which proceeded from Bunsen, to believe in a purposed deception practised on him by Bunsen, trusting neither his explanations nor his solemn denial.

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Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Rome: 2nd February, 1832.

Here we are sitting in the midst of writing, as the world's strife is now to be allayed by the shedding of ink,

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instead of blood, which has its advantages, in a way. I will only announce to you to-day that my twins are thriving, and are to be baptised in our chapel on Sunday week, the 12th, and to be named Theodore and Theodora. The Christian Vulcan, Hopfgarten (our churchwarden), has a baptismal font of gilt bronze* in hand, to be placed on the Thorwaldsen pedestal; this font I had long ago vowed in my mind to give to the Chapel, and to dedicate on this occasion. It is adorned with ancient Christian symbols, with German and Latin inscriptions, an account of which some Tungoo or Trokee in the year 3400 will publish and describe, unless the world, with old Europe, should perish altogether beforehand.

Extract from a Contemporary Letter.

10th May, 1832.

We saw Sir Walter Scott often during the first week of his being here. The first time of meeting a shock was caused, as I was not prepared for his difficulty in speaking; but, though his animation is gone, his conversation is much of the same sort as formerly, therefore most interesting and original, and his expression of goodness and benevolence truly venerable, in the midst of physical decay. He one day dined with us, with his daughter, Sir William Gell and Miss Mackenzie being the rest of the party. Bunsen had taken into consideration what subject would be interesting to Sir Walter Scott, and knowing that popular poetry had always attracted him, he sought out the German ballads so enthusiastically sung during the 'War of Liberation' in 1813, and after giving him an idea of the sense, made Henry and

* A large basin of admired design and workmanship, the representation of which is given in page 373. The pedestal was the gift of the late Philip Pusey, Esq., to the chapel, having on the sides the well-known groups in relief by Thorwaldsen, and the following inscriptions:—

'Fons hic est vitæ qui totum deluit orbem,
Sumens de Christi vulnere principium;
Nulla renascentum est distantia, quos facit unum
Unus fons, unus Spiritus, una fides.'

'Kommt her zu dieser Quelle,
Die lauter, rein und helle
Durchs Wort des Lebens fleusst:
Hier ist für eure Sünden
Erwünschter Rath zu finden,
Der euch den ew'gen Tod entreisst.'

Ernest sing them: Sir Walter was evidently pleased, and observed of that noble struggle, quoting a verse of the 'Requiem,' 'Tantus labor non sit cassus!' He called the two boys to him, and laid a hand upon the head of each, with a solemn utterance of 'God bless you!' He gave us a kindly worded invitation to visit him when we should come to England, saying, 'I have had losses; much is changed; but I have still "my two gowns, and all things handsome about me," as Dogberry says.' At taking leave, he said, 'I hope your own feelings will be your reward, for all the kindness and hospitality you have shown me.' Once after this, we found him at home, making a morning visit. I brought him a set of ordinary engravings, called devotional, relating of course to Madonna-worship, such as are universally spread about Rome, and he made the observation, 'It ought to be a pure and mild religion, which finds its objects in a young woman and a child, the loveliest of human beings.' I was not a little shocked by this tolerance, and of course made no reply; but on reflection I make out that he meant to indicate a truth, though a one-sided truth. The mercy, indulgence, sympathy, which the struggling soul would seek in the invisible Arbiter of fate, are equally excluded by Romanist practice, and Calvinistic principle, from the conception of the Eternal Father, from Him, 'who is good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works;' the Blessed Son, who 'Himself bore our iniquities,' is represented as the inexorable Judge, driving the trembling sinner into unquenchable fire; and the tenderness which the mind craves, and must find (on pain of losing its balance in the madness of despair), clusters round the image of a woman and a mother, too soft and lenient to condemn even sin, and only earnest in her interposition against its deserved punishment. Sir Walter is to depart in two days, if not made quite ill by the excursion intended for to-day, when Sir W. Gell will take him to Bracciano, driving from ten o'clock in the burning sun twenty-five miles. He ought not to have remained so late in the South; but although those around him are nervously anxious about his state, no healthy regulation would seem to be enforced. One anecdote more of him, on occasion of a morning visit, when Bunsen found him alone, with his emaciated looking son Charles, silent

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and unoccupied, in a corner. Sir Walter asked questions about Göthe, and about his son, who died at Rome in 1830. Bunsen avoided giving the particulars of the manner of his death, caused by habits of intoxication, merely saying that 'the son of Göthe had nothing of his father but the name;' and was startled by Sir Walter slowly turning his head towards his son, with the words, 'Why, Charles, that is what people will be saying of you!' Alas! this wreck of a young man is the same being that I remember such an engaging child at Edinburgh in 1810!

30th June, 1832.

It has been a great though melancholy pleasure to have seen Sir W. Scott again, but I must wish that he had not been advised to come abroad, to show his infirmities in the unfeeling world of travellers; his star should have set where it rose, and he was so painfully impatient to return to home scenes, that it seemed as though he were doubtful whether he had time left to reach them. (A report had spread of Sir Walter's having expired on board the steamer.)

Extract from a Contemporary Letter of May 23, 1832.

A few lines, lately written, may perhaps be delivered in a year, to request a kind reception for—no common Frenchman!—M. Rio, of Vannes in Bretagne, whom we have often seen this last winter. He glories in being a Breton, and in having spoken throughout his childhood no other language than that of the country; but as that language has not been as well preserved in Bretagne as the Welsh has been in Wales, he makes it a principal object of his projected journey to Great Britain to study his native language at its source, and he was overjoyed to find that I could give him a letter of introduction on the frontier of Wales. I hope the nature of the object of his enthusiastic pursuit will incline all hearts to aid and abet and further his acquaintance with Welsh scholars, who will let him into the mysteries of all possible dialects: and that his being a man of distinguished talents, and heroic courage, and sincere self-devotedness to his opinions, will gild over to everybody the counterpart of the description, his being an ultra-royalist, an ultra-Catholic, and ready to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the

'drapeau blanc' and the sovereignty of the Pope! He speaks English, Italian, and German, and is possessed of stores of general information, taking great interest in the fine arts, therefore conversation can be carried on with him on a variety of matters, without touching the dangerous ground of politics or religion. He speaks French with power and eloquence, but tone and accent betray his not being a Parisian. It was a treat to hear him relate the history of his own campaign at the age of sixteen, when he helped to organise an insurrection against the authorities constituted by Napoleon.* He was much pleased to obtain from me copies of Welsh melodies, which he had heard me play on the organ.

It will have been observed in the letters of the year 1820, that in the Neapolitan Revolution of that date Niebuhr had not been able to discern any other cause than those workings of the Jacobinical spirit of destruction which he believed were only to be suppressed by force. But when, ten years later, after the events of the Three Days at Paris, the whole of Central Italy was in a state of insurrection, a different view of the condition of things, which had led to such efforts to bring about a change, had made itself clear to the mind of Bunsen, who had then become used to see with his own eyes and draw his own conclusions from facts, which had brought home even to the consciousness of some Continental Governments the necessity of removing by reform in administration the stimulus to periodical disturbance. When, therefore, the Papal authority had been re-established by the military intervention of Austria in the central provinces, the chiefs of the diplomatic missions at Rome were charged by their respective Governments to meet in Conference, the object of which was to present a respectful remonstrance to the Pope; and hence proceeded that Memorandum of May 21, 1832, so often referred to in later

* This insurrection during the 'Hundred Days' is recorded in *La Petite Chouannerie*, published by M. Rio.

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years, which was drawn up by Bunsen at the request of the collective members of the Conference, and a sketch of which will be found in these pages, under the date of 1859. For a time Bunsen flattered himself with the hope of seeing the suggestions contained in this Memorandum carried into practice. Papal decrees, embodying the recommendations of the Memorandum, were actually shown to him and his colleagues *in print*, and ready for immediate publication. But it soon became evident that secret influences were at work, sufficient to have paralysed even a heartier good will towards the restoration of ancient municipal liberties than the Pope had ever felt. At length the Governments were informed that Austria had entered her protest against the removal of grievances among the subjects of the Pope, on the ground that if such an example were given, her own system of government and *suzeraineté* in the rest of Italy would be endangered or rendered impracticable. Nothing whatever, of all that had been proposed, was carried out—not even the plan of reform of judicial proceedings, ostensibly proposed by the Austrian Government through M. de Sebrégondis, which may yet be seen, skilfully worded in all its details, in many folio volumes, in the Roman archives.

On the unlooked-for occupation of Ancona by the French, Bunsen assumed a mediatorial part, not unwelcome to the Roman Court, who wished to avoid a crisis, and was obliged to be content with enveloping the undiplomatic event in a diplomatic form. His conduct, at first, gave offence at Vienna, and even at Berlin, until the results were found so convenient that it was judged best to make use of them.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Rome: 14th April, 1832.

You are as kind and encouraging to my fugitive lines as you were while in Rome to my abrupt visits; and nothing

less than this kindness could give me courage to send a scrawl of a few lines, where I feel a real want and longing to converse about all that moves in my mind, and disclose the secret thoughts that occupy me. It is most true that the very image of you refreshes me, and rouses the wish to speak about myself, which for many years I have ceased to do, except in so far as one cannot help, to anybody but Fanny. We are, it seems, to succeed in preserving peace in this Ancona business, which has given me an opportunity of being useful and enjoying the advantage of general confidence from long-tried honesty. I was actively employed as peace-maker at the request of the Pope, and the desire of all my colleagues.

The assistance I derive from M. de Sydow is greater than I ever anticipated; he shows me attachment as a father; and has an astonishing aptitude for business.

To the Same.

30th June, 1832.

We are now settled in the country, and four months (120 days) open before me, with the prospect of undisturbed domestic happiness and literary employment. I have resumed my hours of instruction to the boys, particularly to my dear Henry, who deserves every moment and every word I can bestow upon him. Nothing is like his zeal and attachment. . . The Berlin gossip, that I am to become Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, which has gone through the public papers, is more honourable than probable, and more flattering than profitable, as it operates as a new stimulus to envy; and I think the matter *now* as impossible as the King's causing me to *fly*; because I know not my country enough to be equal to administration, until I shall have been a number of years in it. I must give an instance of my dear, excellent King's paternal feeling towards me, which I have only just learnt. When Count Bernstorff proposed to His Majesty to grant me an increase of salary, he joined with it the proposal to confer the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary: when the King answered, 'Give him the additional money without the higher rank, which might oblige him to incur new expenses, and thus do away with the essential help I wish to afford him.'

Contemporary Notice, from a Letter.

Rome : 5th March, 1833.

. . . The last winter has furnished much social pleasure. Lady Raffles (widow of the late Governor of Java) brought a letter from Madame de Staël (*née* Vernet) from Geneva; she will not be blended in the mass of those seen for a moment, and thought of no more; the combined impression made by her manner, countenance, and conversation, prepares one to believe, and even guess at, all the great and good qualities attributed to her. Mr. Julius Hare, one of the translators of Niebuhr's Roman History, is a most sterling person; he and Mr. Walter Kerr Hamilton and Mr. Farquhar spent many an evening with us, when there was no other guest but Turguëneff, who had been Minister of State under the Emperor Alexander, but is now a voluntary exile from his native country, owing to the implication of his brother in the conspiracy against Nicholas. He is a person whom it would take pages to describe, so little does he belong to any of the common denominations of society; a Tartar Prince, and looking like one, yet of the most polished manners, and consummate talent for conversation; knowing almost everything, having read almost every book, having been in every species of society, having worked his way through all sorts of opinions, yet retaining an unspoiled taste for what is good, and an unwearied longing after what is best. How much could be told of him that would be interesting as a picture of human nature!

The Grand Duchess Stéphanie, of Baden, has permitted us often to enjoy her society. She has spent the winter here with two very young and pleasing daughters.* The Grand Duchess has great remains of beauty, and is in manners and conversation most attractive; she has the tact of a Frenchwoman in softening off form, instead of enforcing it with predilection as securing a line of demarcation; she sings sweetly, and is full of talent in every respect. A conversation at a morning visit made a great impression, not to her especial disadvantage, but as denoting a condition of mind foreign and hard to conceive to those who are bred Protestants. The news was fresh of the disgrace into which the

* The Princess Josephine, soon after married to the Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, and the Princess Marie, since Duchess of Hamilton.

Duchesse de Berry had fallen; detected in a profligate course of life, while playing the heroine in a Fleur-de-lis insurrection in the west of France; and the Grand Duchess's observation was, '*Je m'amuse à considérer ce qui se pourrait faire dans une telle position; je me mets en pensée à la place de la Duchesse de Berry, et je trouve qu'il fallait tout nier, absolument nier, même en face de ceux qui auraient tout vu, en dépit des témoins oculaires.*' This mode of meeting disgrace, when one figures to one's self even the most hardened offender as overwhelmed with shame, sinking under the weight of fact, led to the reflection (often suggested in other cases, of persons neither possessed of the high moral worth, nor the finely-developed intelligence of the Grand Duchess Stéphanie), that those bred up in the practice of auricular confession, in the habit of asking absolution, not of God immediately, to whom the heart is open, but of man, who takes cognisance of it through a clouded medium,—cannot form any conception of *truth absolute and immutable*, of an unswerving, clearly-defined line between what is allowable and what is forbidden; the shades of casuistry come over even childish consciousness, and extend and multiply in proportion as the mind knows more of its own and others' perversity.

Contemporary Notice, from a Letter.

Rome: May 23, 1833.

A journey full of interest was accomplished between the 10th and 18th May, by Civita Vecchia to Corneto, Toscanella, Viterbo, and Orvieto, the object of which was for Bunsen and Kestner to inspect the newly-opened Etruscan tombs. The remarkable paintings, so well preserved on the inside walls, are now well known in manifold representations, and many of the designs are painted in the Etruscan halls of the British Museum. The interest was great of a first sight, in company of the antiquarian of Corneto, who had the good fortune to be the first to make an opening into one, in which a coat of armour encompassed the buried skeleton; for moments it was clearly seen by the light of day, but the rushing in of the outward air caused immediate decomposition, accompanied by a singular crackling, and by the time space enough had been made for entering, there was but a formless heap of fragments of oxydated metal about the human bones.

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On the return of the party, a new social gratification awaited Bunsen in the return of Alexander Turguéneff from Naples, accompanied by Joukoffsky, celebrated in Russia as a poet, and in every respect intellectually distinguished; he has been for some years tutor to the young Hereditary Grand Duke,* ever greatly favoured by the Emperor and Empress, but without having become a courtier. On account of ill health he has been allowed leave of absence to travel, but now being in haste to return to his important post, he had but few days for Rome, and those few Bunsen enabled him thoroughly to enjoy, in showing him objects of interest, partially seen before, but without the consciousness of all that was to be perceived and felt in them. He has much of the manly benevolent simplicity of manner of Walter Scott, of course with difference of national characteristics; in conversation he is perfectly unpretending, yet never lets fall a commonplace word. Altogether it is as though there were nothing in him foreign or strange; all feel drawn to him as by natural ties. Turguéneff and Joukoffsky, and General de Reuter (a distinguished German in the Russian service), met Thorwaldsen, Cornelius, and Overbeck the other day in Bunsen's house; it was one of those remarkable combinations which scarcely any place but Rome can offer, and a day to be remembered. All were very animated, and the spirit of each brightened that of every one else. This Russian party have spent most evenings, and several mornings, with Bunsen and his family and friends.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Rome: 6th May, 1833.

. . . Receive these lines as though they accompanied the book which long since reached you†. You will have understood my intention in it, (the same that I have held ever since 1817,) namely, to introduce hymnology both among the learned as a matter of scientific research, and among the people as a question concerning all most intimately.

Then, I desired to point out my own conception of spiritual poetry, and of the divine worship of which it ought to form a part.

* Now the Emperor Alexander II.

† viz., the *Hymn and Prayer Book*.

And further, I wished to suggest that the Hymn Selection is but a fragment of that Book for Church and Home (or collection of materials for public and private worship) which is wanting to us. Should this first effort be successful, a second might, as I hope, bring the whole to view, unfolded out of „the chrysalis state; and, furnished with a similar introduction, accompanied by a *Codex Liturgicus*, might venture to address itself directly to the congregation. I have in this work given an outline of my liturgical ideas, in the third Cycle of Hymns (Appendix No. 1). I know well that in Germany as yet no man but Göthe has succeeded in fighting out for himself the privilege of discussing matters in the supposed province of the learned, without belonging to the *Guild*; wherefore that few will be found willing to bestow thought and attention on discussions unprovided with the sanction of learned quotations. Intruders must consider themselves fortunate if a Doctor in Theology, with a shrug of the shoulders should say, ‘The notion is not bad, but naturally misconceived and incomplete, as was to be expected from the unlearned.’ Believe me, I know too well the people with whom I have to do, to reckon upon acceptance from them; I am under no self-deception, although I neither complain nor am dispirited in this state of things. I have never calculated upon producing any effect in the contemporary world, since I have been placed in an equivocal position (*Zwitterstellung*); but yet I know well, that I stand upon a foundation which commonplace hypercriticism cannot undermine; and whenever I shall be able to write with a free hand, I shall take care that I be not cast aside.

‘As good fish yet in the sea as ever came out of it’—‘The end is not yet’—‘The day is not done’—‘As good men behind as ever yet reached the front,’ might Sancho Panza have said; and so I say, too, not however to you and to our common friends, but to your confraternity.

With the exultation of friendship do I behold you, with Tholuck and others, in the forefront of the battle, for the renewal of Theology by means of a truly scientific system of interpretation. I agree with you beforehand as to the results, both practical and dogmatical. Much must perish—but I stand upon firm ground—the Rock Christ.

I wish I could confer with you, in order to come to an understanding on the scientific treatment of the Hymns; and the

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vindication of worship as being the solemn act of the soul, and the pulsation of common life in the Church. I should prefer your instructing me on the subject by reviewing my work; if you do not, I wish it might be reviewed by no one except Nitzsch. You know how I wished that Schleiermacher should review the book, but he declined to do so.

Bunsen to Pertz.

[Translation.]

Frascati: 3rd June, 1833.

After a long silence I at last greet you,—who have been drawn nearer than ever in late years to me in mind, although, alas! from a far distance—to offer you the first public result of my literary attempts, the commencement of which you know of old—in my ‘Book of Hymns and Prayers.’ You will discern the fatherland in the object as well as in the treatment of it, and you will read much between the lines, if your occupations allow you time to cast an eye over the work. I recommend it, therefore, to your friendship. . . . I am urged to say a word to you upon our internal concerns, and I wish I could speak with power on the subject, as a means of expressing my sense of the obligation I feel for your excellent periodical publication. I am proud of it, as your friend, and as a German; and I esteem and honour the position you take. My heart is often ready to burst with longing after the beloved fatherland, and the small number of those who know, like yourself, what is best for it. You have fearlessly expressed that we can only be helped by efforts from within, from the centre of our national and historical consciousness, by a noble union of princes and people; that on this track outward power and strength, as well as inward prosperity and well-doing, are certain of attainment. That such is my conviction, you know: how it has been expanded and confirmed in later years, I should wish to express, if time and space were not wanting: could I do so, though we might differ on single points, I believe we should become the more clearly aware of the deep foundation of a common understanding. Ever since my establishment in the independent exercise of a public charge, I have maintained and professed the belief, that the States which Ranke comprises under the term *Romanic*, are hopelessly out of joint in consequence of the state of inward contradiction,

in which they have been since the sixteenth century; that revolution proceeded from the death-struggle against a despotism both spiritual and administrative, unknown to the middle ages, proceeding from the absolutism of sovereigns, nobility, and priesthood; that this could only bring forth anarchy, and therefore military despotism; and that a true restoration could only have been possible, if a new element of life had come in, with power to reconcile, unite and overrule the evil influences; clearing away the ancient guilt and the ancient curse, and restoring reciprocal confidence, *mutuam fidem*. Only upon this ground can a regeneration of former relations take place, such as we all need;—of the ancient relations (of society), I mean, founded in our history and national habits, but renovated by the new social requirements. Yet that has proved impossible in France; the history of the Restoration has set its seal upon my conviction that there is a fundamental contrast between the two halves of the civilised world. With us, on the contrary, all is still possible, but what is possible is also indispensable. The problem may and must be solved; but only in that way can it be solved.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Frascati: 12th June, 1833.

I begin my reply to your letter of the 15th of last month, with the matter of Professor Walther's marriage-dispensation, which you urged upon me to take to heart.* Immediately on the arrival of the petition, I was aware that the most earnest diplomatic recommendations could not bring it through the Dataria; and that the only chance of success lay in my addressing myself directly to the Pope through the Cardinal Secretary of State. It is one of the satisfactions of my position, to be sometimes enabled to facilitate the matter of dispensations in cases like the present, when

* The application of Professor Walther was for permission to marry the sister of his deceased wife—a liberty never granted at Rome, except in the case of princely alliances; or of a supposition disgraceful to the parties; or, thirdly, of an apprehension that they would leave the Church of Rome, if the dispensation were not granted. The parties in question protested against such an apprehension, and thus their case seemed incapable of being heard.

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the happiness of many worthy persons seems to depend upon the connection.

Within a few days the Abbé Martin de Noirliu (whom you will remember in Rome) will set out for Frankfort and Bonn, on his return to his native country. He was Preceptor to the Duc de Bordeaux, and lived in Rome till the catastrophe of the Duchesse de Berry; now, he considers himself no longer obliged to absent himself from his duties in France. Meanwhile he has had opportunities of making the acquaintance of Christians of all denominations, and God has made of him an earnest, gentle and devoted Christian, who really seeks his own salvation and that of others, and not the world's gifts and advantages. I have often seen him, and he took pleasure in our hymns and choral singing. I gave him your address at Bonn, as well as Sydow's and Hollweg's, and I beg you will receive him kindly if he comes to you.

On two subsequent occasions did the venerable Martin de Noirliu and Bunsen meet in life: once when the former called at No. 9 Carlton Terrace, while on a short visit to England in 1850, and asked for an introduction to Dr. Newman at Oxford; and again at Paris in 1859, when their greeting proved a final farewell.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. (Announcing eight copies of the Hymn Book.)

[Translation.]

Frascati: 28th September, 1832.

To whom could I more gladly give this book, than to you, a faithful member of the Capitoline congregation, as well as my own chosen friend? You watched its beginning, you hailed and trusted in its further progress when it yet lay in insignificance, and ventured not to look up, except into the eyes of like-minded friends, in the quiet hour of family worship. Now, with open eye and resolute step it advances into the world, even into the fatherland, without its father, whose companionship might have been a help here and there. But it is not without armour of proof, and the pearls which it enwraps will, as by magic power, defend themselves.

To you and your house, in hours consecrated to God and blessed by Him, may it proclaim the words of life, and tell with power of that eternal love, which has enfolded us from the beginning of things, and conducts us now through this vale of earth, illuminated and warmed by its own heavenly light, with such unspeakable longsuffering and faithfulness! May it declare to you, as clearly as it ought to do, that in the divine life nothing is real, and that nothing avails before God, but the free sacrifice of thankful love—the child-like resignation of our own will to the will of God, and the continuous giving up of our selfishness and selfseeking with regard to our brethren! For that is the central point of the entire Christian doctrine, and the last and highest object of devotion and adoration.

The summer and autumn that we have just passed through in the Villa Piccolomini have been unspeakably happy and undisturbed. There, besides my official work, I have written the Preface and its Appendices, as well as the Dedication; besides acting as schoolmaster (in part) to the four boys, whose well-being, bodily and mental, is my greatest joy.

Our connection with Sydow leaves nothing to be wished; it is impossible to be more amiable and estimable than he is—and at the same time he is an incomparable man of business; he has entirely taken off my hands the greater part of my mechanical labour. . . . In March, Ambrosch will come to you at Munich—although a Catholic, he is faithfully devoted to us.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

[Translation.]

Frascati: 3rd October, 1832.

I know not whether I have thanked you in writing for the beautiful letter I received in the winter of 1830, but my sense of obligation is as fresh as when I received it, and has been in heart many times uttered. My correspondence has been much neglected since 1830, partly owing to a great accumulation of official business, partly to literary labours.

I rejoice that you accomplished seeing the great Niebuhr—whose loss is irreparable; and no one can have been more nearly affected by it than myself. Perhaps a day will come, when I may raise some public memorial of my veneration and gratitude to him; for there is a part of his life which no one

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knows so well as myself. The events of the year 1830 affected him deeply, and being compelled to give up the hope he had so confidently entertained of a second 1688 in France by means of the *Charte*, he was seized with apprehensions of terrible struggles throughout European humanity, resulting from Bourbon presumption, and the pain of this presentiment undermined his health. I shared his opinion upon the Revolution of 1830, even before I was aware that he held it, and my conviction on that subject remains unchanged; but I never joined him, even in the most distant manner, in his apprehensions with respect to the effect to be produced in Germany. . . . I wrote to Niebuhr, in 1830, my conviction that 1688 could nowhere take place without a preceding 1517. No free nation without religion! no free Christian nation without Protestantism!—not as a negation, but as the highest positive reality, and as a consecration of all freedom.

My work this year is the publication of the Hymn and Prayer Book of which I spoke to you as long ago as when you were in Rome. As we possess in German 80,000 hymns and have 300 hymn-collections in use, each and all of which have been constituted without regard to any fixed principle, and without the caution and consideration essential to such a national undertaking, it is a difficult work that I have begun, for which only the conviction of the Church's need could give me the requisite courage. I am well aware that I shall thereby raise a hornet's nest; but after the lapse of twenty years, if I do not quite deceive myself, the influence of my labours will be perceptible. In the Appendix to the Preface, No. I., you will find the explanation of my idea of the Cycle of Hymns forming the Epos of the German Church, and also my view of the Christian Sacrifice, upon which the Liturgy printed in 1828 is founded.

*To the Same.**

Rome: *Idibus Martiis*, 1833.

. . . I have in mind written volumes to you; most of my thoughts about England in this momentous crisis are em-

* This letter and all subsequent ones addressed to Dr. Arnold were written in English.

bodied in discussions with you. Consider what I am about to write as fragments out of those volumes; pray supply the proof of assertions to which you assent, and refute, in your answer, what you think erroneous.

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I must begin with thanking you for your letters on Reform, for you have rendered me a great service by them; first, by the information and delight they have given me in themselves, and then by bringing me back to my original feeling, viz., that our opinion could scarcely differ *toto cælo* as it appeared for a time. I think I should, had I lived in England, have taken a different line as to the persons addressed. I should, perhaps, have written letters to your Tories to show them the necessity of a bona fide efficient Reform; I should have endeavoured to prove to them that *summum jus summa injuria*: the safety, but also necessity, yea, imperious duty, of reforming institutions by going back to their idea, of preserving an establishment by keeping to the spirit, rather than to the letter, and by whetting the edge of the reforming knife neither against the glowing steel of passion nor against the rotten wood of interest, but against the exalted ideal of those who founded and transmitted it to our care. So far our line would have been different; not that I am sanguine as to the effect that reasoning and exhortation may be able to produce upon stubbornness, self-interest, and the wrong pride of well-grounded right—no, my dear friend—much experience has in the latter years of my life removed this delusion. But because I have once for ever set down for myself the principle (and I trust in God I shall in the hour of danger not abandon it) never to allow myself to be driven to the destructive side by the folly of those who ought to preserve, and who both destroy and prepare destruction by their blindness and infatuation and self-interestedness. But for this vow, I believe I might long since have become a Jacobin. Yet I can conceive that others feel not this danger, neither for their own soul nor for the cause they wish earnestly to serve; resolved as I am, although often with a reluctant mind, to hold on to the last wreck of historical liberty, rather than to embark on the double-pressure steam-engine of that of 1789; rather to drive the nail through the rotten wood into my own hand, than to take out one peg from the stranding vessel. I can respect and love those who feel courage and vocation to seek

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safety in the course of events, to fill out the emptiness and shallowness of their party by the substantial weight of their wisdom and virtue. You have done so nobly. You can, no more than I, approve the tendency of levelling principles, of unhistorical, dead, and deadening uniformity, nor think a principle of power, according to majority in population, other than fraught with evil, nor can you, in general, make to yourself any illusion about the main point, that durability and preservation cannot be built upon destruction and negation. Possibly, one who belongs to those unfortunate exclusively Catholic countries of the Romanic nations, may in our time arrive at the point of waiving all considerations, from the conviction that the past is irrevocably rotten, that the actually existing is without foundation, and without hope, either in Heaven or on earth. But that cannot be the case with you, the son of great Albion, the pride of Europe, and the triumph of Teutonic and of Christian liberty—she who alone through a thousand years has retained the instinct of life, and known the mystery of creation, by making old things new, by clinging to the past, while calling forth a new manifestation of existence. Not you, the historian of Rome, mighty rather by and through this wisdom, than by force of arms and victories; not you, the antagonist of that dissolving atheism, political and religious, of 1789; not you, who will never bend the knee before the Trinity of the Utilitarians—the idol of shallowness—in which Washington is the Father, Franklin the Son, Steam the *Πνεῦμα*; and, further, Lafayette the John, Robespierre the Paul, and Napoleon the Mahomet!

In this conviction, I read your Lectures with rapture, whether you astonished your hearers by praise of the blessings of aristocracy and Church, or whether you pointed out, unsparingly but without exaggeration, the rooted evils of the present state of things. As to some expressions in one of the letters, which were painful to me, I forgot not in what a moment they were written, and that in a free country no one can make a party for himself, but must adopt a party ready-made, if he feels the strength and will to influence his fellow-citizens.

Let me now leave political considerations—*alea jacta est*—you must await the consequences of what has been done, and

strive to diminish the evil and strengthen the good flowing from it. But as to the Church, *res est integra*. Let us remember that the Ark is not to be touched by the unclean hands of unbelief and immorality. I do not think you in danger of that. But do not forget that *humana nefas miscere divinis*: do not come from the questions of Tithes and Chapters to those concerning the XXXIX Articles and the Liturgy. Supposing I not only believed, but felt certain, that a change in either or both might, abstractedly speaking, save the establishment, I should yet say, 'Let fall what cannot maintain itself.' But I would never discuss these subjects in one breath. I would never change one jot in prayer or confession, in order to strengthen the outward building. Pray do not think that I suppose you have considered the matter in this way, only some expressions in your letter to Hamilton induce me to believe you have started the portentous question of enlarging the basis of the Church, as to its constitution and Liturgy, and in the same book treated the question of tithes and other temporalities. You know that for many years I have preached to various members of the establishment as to its more immediate wants; converting the Chapters into places for professors of theoretical and practical divinity in episcopal seminaries, &c. Some thought me for that a fool or a Jacobin; others, rendering justice to my intentions, objected that in the complicated system of political and Church interests such things could not be effected. Happy if they effect them now! But how little your Ministers think of such plans may be seen from the Bill for Ireland. Is the revenue of a Church to go for alms to curates? for equalising the incomes of those who have nothing to do, or who know not what they ought to do? are new glebe-houses and curacies the props of a reformed establishment? O misery! at least one-half of the fund ought to be appropriated in equal shares to the foundation of popular schools in every parish, and of seminaries in every diocese. O ye blind! cannot you see that in doing so you only perform what you ought not to have left undone after the Battle of the Boyne, or, rather, after the succession of James I., and that in ten years' time those who weep over the ruins of your Protestant establishments will blame you for 'not having known this your day?' Such a measure would have been popular among

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the clergy and the chief public of England, but more, it would have been just. Let me not hear of the paltry consideration of adding to the comforts of twenty, and building new houses for one hundred of the clergy, or churches where there is no congregation. Is the Church of Christ a hospital, or a tontine, or an agricultural establishment? What is the use of the utility of economical measures? Enough of that.

As to the constitution of the Church and the Liturgy, I feel confident that you cannot discuss either in the present time; passion is too great, knowledge too little, faith not strong and pure enough. Still some questions as to the first might be moved with great use, I imagine. An impartial examination of the Church Reform in the United States might be of great benefit. I have already spoken my mind to you as to the partial views of all religious establishments of the sixteenth century. The opposition between Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism is a phantom. Let the question of the eminent divine right of bishops, and their apostolical institution, be waived. Neither party will give up its opinion, and to more than opinion you will never come on this score; but an episcopal system is so evidently the only one that can maintain order and dignity and liberty in a great Church, that millions of dissenters will unite, if you go only on the ground of expediency, not of doctrine of *jus divinum*. The organisation from below is peculiar to the presbyterian system. If you take the lead in showing both to be defective, in not giving the due active share in Church community to laymen, you will silence the Presbyterians, as has really been in great measure the effect in America. I know that the difference between monarchical and republican government, of separation from, or connection with, the State, must influence the constitution of the Church; but it will always remain a miserable and unchristian fiction to say that the people are represented in Church government by the Sovereign. . . . It is equally tyranny, and of a more dangerous kind, when a Parliament tampers with the affairs of the Church than if an autocrat does. You have begun this in 1797 (I mean by Scott's Bill), and you are now in a fair way of carrying destruction farther by your law-making House of Commons. Has, then, the experience of three centuries, the downfall of the establishments on the Continent, been of no use to you? As to the Liturgy

there are deeper considerations than shortening or simplifying, omitting or softening, if you speak of changes: You must first reconstruct on a positive basis the idea of Christian worship; you must see what the Church has still to realise in this respect, and what she has really done: how far the Romish Church perverted the centre of adoration, and the Protestant neglected to restore it positively. I am aware that here I speak in terms which are my own, and would seem to recommend my own doing; but however I may have failed, I have the fullest conviction that only on this ground can a Liturgical Reform be made capable of a salutary effect and of duration.

Pray send me often such specimens of English youth,* —they are a refreshing species. *Toto corde tuus!*

To the Same.

Rome: 21st January, 1834.

. . . I had the happiness of receiving a new letter from you, through Augustus Hare, who arrived the day before yesterday; I am sorry to say in a very precarious state of health. To-morrow Lord Ashley sets out for England, and I avail myself of his kindness to secure the safe arrival of this letter.

Accept first my thanks for the many, many signs and proofs of a friendship which has long since become a necessity of my heart. The first to be mentioned is your letter of May 1833, in answer to two of mine. Your protest against any association with one of the Demons of our age could not be made with greater force of argument and feeling, than in your published letters themselves, which I have read over and over again. The law of nature, that no plant can grow without having a soil in which to fix itself, is not more certain than that of the spirit, that nothing new can be set up which has not its roots in the past, and is not engrafted upon the eternal principles of the good, and the right, and the just. That is the sense of what we call the historical principle. I disavow as much as yourself the principle of 'letting well alone,' supposing *well* can be what is in direct

* Alluding to Mr. Hamilton, now Bishop of Salisbury.

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opposition to the principle of its existence. I feel as keenly as yourself, that it is insufficient to consider institutions merely in an historical and practical point of view, without ascending to principles, whenever the internal feeling of life, which is the great mental *sensorium*, begins to fail, and is in need of being refreshed by a new infusion of intellectual vigour, in order to counteract the assaults of an ill-disposed and degraded understanding. The higher the institution in question stands in the scale of intellectual and spiritual importance, the more necessary, in such epochs, is this reference to original principle. I further assert that our time is one that wants to be reformed by the right principle, as having been corrupted by false principles. But I insist that the historical principle alone can save us both from corruption, and from destruction. I mean by this expression the going back to the real germ of the institution in question, not an abstract notion, but such as enables us to recognise the spirit of the institution in all the phases of its development: thus bringing us to the real, that is theoretical, historical, practical understanding of that phase which it is our task to restore. It is my inmost conviction, that there is no institution of a higher order in ancient Europe, more particularly in the Church, which does not on the one hand want reform, and on the other require remoulding out of its own principle, and out of its own and other congenial elements and materials. . . I could not, in Church matters, feel confidence to alter a straw, if I did not stand firm on a scriptural basis, and had not the conviction that the alteration or reform proposed was a higher development of the Divine religion of Christ, and therefore also a calling to a higher life than that, which it might seem to abrogate or modify; and finally, if I was not convinced that the time is come, when that institution or Church must either be reformed or perish, by that same Divine right which it justly claims for its existence. Should then, under such conditions, a reform be undertaken, all existing establishments must be examined, unsparingly, as to what they are, rigidly as to what they ought to be, candidly as to what they could be, hopefully as to what they might be made to be. That nothing can stand and remain as to the letter, and nothing ought to be changed as to spirit and principle, in so far as both can be proved by

Scripture and history, will be the absolute and invariable result. This I supposed, when sixteen years ago, on the anniversary of our glorious Reformation, I began with trembling hands to sweep the dust from the steps before the sanctuary; this I have found to be positive truth, by the events of the last ten years, and by the results of my own fragmentary and imperfect, but sincere researches and endeavours. My principle is, not to sanction abuse, not to seek to breathe life into a corpse, not to crush, or retard, or oppose reform; not to represent the historical result as a definite existence—but as a point to start from, and as a preparation and transition to the new. It is as absurd to endeavour to bring back past ages, as to preserve the decayed leaves of our own autumn; but it is certain that no good can be done for the future, except by wisely connecting it with the past, which can only be done by bringing the pieces of metal, into the fire, that in the state of liquefaction they may coalesce.

. . . But is the time come? (for reform of Liturgy and Articles) I believe the time *is* come, in so far as that the necessity is urgent to consider the matter above and before anything else. This consideration will show that independently of all external circumstances, and of all expediency, there are internal reasons and arguments enough at hand to prove that the Liturgy may be more perfect, and that it must now be revised, because it offers the only means of bringing about a more glorious manifestation of Christian spirit, and the reign of Christ than before. How do I long to discuss such arguments with you! I feel angry with every word I write, because either I say what you have expressed yourself infinitely better, or I may seem to contradict you, without giving reasons, when I am only cutting for myself a road through the thicket to join yours. But that is the blessing and privilege of real friendship, that neither of these cases can preclude mutual understanding.

I have received Archbishop Whately's letter, and such a one as makes me ashamed of myself, when I consider the partial opinion which your kindness and his own have given him of my person, but which it would be hypocrisy to say had not given me high gratification, and I trust, also edification, because it has increased my consciousness of the

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spiritual communion of all members of Christ's Church, and my courage to devote all I have and am to the service of Him who thus unites us.

. . . The edition of my Hymn Book is already almost all sold; a new popular edition will be required in the course of this year . . . If circumstances allow, this book of public and private devotion (*Kirchen und Hausbuch*) may become in later years part of a still more comprehensive work.

. . . For your testimony to Niebuhr I feel more thankful than almost anybody else living can be, and I say this even though your friendship has alluded in the same passage to myself, in a manner that can only humble me. It is too important that such fanatical ignorance as has been shown here and there, in the writings of some of your countrymen, should be put down as soon as possible. Niebuhr's character in England could not be safer than in the hands of Hare, Thirlwall, and yourself . . .

I hope you have received, or soon will receive, the third volume of my 'Description of Rome,' containing the Vatican collections; I am taking with me to Berlin the fourth and last, beginning with the article I spoke of, containing a homage to Niebuhr, in which I am sure you will agree. Having despatched this business is a delight not inferior to that of having written it, because my mind is now engaged in other things. I hail your 'Roman History' with all my heart—pray give to it your best years and hours. It is a general want of Europe; even had Niebuhr accomplished his grand work, such a history of Rome as you can write, and intend to write, would have remained a desideratum; now it is a necessity. As to a new '*Thesaurus Inscriptionum*,' the want is generally felt. A young friend of mine, Kellermann, a Dane, intended to publish all Latin inscriptions at Rome, but was not allowed to copy them; a Roman scholar (and a very good one, the only real scholar in Rome), Professor Sarti, having undertaken the work, and the Government naturally favouring him. Do you know *Orelli Inscript. Lat.* vol. ii. 4to, Zurich? It is an excellent collection of the most important inscriptions, with indication of what has been latterly written upon each. This work, . . . and Muratori (*Inscript.* vol. i.), contain all you may want. Borghesi's *Fasti* will make an epoch in the knowledge of

Roman inscriptions; I hope they will come out soon, and you shall have a copy immediately. Most of the inscriptions discovered within the last five years are published in the works of the Instituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica. . . As to the desiderata in the geography and topography of Italy, I have just published a *Discours prononcé à l'Occasion de l'Anniversaire de la Fondation de l'Institut, 21 Avril 1823, Jour de Naissance de Rome*, containing among other things a project of revising the whole ancient geography of the peninsula by means of the 'Instituto,' which now possesses above fifty correspondents in the different parts of Italy, and, even in its present state of poverty, employs the surplus of its revenue (the subscriptions for the publications) in having the classical soil reviewed and surveyed. You will receive three copies of the *Discours* towards Easter. I am now sending to Paris the first specimen of such a survey, about the tract surrounding *Reate* (now Rieti), and the primitive establishments of the Aborigines, with a map which I have dedicated to you. Pray accept it as a greeting from the *alma urbs* whose history you are writing. . . .

P.S. On reading through my letter, I cannot reconcile myself to send it in so unsatisfactory a state, as respects my no-remarks on your Church reform. Let me state explicitly, that a union with the Dissenters 'who worship Christ' is what I bear in mind these fifteen years as to my own country, and the Church in general. We must come to that, if God will save us and our countries. It will take place, *once and somewhere*, on earth. Blessed the land and Church who effect it; who throw off the yoke of doctrine and ritual tyranny, too long exercised by those who should be united in Christ, and who ought to believe in facts, revealed and transmitted, not in words and abstractions and formulæ substituted for, or annexed to them. These may be good, may be necessary, as disciplinary regulations for peculiar times, and nations, or societies: but they stand on another ground. I *believe* or *disbelieve* what is given to me by evidence of witnesses (and here one of the two witnesses is within us), but I *assent to* or *dissent from* what is established by reasoning upon, and drawing consequences from divinely revealed facts, by application of the mental operations suited to other subjects. Let us never give up this glorious hope, nor even the coura-

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geous struggle. It is one of the few things in the world that rouse all my thoughts, and all the energy of which I am capable.

I agree with you as to the necessity of allowing, even in that test of unity, the Liturgy, a certain latitude; not, however, on the ground of expediency, but on the higher ground of Christian wisdom and charity. . . . I claim liberty for extempore prayer, liberty for silent prayer, liberty for abridging the Liturgy, liberty for baptising infants (provided you confirm them afterwards, as we do in Germany, by the most solemn act of human life, after the most solemn preparation, before the whole congregation), or adults; but not for expediency, nor only because such variety is inherent in the nature of man and the spirit of Christianity. As long as the world stands, there will be people who prefer a Liturgy like yours, others who prefer extempore prayer, others free selection from fixed prayers; but all reasonable men would allow such a form to be the best, to be the really catholic, which should unite all, assigning to each mode the fittest place; at least, that it be one in which each can join, and the only one.

. . . The Episcopal Church in the United States of America is an exemplary Church, although not learned and enlightened enough to be able to throw off some rotten supports of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

But I must protest against the tyranny and destructive despotism of political legislation over the Church. We in Germany can tell you from experience its effects. Better for the Church to be enthralled by an absolute monarch, who may be a believer and must favour Christianity, than by an omnipotent Parliament, having many unbelievers among its members, and carried away by shallow political doctrine and the enthusiasm of suicide. No, my dear friend! infuse new life into the veins of your aged Church, but sell her not to Parliament—worse than Medea. Establish a third House of Convocation, consisting of lay representatives, elected by Christian congregations, or rather by their presbyteries, as we call them. Remember Sterne's sermon on Jacob's benediction, 'Issachar is a strong ass, crouching between two burdens.'

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Rome : 19th February, 1834.

My last letter having come too late to be conveyed by Lord Ashley, I have been obliged to wait another opportunity. In the meantime, our dear Augustus Hare has left us. When this arrives, you will already have known that he expired yesterday, in a state of perfect bliss. He had given previous directions that he should be buried by the side of my children. I saw him twice, and loved him from the first moment. His thoughts were always with his friends, his country, his Church, but above all, and up to the last moment, with his Saviour. Requiescat in pace ! His excellent wife has shown herself worthy of such a husband. . . .

CHAPTER VII.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND ROME.

JOURNEY TO BERLIN—MIXED MARRIAGES—RELIGIOUS STATE OF GERMANY
—NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES—QUARREL OF THE COURT OF PRUSSIA AND
THE COURT OF ROME—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—THE CHOLERA AT
ROME—BUNSEN LEAVES ROME.

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IN the month of May 1834, Bunsen set out for Germany, on leave of absence, demanded for the purpose of taking his two eldest sons, one to Schulpforte in Prussian Saxony, the other to the Military College (*Cadettenhaus*) at Berlin. Weighty and anxious business, touching the marriages between Protestants and Catholics, and the negotiations with the Roman see, was awaiting him in the Prussian capital.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Florence: Monday, 17th May, 1834.

As soon as I had sealed my first report of progress, I went out to the post to despatch it, and then to the Piazza del Gran Duca, where stand my never-to-be-forgotten Loggie di Orgagna. You may suppose that I conducted my dear boys thither, and you may guess the reflections that I sought to impress upon them for life; not to be betrayed into exultation in their own good fortune, nor suppose the favourable circumstances which attend their entrance into life to be their due, and reckoned upon as things of course, but remember how their father on this spot felt himself a solitary stranger, an unprovided wanderer, and yet, by the help and grace of God, from this desolate condition proceeded onwards to success and happiness in life; but secondly, that they must not despond in misfortune or tribulation, but remember that here, in this place, God

gave their father strength of spirit to set at nought both poverty and discouragement, and with redoubled courage to urge his way onward towards the object firmly held in view, commending the beloved ones who depended upon him, with himself, to Him whose care and mercy is over all. . . .

God bless you! Be of good courage, and consider that we are proceeding to our destination on ways pointed out by God's providence, which will arrange all, I know not how, but certainly well. I thank God that I know not how.

He was met with the truest kindness and confidence on the part of the King and of the Crown Prince: there was, in short, such unusual demonstration of favour from the former, and such effusion of affection from the latter (not only in private meetings, but as it were publicly proclaimed) to be quite sufficient to account for the almost undisguised hostility which he encountered in other regions of power or influence; and to explain the unflinching courage which, grounded on explicit royal commands, and fortified by consciousness of royal sympathies, carried him through an independent line of conduct which laid him open to every adverse influence as soon as his back was turned upon Berlin.

An opportunity will occur further on for explaining the circumstances which led to an estrangement between the Prussian Government and the Court of Rome. In this place it will be sufficient to point out in Bunsen's own words the peculiar difficulties with which he had to struggle during his brief stay at Berlin in 1834.

Under these circumstances it was but natural that adverse influences ruled the hour and hindered all action as soon as Bunsen's back was turned upon Berlin. The following is an extract from notes written subsequently, in the year 1840:—

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VII.*Extract from Retrospective Notes, written by Bunsen in 1840.*

[Translation.]

The affair in question was the joint concern of two subdivisions of Offices of State—that of Foreign Affairs, and that of Public Worship, as well as of the Cabinet Council. The first-named had taken little note of spiritual interests since the retirement of Herr von Raumer (with whom Bunsen had conferred in 1827), an Under-Secretary alone was concerned in them. Eichhorn was engrossed by excess of labour in other directions; Bülow encountered the subject with misgiving, for the will of the Ministry of Public Worship was sure to prevail, either by checking the action of the other through non-action, or by appealing to the Cabinet—the consequence of conferences with Schmedding (the Catholic Under-Secretary) being always a word of obstruction from Count Lottum or from Prince Wittgenstein, the King's Cabinet Secretaries.

The Minister of Public Worship (Herr von Altenstein) was perhaps not clear in himself, and made it not clear to others, what his will and purpose was. It must in fairness be supposed that he desired to act liberally towards Roman Catholics, but also not to risk contravening the personal views of the King. But it cannot be denied that the Hegelian habit of mind of *levelling opposites down to the negative point of utter neglect*, was strengthened in Altenstein by the influence exercised over him by the two opposite poles of the most efficient members of his Ministry. Lamprecht considered everything done or desired in Roman affairs by Niebuhr and Bunsen as proceeding from Crypto-Catholicism, and Schmedding kept up continual mistrust and irritation against the object of his own private dislike (Count Spiegel, Archbishop of Cologne), at the same time that he was careful not to endanger his own precarious position, by openly bringing forward the Romanist and canonical view of the matter: habitually checking, however, all progress. Could he be really dissatisfied with that indulgent Brief (of Pius VIII., dated March 25, 1830) of which he helped to cause the rejection? Did he (a Catholic) really consider that nothing short of absolute equality between mixed marriages and those of Catholics only, could be admitted by the Prussian Government? Or was he solely bent on throwing obstacles

in the way of Bunsen, whom he ever, in fancy, beheld as on the road from Rome to ministerial power at Berlin? Such questions cannot but occur to one's mind, but they must remain unanswered.

The affair being thus left without guidance and ignored on the part of the Ministers, how was it regarded by the Cabinet? The King himself bore it in mind, and often remonstrated, but was accustomed to find his remonstrances fruitless, except in giving occasion to a lengthened commentary from the hand of Altenstein, stating fully the manifold lines of possible action, and the weighty objections to each—which the decision of His Majesty could alone obviate. Count Lottum was powerless against the dead-lock of Altenstein, except that he was sometimes moved to protest against the priestcraft attributed to Schmedding. Prince Wittgenstein, lastly, from want of belief in the strength of the religious element, considered the whole matter insignificant, and possibly, from the existing antagonistic influences, incapable of solution. That *many difficulties will solve themselves, if only not meddled with*, was a maxim (and the only one) inherited from the late Chancellor of State, Prince Hardenberg.

Public opinion had no organ by which to make itself heard, and had that been otherwise, where were the ears to receive its utterances? The knowledge of many facts, of which Bunsen even in Rome was well aware, and which had been confirmed to him from many quarters on his journey, with regard to a clerical reactionary movement in Bavaria, and in many other parts, ever since the reign of Leo XII., had not reached the seat of government at Berlin.

Bunsen's observations on this state of things were put in writing in the sense here mentioned, and in part reached the hands of the King; still the whole could not be fully stated, except to the Crown Prince, for most of the influential personages disregarded his communications as exaggerations, or as the result of a monomania on the part of the dweller on the Capitol. A strongly-expressed opinion upon any subject concerning the public weal was ever held to savour of democratic tendencies, and it belonged to the indications of 'right principles' not to suggest disapprobation of any act, or any omission, on the part of Ministers. This may indicate the prevailing element of the stifling midnight air of those times,

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teeming with suspicion, redolent of hypocrisy, saturated with death. Such had it seemed, in degree, to Bunsen, even in 1827, but the seven years since elapsed had only helped to increase the evil. The most worthy and high-minded who were still living since that date, having sunk neither into the grave nor into disgrace, felt oppressed and lamed, and were startled by the fearless utterance of opinion on the part of one whose native vigour had been preserved in a different atmosphere. It would have been better, probably for the State, decidedly for Bunsen, had he been permitted to withdraw, as a foreign element, at once to his own Capitoline Hill. By documents it can be proved that he not only was careful not to press himself into this service, but that he remonstrated against the very command of the King to continue to serve him on that dangerous ground; when he obeyed, it was with an entreaty to be allowed to resign all concern in the negotiations with Rome, as soon as he should have given in his final statement of opinion. Then did he receive the written commands of his Sovereign, and armed himself to carry them out.

The minute details that follow can be omitted, referring to the personal invitation of the King (against the will of his Ministers) to Archbishop Spiegel, to come to Berlin for the negotiation, under the very eyes of His Majesty, and to the mode in which the Archbishop reckoned upon securing the adhesion of his brethren (while avoiding the disapprobation of Rome) to the terms which were satisfactory to the Government; and lastly, to the immediate compliance of the Archbishop, and the conclusion in *three days*, from the 16th to 19th June, of the negotiation; his return to his diocese, his successful conference with all the remaining Bishops, and the consequent fulfilment of all that was required, except the concluding acceptance by the King, of the arrangements dictated, or acquiesced in, by himself; the last step remaining to be afterwards made by the Archbishop, who had no doubt of obtaining the Papal approbation. But, the 'concluding acceptance by the King'

was waited for in vain—the ‘brief’ remained without the royal ‘placet’ for months; no answer, favourable or unfavourable, was returned; dead silence continued on the side of Berlin, until, a whole year later, in the summer of 1835, the death of Archbishop Spiegel removed the last possibility of ‘obtaining that Papal approbation’ which he promised and believed in. Here a question may be asked, as to the grounds of such confidence on the part of Spiegel? It must be supposed that the intelligent and well-informed prelate was better aware than the Government at Berlin of the value of the concessions which were freely offered, in return for the very slight concessions of the Church, and that he was not mistaken in the belief that the whole matter would now be no longer objectionable to the Pope.

On August 4, 1834, Bünsen, having been enabled to report to the King that all that had been desired of Spiegel and his bishops had been accomplished with alacrity, obtained leave to depart and return to his post. He had been eminently successful as a negotiator, and under very difficult circumstances. He could clearly do no more than urge the necessity of speedy attention to the accomplishment of all that had been promised, and point out unhesitatingly the danger of delay, in consideration of the efforts that would be made by the party adverse to peace, whose object would be to prefer accusations in Rome against the bishops, and to poison the mind of the Pope against those who alone were willing to comply with the wishes of the Government. ‘Thus ended’ (says Bünsen in his notes) ‘the first act of the tragedy; and had but the words of the report to the King not proved too accurately prophetic, much grief to the King, much disturbance to the country, might have been spared.’

Besides the comfort of being restored to his family on the Capitol and on the Tusculan heights, Bünsen was made happy on his return by a reception more

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than kind, truly cordial, from the Pope, to whom he brought the preliminary assurance that all difficulties were to be satisfactorily solved; and soon after, submitted a communication of August 20, 1834, in which the King signified in the most gracious terms that his orders had been transmitted to the Minister of Public Worship, enjoining the speedy and punctual execution of all the measures promised on the part of Government.

But this satisfaction was of short duration, and indeed who could expect, or ought to have expected, that under the circumstances those commands would be executed, when no one was on the spot to urge their execution, or find a way for making known to the King that the system of non-attention, non-action, was continued?

A state of open war soon commenced, not only against the King, but against his envoy, who in the spring of 1836 made earnest application to be removed from a post which he felt to have become untenable. To this he received, after eight months' delay, a flattering reply, declaring him to be indispensable to the King's service in Rome.

Bunsen to Pertz (then at Hanover).

[Translation.]

Berlin: 11th July, 1834.

This (i.e. the impossibility of meeting on the journey) I feel painfully, for the older I grow, the closer do I cling to old friends, and the more do I find amends in living connection with individuals for much that is uncongenial in the outer world. This is my feeling with regard to you; we have not met in person since we have both ripened into manhood, and the time we live in has meanwhile altered, or is on the way to alter, whether into hoary age or second childhood, I know not. I thank God that when we have occasionally hailed one another with the speaking-trumpet from distant parts of life's ocean it has been to mutual understanding; but still I experience the need of more complete explanation with you on many points.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Rome: 5th December, 1834.

. . . Your friendship is a treasure of which I am not afraid of being deprived, but of which I delight to see new specimens, and such are in every line of your letter (of September last), only that I always feel how much in me ought to be better than it is, to deserve even a part of what your kindness judges of me. I trust that I shall only be strengthened, and not spoiled by such friendship.

My last letter was written on the eve of departure at an important moment of my domestic and public life. I could foresee that at Berlin I should have important business to transact, and perhaps a resolution for life to take. I had not to dread the former, and I had made up my mind as to the latter. The middle of May I left the Capitol with my two dear boys; it was the first breaking up of our domestic circle. At Schulpforte I established Henry, the eldest; and was entirely confirmed, after a minute inspection, in the high opinion I had of that admirable establishment. Then Ernest was safely housed among the cadets at Berlin. The King and the Crown Prince received me with the warmest benevolence. An important point for Church and State (mixed marriages) which had formed the subject of many years' negotiations, was by the King entrusted to me for final settlement. My friends joined with those who were not well-wishers in rejoicing at this, on account of their opposite views as to success. Rumours as to my remaining at Berlin were revived, but although my heart was sore with the thought of leaving again my dear native country, and my boys, still I kept to the original determination, and declined offers, and avoided taking steps which would have brought me probably to the place you supposed. My device is *Spartam quam nactus es orna*, which I think means, in a Christian translation, that you do best to keep in the way of life where Providence has placed you. My present situation, which I never sought after, and which I twice endeavoured to leave in order to return to merely literary occupations, has become in various ways infinitely more compatible with, and advantageous to the pursuits I have always loved best, than it was before; so

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that there is none in the world so desirable as yet; hard though it be to contemplate living eighteen years out of the native country one loves, and whose destinies are the dearest to one's heart in this world. I cannot tell you how I feel the blessing of having been restored to that leisure, of which I feel the want and the value more every year. The first edition of my 'Hymn and Prayer Book' being exhausted, I had begun preparing the second, which might have been a work of no more than two months, had I not the intention of preparing with that a learned edition, as a part of an historical and philosophical work on the Christian service; therefore the completion of this work is reserved for next summer. During the winter I have to pay my last debt to antiquarian pursuits; I have written a treatise on the much discussed Etruscan *patera*, which are nothing but mirrors, the explanation of which is connected with one of the most powerful superstitions of the human race—the *fascinus*, *invidia*, *occhio cattivo*. This idea, which was raised by the Greek genius to be the moral centre of the most sublime view of things, divine and human, accessible to those who know not yet that *God is love*, which became the *θεῖον φθονερὸν* of Herodotus, the source of vicissitudes in the life of individuals and nations; which was their Nemesis (down from Hesiod) the daughter of Zeus, friend to the good, dreadful to the wicked, the abater of *ὑβρις ἄκροπος*; therefore the climax of their tragedy, showing forth the forfeiture of every human life which should overstep the boundaries divinely assigned to mankind, and thus reconciling us to the death of Antigone as well as to the fate of Prometheus, and the doom of the house of the Atrides—this idea, I say, was understood by the Etruscans simply as the consciousness of invisible powers threatening and destroying human happiness, either by direct agency, or through the medium of the envy which our happiness is apt to call forth in our fellow-creatures, as far as they are naturally as well as we ourselves, under the spell of self, emanating from the dark powers of nature, which must rule those who have not been touched by 'the eye of love' (as Jacob Böhm says), 'which shineth into the darkness.' All this had been overlooked; and instead of it, dreams of Pelasgic mysteries, of Cabyses, &c., had been heaped upon the head of the mirrors; one of which I made a promise to illustrate, when I saw it only just discovered at

Tuscania (Toscanella) in a journey made thither with Fanny and the boys in May of last year.

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February is designed for the completion of the Roman work, of which Vol. III. (ii. B) must be in your hands, and Vol. IV. (iii. A) is printed in proof sheets, lying before me. This last describes my dear Capitol—the idolised spot on earth, the scene of so many blessings, for which I can never be thankful enough. I have written an introduction to the volume *con amore*, as a monument of my attachment to the place and to Niebuhr. I have now to revise this, and write *addenda* and *corrigenenda*, and then finish the fifth and last volume by an introduction to the *Campus Martius*.

March and April, I am afraid, will be taken up by writing, or rather completing the text to engravings of the Roman Basilicas, and thus I must reserve to next autumn the philological delight of finding out the Egyptian chronology, from Sesak, who took Jerusalem under Jeroboam (971 A. C.) upwards (if I succeed), to the great Sesostris Rameses. The French and English hieroglyphists have entangled themselves in their own mistakes, caused by their ignorance of philological criticism. Thus it was easy for me to hit upon a discovery, about eighteen months ago, which led to the above-expressed confident hope. I shall make a strong pull to enter into next winter without this clog at my feet, to be able to write the first historical book I ever attempted, thoroughly *con amore*. Sometimes I feel dissatisfied with the drudgery of antiquarian and critical enquiries, thinking them a waste of time; but first I maintain that every one must endeavour to labour in these diamond mines for a time; and secondly, I feel that the little I may be able to write for higher purposes can only attain to a more than momentary interest and importance, by my bringing to bear upon it an union of philological, historical, and philosophical research and method, to which I have been led by the course of my life and the need of my nature. Singly, with only one of these, I dare not raise my voice; only in the regions where darkness may be dispelled by all three together, am I conscious of a chance of getting at truth—divine truth,—the highest and only true object of all mental exertion. If I am allowed leisure and health up to the end of 1836, I hope I shall lighten my heart of many thoughts now undeveloped, and feelings now repressed, which have weighed ten

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and twenty years upon me. My wishes are decidedly for a continuation of these endeavours through the rest of my life; and I am thankful for having come to this decision, and more to the kind Hand that has kept me free from any engagements for the future. . . .

The visit of my mother-in-law, and her decision to stay with us at least this whole year, has brought us a happiness that we had ever longed after. What can one find more precious and more rare in life than a mother, when one has lost one's own! and such I have found in her, and now for the first time may be said to enjoy the gift. . . .

Oh come as soon as you can, with one of your boys, to the Capitol, and let us talk over again with more leisure the destinies of mankind, the glories of Rome past, and the hopes of the future.

Bunsen to the Same.

13th January, 1835.

I refer to the letter sent this day by post, and only enclose now a paper respecting the subscription to a monument to our great scholar and divine, Schleiermacher. It is the wish of his friends to raise a double monument—one of marble on the spot where his mortal remains are interred, and one of a living nature, analogous to that most meritorious occupation, the instruction of youth, to which he dedicated his life.

I wish your dear country may get safely through the tremendous crisis in which it stands. I wish well, with all my heart, to the Ministry which sincerely subscribes to the admirable manifesto and speech of Sir Robert Peel. I confess I was afraid when I heard some names, but others again inspired confidence. I think the Duke has acted a noble part; to be the second and act as such, after a life like his, is great. He is certainly more in his place than before, as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Your foreign policy was miserable under the last Ministry. What will be done in the University question? My opinion has been for a long while to let all the Colleges continue to exist as particular institutions of the National Church, but to raise the University (to which those Colleges were subservient establishments for the tuition of a certain class of men) to a general Establishment,

on the system of a Scottish or German University, only Divinity might be taught exclusively by, although not exclusively for, members of the Episcopal Church, which, in most of the lectures, would not exclude any rational dissenter—the degrees to be given by the University to all who attend and undergo the prescribed literary formalities. I think this is too much for Sir Robert. The Irish Church is the great problem. I do not see why education (particularly clerical) should not be a proper channel for spare Church money.

Bunsen to Lücke. (With reference to the question of a sphere of activity at Berlin.)

[Translation.]

. Frascati: 15th June, 1835.

“ Either I must live there free from all official duty, entirely for literary and scientific pursuits, or I must be authorised to act according to my views of what is just and right. . . This last winter I have been chiefly occupied with antiquity, with a revisal of the last volume of the ‘Description of Rome,’ and with researches and lectures on the Etruscan language and art, by which I have learnt much, and heartily enjoyed renewal of intercourse with subjects of undying interest. Now, returned to the quiet of country life, I have turned altogether to biblical studies, which are always interwoven with everything else, like the scarlet thread in the rope of Ocnus, which I am bound to twist to the end in winter.

After thanks for Lücke’s ‘Commentary on the Apocalypse,’ and much commendation of the same, with communication of the result of his own meditation on the subject, he goes on to say:—

How much is it to be regretted that Niebuhr should not have exercised his master-power of historical contemplation upon the Old and New Testament, as in 1820 he desired and purposed! I do not find in Schleiermacher such a gift of objective perception as is needed for a power of reproduction of the past; his especial strength lay in criticism of the subjective and psychological, with a preponderance of speculation. His arrangement of Plato is a master-piece, executed with

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an amount of vigour and of delight in the subject far greater than the scanty measure granted to the Gospel of Luke. . . . The just point of view from which to do justice to this great writer I would rather express in the words of Schelling, in his fine speech: 'He is a champion for the sacred possession of our spiritual freedom and our moral (not conventional) convictions;' and it is now our calling to fight out the good fight, not only against heathenish, but against judaising rationalists: for such I must denominate men like H . . . and G . . . They would prescribe to the Lord the manner in which He ought to reveal Himself, according to the *loci theologici*, and all possible canonical dictates, with pragmatic, historical, and documentary exactness of prose. They insist upon maintaining the antiquity of the Book of Daniel in its actual state, spite of all throbbings of philological conscience; first, *in odium auctoris* (like the Inquisition of Rome) because unbelievers have attacked it; and secondly, because, otherwise (as they suppose) God would have been unsuitably revealed, and the Lord would have spoken incorrectly. Alas! what straying from the right way! The ancient forms no longer serve their purpose. Thus will the ultra-superstitious stamp even Neander with the mark of heresy on account of his statement of the Apostolic doctrine; in which, much as I admire it, I would have had him speak still plainer—but he was withheld by Christian charity from so doing. And with that consideration I often check myself, when inwardly chafing at the unreasonable proceeding of a party, who are sincere, although narrow-minded disciples of Christ, in their own eyes faithful to the Lord, as were the Judaising Christians at Jerusalem when attacking St. Paul. They are therefore still our brethren, as those were of Paul. But if they persist in stinting us in our birthright of freedom of thought, then must we drive them out of the field with the word of the Lord. The dead Rationalists are equally foreign to us, and still more inimical. The unhappy disjunction of subjective from objective, of idea from appearance, of history from speculation, has brought our national mind into great confusion. I am convinced that this will have an end, if only meanwhile our own best powers and faculties are not worn out, and another nation called to perform what we have failed to carry through. This present day in the world's history belongs to us.

At Munich, I passed satisfactory days with Schelling: might but his great work soon come out! and, above all, the wholly speculative part. I wish that all mythology had rather been sunk in Lethe, than that this great thinker had suffered the best years of his life to be swallowed up in that abyss: it surely never was his calling to enter into such detail, although the ruling ideas in mythology are better recognised and stated by him than by anyone else. The Old Testament lies still in a state of neglect. Who will disclose that hidden treasure? Would but somebody expound the Prophets according to their historical truth, and, at the same time, their spiritual meaning!

The Universities are either sunk, or sinking fast, in, what is the main point, intellectual *acumen*. The odious system of cramming (that is, of increasing to excess the quantity of teaching) in the preparatory schools must bear the chief blame, but much falls to the account of the want of all arrangements to render a lively correspondence and mutual understanding between teachers and students possible; which would lead to the creation of that which is to the German most difficult—independent self-exertion (*Selbst thätigkeit*).

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Villa Piccolomini, Frascati: 14th July, 1835.

. . . You also, my dear friend, have gone through a hard time, having experienced one-half of what you anticipated, the abuse and mistakes of those whom you oppose in politics; the other half, the ingratitude or perverseness of those with whom we act, being generally reserved to the latter part of every honest public life in troubled times: the more bitter cup, indeed! I rejoice in hearing from all sides that you have borne it nobly, with that tranquillity of mind which a Christian alone can have, and to which, as far as it flows from Christian charity, the victory over the world is promised and ensured.

I hope and trust that the Irish question being settled, the public mind will revert to the Church of England question with less irritation of feeling, and with more enlarged views. Pray tell me how it happened that Archbishop Whately should oppose the appropriation of the surplus of Church

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revenues to the public, instruction of the people? I should have wished this arrangement to have been made by the Church herself, as her true constitution prescribes. Nothing could give me more delight and encouragement than what you say of my Hymn Book. How I long to show it to you in a more perfect form, and still more as a part of that Common Prayer Book which I hope I shall be allowed to write next year, preceded by an Introduction, for which I reserve many thoughts which sometimes now threaten to make my heart burst.

I have read Newman's 'Arians.' O heaven! what a book! Newman, I always thought, had a dreadful hankering after papism, but I hoped his inward Christianity and the air of England would set him right, together with a little sincere and thorough study. But his system of demonstration in this book as to the power and duty of the Church, the priesthood, the Council, the Pope; of setting up rules of faith in a far different sense from that which our Confessions warrant; of the *regula fidei* beyond Scripture; of the 'apostolic tradition' and the 'secret doctrine!' is beyond all belief. It is the downright opposite of, and blind reaction against, that spirit of lawlessness and individualism of separatists, who think a Church ought to have no test whatever to control the opinions of her teachers. It is scarcely possible to say anything really new about the fundamental truth of the sovereign authority of Scripture, only every age must find out new modes of expressing it, in order to keep old women and children from selling their spiritual liberty to Popes, or Councils, or Congregations, or whatsoever the name be. You most justly say that the best among those *ultras* wish to do what Cranmer and Ridley might have intended to do; but there never was a Church regenerated by anything but the return to the highest and deepest principles of life. Everything human has its mortal side, and the Spirit alone vivifieth. Truth has a right in itself to appear, be it in the form of consuming fire or of healing balm; but charity should move us, in things practical, not to give the one without the other.

O! my dear friend, our state in Germany is dreadful. Our best friends, in practical Christianity as in practical politics, dress up in rotten and corrupted forms the elements of life which are still preserved to us by that gracious Providence

which extends its saving father-hand over the country of the Reformation and the land of liberty—over the still-sounding heart of Europe and the glorious Queen of the Isles, and ‘Isle of the Saints,’ (as Tholuck calls your dear country)—and cling to the scattered rags, when the question is to save the noble institution on which they hang. Many of them do so *bonâ fide*. Shall it be our fate to have these as our enemies? I look forth to the future, on this point, not with fear but with awe. As to our own opinions and feelings on this subject, my dear friend, we know they cannot differ essentially, although they differ in some respects in the expression. You are right to call the false Conservatives essential destructives; but I am equally right in calling the Radicals the greatest enemies to liberty. ‘Men’ (as Niebuhr says) ‘can only bear a certain quantity of liberty,’ and I should add, in Niebuhr’s sense, this quantity is proportioned to their private and political virtue, to their power of self-sacrifice—which is almost saying that it is in an inverse ratio to ‘the progress of civilisation’—which is the art of shrouding selfishness and vice in certain regular and conventional forms, the efficient varnish of the animal instincts. I consider our Protestant countries to be precisely in this respect distinguished from the Catholic, that we can advance by reform, and they only try to begin to advance by revolution. There is no bridge between, as there is none between radical destruction and reviving renewal. I am not prepared to say which did most for the downfall of Rome, the Gracchi or the ‘uti possidetis’ party of the Senate, but there are steps in the life of those high-spirited brothers where, instead of advancing, they retrograded. I allow that there are epochs in history where after centuries you perceive that good had come out of evil; but that is due to the all-righteous power of God, and is not the merit of destroyers and levellers, and I am ready to die in denying that our countries are reduced to that dreadful alternative.

My principal occupation in the last six weeks has been the New Testament. I started with a critical examination of Neander’s Apostolic Church; which needs nothing but to be thoroughly re-written, having as yet no plastic form, or what the French call ‘*rédaçtion*.’ I was moved to make with Neander’s aid a critical research into the life of St. Paul, and the

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chronology of his writings, which gave me very satisfactory results, so that reading St. Paul's Epistles in their order, interwoven with the narrative in the Acts, I understood many passages more intuitively than before. . . . I have since endeavoured to establish a chronology of the life of Christ, from His baptism to His death, according to St. John: Lücke and Tholuck have treated this matter rather off-hand; it appears to me that all the elements exist for the chronological order, if we only cling to St. John. Having proceeded so far, I attempted what hitherto I had looked for in vain (and especially in 1818, when I tried the research with Schleiermacher's Luke to ascertain a fixed point to start from, for the critical examination of the three first Gospels). Such points I believe I have found. . . . I must abstain here from stating the proofs. I have perceived in this research the immense superiority of Niebuhr's system, and of his critical skill, to that of any of our theological critics. My research has been made by a fearless application of his method, in the way which I have indicated in the Introduction to the 'Description of Rome,' Vol. I. Having sketched out the whole, I shall leave it for a year or two before I set about it again, to see whether, and in what form, I shall bring it before the public.

This leads me to your Hebrew studies: I rejoice in them. I wonder not that you should have been repelled by the discrepancy of the interpretations given, but you must not be discouraged thereby. The historical principle introduced into Hebrew grammar by Gesenius and Ewald gives us some fixed points to rest upon. The researches about Daniel seem to me conclusive, were it only on this account. Gesenius's commentary on Isaiah, with all his blindness as to the higher sense, gives many a landmark for the seafaring enquirer. I know not which to call most blind, the Neologists, or those of the old school. The first see but the historical, *primâ facie* interpretation, the immediate historical sense of the prophetic passages and writings in question, and the second lose sight entirely of that historical *substratum*, wherever they find a Messianic passage. Both are wrong, the first are heathen, the second Jewish rationalists. The first will not believe, that an historical person, an historical event, a temporal hope could be made by the Spirit the in-

corporation of a person, event, hope, in the far future; the temporal an image of the eternal; which is denying the creative power of God, which consists just in the union of the two. The second will prescribe to God, *à priori*, before they have learned from revelation the real state of the question, in what manner he is bound to reveal Himself. It would be unworthy (they say, or rather take for granted) of God, to reveal Himself otherwise than through the medium of protocols, acts and deeds of His eternal dispensations, literally, prosaically, diplomatically. The true Christian critic, I think, is to assume nothing; but hope and pray to learn, from God's Word, how He has been pleased to reveal His eternal truth, through the imperfect medium of the human mind, language and history; and he accepts faithfully what he finds for what it is;—pragmatical history, as such; matter of fact, as such; poetry, as such (for instance, Joshua and the sun); apocalyptic writings, as such; writings in the spirit of an ancient saint, as such (Daniel); and then to believe that our Old Testament is the same, neither more nor less, than what Christ read and expounded to His disciples. Perhaps he will find not one literal prophecy (*mit Haut und Haar*, as our proverb says), but I am sure he will find a hundred and a thousand prophecies, such as are those of our Lord. Hints of the spiritual sense of historical events to come, the 'hour and time' (the pragmatical details, according to time and space) of which 'the Father has reserved to Himself.' Having found this, he might reply to all Judaic and Mussulman rationalists, 'It would appear that God had not enquired of *you* the method, which in His eternal wisdom was determined upon for the education and redemption of mankind;' what the Word of God Himself utters through St. Paul is fact here also; that divine truth is 'to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness;' that as the Son of God came into the world not in the garb of a temporal Sovereign, thus also the written Word of God does not appear in the trappings of diplomatic record or classical refinement. We are not confounded nor troubled thereby; on the contrary, after having first submitted to what we find, we admire the infinite wisdom of the method followed, which was intended to warn us from considering the sacred records as common history, and the covenant of God as an

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article of inherited law, which it is sufficient to know as an external fact; whereas the records of things divine contain facts which are identical with our own internal wants and the voice of conscience, and have no value except when applied to these by faith.

I have found great comfort in my Hebrew studies, and long for the time to resume them. We are certainly much more backward in the criticism and interpretation of the Old Testament than in that of the New. I hope God will raise up a real scholar who is both a critic and a believer, to establish the principal points of a sound commentary. That is a great desideratum. The old school is quite incompetent to it. I know of no one but Tholuck who might be competent, but he is not yet decided. Hengstenberg has yielded his critical conscience to an unsound, untenable system, to the point of denying, or at least doubting the motion of the earth round the sun!

I wish I knew of any good book to recommend to your young friend Mr. Ormerod (with whom I should be glad to converse), about our Church system. To say the truth, we live under a hitherto wise dictatorship: our Church has yet to be built. The only country which has a living constitution among the Lutherans is Würtemberg: among the Reformed (Calvinists), the Rhenish provinces of Mark and Jülich, Cleves and Berg; their provincial statutes have been condensed with modifications into one Church ordinance in this very year, by the King of Prussia. This book is to be had, but can scarcely be understood unless studied on the spot. What seems to me the most important for England to consult is the Episcopal Church of the United States. It is incredible and yet true, that the greatest event in the modern history of Church Constitution, the American development of your institutions, should not yet have been noticed. Here the laymen have their place, as in the Council of Jerusalem.

To the Same.

Rome: 20th December, 1835.

. . . It is shown by the history of most ages, that mankind pass to re-organisation by destruction, to the truth by the struggle of the extremes, as the entire frame of irrational

nature has been formed by the eternal laws of opposition; according to which; each thing finite calls forth its counterpart, and that becomes the basis of higher life; but Christ came into the world, as the Spirit into matter, to break this law of necessity, and substitute for it 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' I feel, and know, that there is no man living, who more than you agrees with me in these fundamental truths; otherwise I should not express what might seem to imply a breach in the union of our opinions; whereas I mean but to say to you, that there must be a chasm, a lacuna in your appendix, because the second part seems to me, as I understand it, to follow least of all from the first. I know I have not proved my corollary from our common principles; but I shall try to do so in my Theses.

. . . I hail your idea of writing about the prophecies. . . .
 "The subject is, perhaps, ripe in your mind; but what I am certain of is, that the English mind is not ripe for it. Your divinity, your literature, your worship, your devotion,—nothing is prepared for it. I say this on the supposition that you give up entirely the ancient system as untenable, but think it right not to do so before giving at the same time the positive, new system. I believe I have known that for ten or twelve years at least; but it was only very lately that I perceived the possibility of presenting it to myself and my readers, as not being essentially different from the former. O how I wish I might have some days and nights to converse with you on this subject! even in Germany I have not many with whom I am conscious of agreeing entirely on both parts of the question. The Hengstenberg reaction in his Christology, is only a reaction, and will die with the system it impugns; there is as much Judaic rationalism in that as heathen rationalism in the other. I hope to write my book on the Gospels next summer. Strauss's criticism, a product of unbelief and Hegelianism, has produced a great sensation in Germany; and I do not see how he can be refuted on all points by the old system—not even as handled by Olshausen and Schleiermacher.

I am now busy with antiquities, writing my definitive restoration of the Forum. I found much more than I could anticipate or hope, last year, in writing the French memoir. I have restored first the Forum of the Republic up to 708 (date

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of Cæsar's death), then that of Augustus and his successors, down to Severus: then that of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th century; then I give a sketch of the Forum from 600 to 800; then from 1200 to 1500. It will be my antiquarian *Schwanengesang*.* You shall have the whole volume to which it is an appendix, with II B. in April. I have succeeded in getting up a spacious building for the Archæological Institute in the midst of the walls of the Porticus of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and have opened it with a lecture on the saying of Göthe, that 'Rome is the high-school of Europe,' applied to the intuitive knowledge of antiquity. Our Protestant hospital goes on thriving; we need yet 1,000 crowns for its completion, but I am sure that He who procured us 8,000, will also help us to the remainder.

To the Same.

Rome: 4th March, 1836.

I hail the idea of a national University, and what leads to it. The point I should have in view in England as in Germany, would be to unite the two methods,—the English, of tuition and spontaneous activity, and the German, of a regular course of professional lectures. The first forms the man more than anything, and accustoms him to find out things himself, by self-exertion and exercise, *proprio Marte et periculo*, under a friendly and respected helper, *vivâ voce*; and this is wanting in Germany, and (I believe) in Scotland, at least in Edinburgh. The consequence is that young men go through a course of lectures merely as hearers, at the best repeat what they hear, and write down, believing that they understand and can reproduce it; in which they find themselves bitterly disappointed when they come to the task. Only when the student is obliged to construe and explain an author himself, to make out himself the arguments for a critical or historical or philosophical process of treatment is he sure to be able to

* *Schwanengesang*—i. e. 'my last book on merely antiquarian subjects.' This resolution was not adhered to, for Bunsen's much-admired work, *The Basilicas of Christian Rome, represented according to their connection with the Idea and History of Church Architecture*, was written later, by way of an accompaniment to engravings from correct drawings by Knapp, and published by Cotta, in 1842.

wield what he has acquired, and know what he can do.* Believe me, this is of far greater importance than you are aware of, feeling as you do the want of something else; and this other want must be supplied by a regular course of lectures, which can be done best by coupling it with the other. [Here follow details of a proposed division in a three years' course of study.] This I submit to you as exemplifying what I mean by uniting the English and German methods; not forgetting Plato's dictum: 'that the wise man requires *seven years* to seize the ideas, and *fourteen* to learn how to adapt them to reality.' Strange to say, I see less difficulty in carrying out such a system in England than in Germany; it is easier to add learning to education than to make the seeker of learning (the student) submit to education (tuition).

One Church might receive ten sects, but ten sects are ten times ten negations of a Church, when you would induce them to coalesce among themselves. I could any moment live and preach, if called to do so in the Church of England, but not a year in any one of the sects; besides, they would drive me out with all speed. With the XXXIX Articles, or the Confession of Augsburg, well understood, but not as enforced creeds, you may embrace the whole world.

How did my heart beat when I had read what you had done in Roman History! My last letter was an exhortation, and ought to have been an exultation. God bless you in this great, and I hope immortal work! More wisdom is to be learnt from the Roman History than from any other. Your plan is the same I had always in mind, and took the liberty to suggest to Niebuhr, who, had he lived to rewrite the two first volumes, would have separated the researches from the narrative. I have quite the same *religio* as ever, as to Niebuhr's opinions; often do I find, after years, the reason why his opinion was right.

As to languages, I have endeavoured to prove, in an essay, (not published) that the Etruscan was a mixed language, as the English, Persian, &c., and that one can show from the general principles of the philosophy of language, that the groundwork of it was the Pelasgic-Hellenising tongue, and the intruding portion a barbarous one; but that there is no

* 'Zu können was man weiss, und zu wissen was man kann.'

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reason to suppose this latter to have been of the same stock; Japhetic, or Indo-Germanic, or even Italic. I do not at this moment see the reason why the Oscan should have been Sabellic rather than Latin. I shall further investigate the matter.

To the Same.

Frascati: 18th July, 1836.

. . . There certainly was in the most ancient Church some symbolical act of offering the elements as a sign and symbol of the εὐχαριστία, the offering of our thanks, and therefore, in the highest sense, of the self-sacrifice of the redeemed; just as there always has been in the administration of the sacrament a commemoration of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice; but nobody need consider this commemoration as making the communion a propitiatory act—still less can that symbolical act render the communion as such a sacrifice—that act having taken place in accordance with the usual and daily practice of the Jewish father of a family, when blessing the bread before, and the cup after the meal; the practice hallowed by Christ's own form of the institution. As this form (i. e. of offering the elements) is not essentially connected with the sacrament, all the Reformed Churches have dropped this formal oblation of bread and wine, as foreign to our customs, incurring the danger of misinterpretation after so much abuse. But certainly the thing symbolically indicated by that practice, the self-sacrifice of the believing Christian, cannot be, and is not wanting, although imperfectly expressed in any one of our churches. Its natural place seems to me to be before the communion, as the oblation and the eucharistical prayers of the ancient Church were; not after, as with you. The precious Pfaffian Fragment of Irenæus on the Sacrifice (which I did not know when writing the letter to Dr. Nott) is the best authority of the ancient Fathers against such doctrines.* I cannot understand how the long pseudo-Ignatian letters should be supposed less corrupted than the others, as all they contain, which is not in the short ones, seemed always to me a late and daring interpolation. I shall this summer read them again.

* This is an allusion to the writings of Dr. Pusey and Newman, discussed in this and other letters. The discussions are here omitted, as unnecessary.

*Contemporary Notice in a Letter.*CHAP.
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Frascati: 27th October, 1836.

A paragraph has appeared in an ultra-Protestant Swiss newspaper, so contrived that the worst enemy to the cause could not have imagined anything calculated to do it more injury, the sum and substance being that Protestants were gaining a footing in Italy, chiefly owing to the zeal and liberality of the King of Prussia—implying that he had established a sort of Propaganda in the country, with schools, libraries, and every instrument of conversion. A copy of this was sent officially to Bunsen, with a request for an explanation; and he received additional private notice that the personage most disturbed by this paragraph [the Pope] had let fall expressions to the effect of ‘Bunsen keeps quite away. I have hardly seen him for two years.’ These communications suggested the necessity of doing two things—first, of writing a paragraph in the Berlin official newspaper, which he sent in previously for inspection, that he might know whether the formal and circumstantial contradiction which he was enabled to give would be considered satisfactory; secondly, of making an attempt to prove that his having refrained from seeking opportunities of personal interviews had not originated in any want of respect, but rather in delicacy, not to obtrude his presence,—from the nature of the negotiation and correspondence going on latterly. He therefore sent an official letter, stating that he had heard from the Governor of Frascati of his Holiness’s intention of coming over one day thither, in his way to Camaldoli to dine, and that he begged leave to offer a breakfast at Villa Piccolomini by way of refreshment on the way. The answer was gracious beyond expression, declining the invitation *for this time*, a promise having been made to alight at the residence of the Cardinal Pacca, and at the Villa Falconieri. At the same time, Bunsen received private information that this personal attention had given pleasure; and when he went over to Castel Gandolfo the day after the Pope’s arrival, he was met with kindness and even caresses, the Pope dwelling with emphasis upon owing his late cure to a Prussian (Dr. Alertz), and saying further, in allusion to a supposed personal likeness between Alertz and Bunsen,—‘E proprio un suo fra-

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tello che è venuto apposto per guarirmi.' When a day or two later the visit of the Pope to Frascati took place, it had been settled that Bunsen should take the opportunity of presenting to him several Prussians, mostly Catholics, in the Sacristy, as less inconvenient to the Pope than such presentations in Rome; and accordingly he appeared with his train, and was desired to approach close to the chair of the Pope, for the greater convenience of presentation in the narrow space: the Pope spoke to each of the Catholic young men (one of them being Urlichs), and expressed himself pleased with them—'Buone faccie, mi piacciono.' After the set had retired, Bunsen was about to leave his post of honour, but the Pope said, 'Restate, restate,' and continued to talk to him so eagerly and continuously that no moving was possible while the Pope remained, having the cross on his slipper kissed by a current of friars, ladies, and persons of all ranks, as fast as they could get in and out. Alertz has received princely rewards for his fortunate exercise of medical judgment, and has been requested still to delay his departure,* perhaps that he may try to deal with the cholera, which, being actually at Naples, may well be apprehended as imminent.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Rome: 7th January, 1837.

Sooner or later I shall surely accomplish seeing you and yours, as well as your works, with Fanny. Sometimes I think it will certainly happen next spring, but God alone knows. So clearly has it hitherto been marked out to me what I am to do, and how far I may meddle with my own future, that I firmly trust He will further point out and show, when my time is come. '*In hope and silence,*' I have chosen, in the Prophet's own words, for my motto; and I strive not to dishonour it. It is quite clear to us both that earlier I could not have removed from hence; and thus, if I should be still longer detained, I trust it will be plainly shown to me, for what reason it was good and necessary.

* This excellent physician, who continued to honour his calling and his country in the city of the Popes, died there, whilst this Memoir was approaching completion (Nov. 1866), universally regretted.

I have no wish but to return to the fatherland, and to have there a free sphere of action, or else a dignified retirement, to work for our country. Which is to be my portion I know not; but had I the choice, and should I choose the latter, in that would lie a far greater task than in the former, and such an amount of demand upon me, that I can less reckon upon my capacity for it than upon my efficiency as a man in office. With regard to the things of this world, my ever-recurring prayer is, 'Thy kingdom come.' And it will come—the finger of the Lord appears ever more distinctly stretching out of the clouds of earthly events. . . . I omitted latterly to mention by name my dear, unforgotten Rhebenitz; surely he knows, that I ever recall with fresh affection and gratitude his faithful friendship!

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold. (After requesting Dr. Arnold to become godfather to his daughter Matilda.)

Rome: 13th February, 1837.

That want of spontaneous energy in the mind which you mention is what Niebuhr once complained of in his son Marcus, saying, 'Er hat keine Sehnsucht' (he has no intellectual longing). Indeed, nine-tenths of our knowledge, if not all of it, are owing to that thirst after knowledge which is like the searching after the road which leads to our home; we perceive it not from the foreign place in which we find ourselves,

Nel mezzo'del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai in una selva scura,
Che la diritta via era smarrita.

But we know there is a home, and a way to it. What you say struck me much of our picking up thousands of things that we want, and of which we know not how we came to learn them. That is the longing, the spontaneity, which is nothing but a more powerful action of inward consciousness.

[After a passage on the desired reforms in Universities, treated of in former letters:—] But these I am afraid are dreams, for as it appears to me, neither the *bonâ fide* Dissenters nor the upright Episcopalians see their way in this direction. Still, if I expect anything, it is from the

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latter; the others are too limited in view, and move on too narrow a basis: most of them appear *enthusiasm petrified in forms*; they have lost the grand historical and national basis, and think they can stand without it, although they are, with or against their will, the orders in the Church, good for showing defects in that body, but only as long as such defects have not been corrected: so that they only exist through the merits, and subsist by the faults, of the system which they attack. I do not believe that you will bring them to the idea of a national Church, although you may make the members of the Establishment conscious that this elevated point of view is the only one worthy of the object of their attachment.

And now to your Roman history. Dr. Urlichs has made a trial in translating a chapter: he found it difficult, and I also; you are a man hard to wrestle with, and your language is the foremost and richest, as to political development. You have represented Niebuhr's ideas in a more popular, and still more expanded form, which will help the readers of all nations to bring the state of things home to their minds. Your conjecture as to the order of the Ten *plus* two Tables, is very ingenious and quite new to me: I only knew the work of Gaius to be the prototype of the 'Institutes of Justinian,' and I have no leisure now to follow your idea. You will find in Vol. III. B. (Description of Rome) now printing, a short review of the epochs of the Roman Constitution, with particular reference to the Forum. I shall have some copies of the Treatise struck off separately, that you may have it before the whole comes out, which will be in May. Vol. III. A. has been forwarded to you by Cotta, but it is poor as to the Forum. . . I have given the whole that remains to be done into the hands of Urlichs, as I see I cannot write anything more as good as what I have already written on the Forum, and I really have no time for doing it as well as I should wish. But Urlichs will do it well. This year is my last at Rome, almost to a certainty, and therefore all the threads that I have begun to spin must be wound up in its course. My future destination is not yet fixed; but I have made up my mind that if I cannot do that good which I should think it my duty to do, I shall prefer literary leisure to active employment. My great longing is

now to conquer leisure for the summer, in order to write my Tusculan sketches about the Gospels. Neander and Tholuck have published their works on the Life of Jesus against Strauss, which I am most anxious to obtain and to read. Perhaps people will now feel more the want of an improved harmony of the Gospels, when pressed by so outrageous an adversary as Strauss: whose work is the voice and organ of the unbelief of the day in Germany. The historical faith has long since become very weak, by far more than I believe you suppose, and the Hegelian philosophy has spread such a systematical indifference to facts and history, in comparison with abstract ideas, as the only adequate expression of truth, that Strauss's attack was a necessary phenomenon. Fortunately, a negative tact for critical truth could never be better manifested, than in undertaking to prove a myth by the evidence of an eye-witness! Still the effect produced in Germany is very great, and will remain so for years. Objectionable as Schleiermacher 'on Christian Faith' might and must appear in England, as to some points, I cannot help thinking it would be invaluable as to the reasoning relating to the acknowledgment of the Saviour's divine nature, and equally to the fundamental doctrines of justification and sanctification. There is no doubt, that the scholastic school, the old as well as the new, have entangled many parts of the simple and pure Christian faith in factitious mystery, and founded schisms and sects by distinctions and exclusive definitions: but, on the other hand, things divine and supernatural cannot be treated as those of common nature, objects of what may be called the philosophy of common sense. Being ideal by their nature, they require an ideal treatment; and in that respect Schleiermacher has begun a new period. Neander would have done this after a more objective and generalising method, had he the necessary dialectic acuteness, and the power of writing. I wish you would read the chapter on Justification, to see how he, Schleiermacher, sets at rest the distinction which was thought paramount in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries between the Reformers and the Council: and shows how in this doctrine is the '*cardo*' of our Churches. The same may be said about the difference between Luther and Calvin on the doctrine of *grace*.

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Capitol: 15th May, 1837.

. . . The reason why I should doubly rejoice in seeing you and Mrs. Arnold here, this summer, is that it is very probably my last in Rome. I have every reason to believe that next spring, I shall pass the Alps and settle in Germany. I end with wishing nothing but to be where Providence will have me.

The *Lyra Apostolica* contains appalling things of *that Sect*: 'Roman, Lutheran, Zwinglian novelties' are put together in one line. Now there is not one jot of doctrine in the Church of England which you did not take from Luther or Calvin, and in which we of the United Evangelical Church in Prussia do not agree; if, therefore, there be something which separates us as heretics from the true Church, it is the Apostolic Succession—they cannot get out of that argument. Christ died only for the English, for they have the Apostolic Succession in common with Rome and Moscow. *Jam satis*. Such positions will fall of themselves, and the sooner, the more really conservative, i.e. reconstructive, principles are opposed to them.

The cause of the clouds and storms which obscured and disturbed the latter years of Bunsen's residence at Rome, and caused his final departure in 1838, requires an explanation which shall be as much condensed as possible; but, to make the matter intelligible, circumstances must be looked into, which seldom excite any interest at a distance from the scene of contending purposes and systems.

The government of the Prussian dominions had always been a system of royal orders and decrees, constituted with exemplary regard to positive and actual law, and obeyed with military precision. When the King's will was once known, there was no question of remonstrance or of opposition:—for instance, when King Frederick William (father of Frederick the Great) resolved to maintain the cause of his Protestant brethren in Heidelberg (persecuted and driven out of their own Church

by the Roman Catholic Elector), and therefore declared that, as long as they were not restored to their hereditary possession he would retaliate on the Church of Rome, by withholding from his Catholic subjects in Magdeberg their immunities and the use of their church; he was only considered as 'doing what he would with his own,' and never accused of a breach of vested rights. When, therefore, the Prussian dominions received the large accession of territory consisting of the ancient dioceses of Cologne, Trêves and Paderborn, the Prussian ordinances were alone reckoned upon for the regulation of the new countries, as well as of the old. The Prussian troops were, as such, to march into the Protestant church after parade, whether recruited among the Catholic or the Protestant population; and if a marriage was to take place between persons of different persuasions (a so-called 'mixed marriage'), the law of Prussia vested in the father the sole right over the religious education of his children, and forbade his entering into stipulations on the subject before marriage. This was law, and the monarch's will—and how should it be interfered with? The degree of power in the Church of Rome over its members, and the renewed and increasing determination to exercise that power to the utmost, was altogether ignored. It may be still in the personal recollection of others, besides the writer of these lines, how common was the impression that the French Revolution and its effects had crushed the Pope and his power, and that both continued to exist but on sufferance,—that they would and could make no demands, but were ready to acquiesce in whatever might be politically enacted.

The possibility of a mixed marriage is denied by the Roman system; and in countries of exclusive Catholicism no such marriage can by any means be legally contracted. The sufferance of the Pope has only been extended to such alliances, between reigning families, for reasons of

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State; and then by disregarding, rather than by permitting; this condition of mere sufferance also applied to all mixed populations at a distance from Rome. In Prussia there had been as yet little or no experience of the difficulties attending a mixed population, for the province of Silesia (the only one containing any considerable number of Roman Catholics) was too happy and contented in being under Prussian rather than Austrian rule since the conquest by Frederick the Great, to occasion any trouble. The clergy being peaceably inclined, and making no difficulty in granting to a 'mixed marriage' the 'passive assistance' which secured to it complete validity,—but only consisted in the presence of the priest, and his silent acceptance of the troth-plighting of the parties,—without granting them any form or degree of nuptial benediction. But the case was different in the stricter newly annexed provinces on the Rhine, where the clergy would not grant even this 'passive assistance' without the secret (and illegal) promise of the Protestant bridegroom to allow his children to be bred up in the Romish faith; and the umbrage given to the Prussian Government was becoming the greater in proportion as the influx of skilled labourers, artisans, husbandmen from the neighbouring Protestant provinces, and the presence of the Prussian military, gave occasion for an ever-increasing number of marriages between the Protestant immigrants and the Catholic daughters of the land.

Previous to the Prussian rule, Protestants had, for a lapse of years, been known only from hearsay in that whole tract of country where the Reformation had originally taken strong root and flourished until it was extirpated under archiepiscopal dominion by the unsparing infliction of death or transportation. In Bonn, where the last obstinate stand was made by a Protestant congregation, the whole was got rid of, about seventy years before the Prussian occupation in 1814–15, by a

"*noyade*, like those of Nantes during the French revolution,—a group of individuals of all ages, headed by their pastor, being placed forcibly in boats, and submerged at a chosen spot in the Rhine. The zeal, therefore, of the Romish priesthood to secure all future increase in the population to the Roman Catholic majority, as well as the growing anxiety of the Government to extend protection to its own people, may thus severally be conceived; and it must be remembered that the Belgian clergy were indefatigable in stimulating the spirit of opposition in their neighbours within the Prussian frontier, and that the archbishopric of Breslau in the far east was beginning to awake from its pacific slumbers.

At that time it was believed to be desirable to *promote* mixed marriages, as tending to preserve peace between the two Confessions. All Germany, since the Peace of Westphalia, might be said to live in a condition of mixed marriage; and Bunsen, with most of the statesmen of his day, considered it an indispensable duty to maintain peace, by virtue of this sort of compromise. Had the desired peaceable arrangement taken root in Germany, it would, at least for a time, have been tacitly ignored at Rome; but the same spirit had arisen, which in Rome brought an unconciliating party into power, the influences of which were felt alike by the party of liberty and the party of absolutism, of self-government as of hierarchical dominion. When in 1827 the Government authorised the western bishops to apply to Rome for new instructions, and Bunsen (on occasion of his first visit to Berlin) received directions to enter into negotiations in support of the Prussian view of the subject—no one was aware of the danger of this step in the wrong direction. Later, it was said to Bunsen on high authority in Rome, 'Why do you demand everything from Rome? let the bishops do their part; a peaceable understanding between you and them will be enough for us.' On Bunsen's return from Berlin

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to Rome in 1828, negotiations were carried on between him and Cardinal Mauro Capellari in the short reign of Pius VIII. which resulted in a Brief of March 25, 1830, more indulgent in its terms than any such document before or since issued; but which in an evil hour the Prussian Government viewed with dissatisfaction, because it did not favour its own views as much as had been expected. For, although the priest was to *grant the passive assistance*, in case, after due examination of the state of mind of the Catholic bride, he should be convinced that she was not careless and indifferent in things sacred, but really resolved to use *every means in her power* to effect the bringing up of her children as Romanists, even though no promise were made to that effect by the Protestant party, yet in no case was he empowered to bestow that nuptial benediction, without which the Catholic population considered a marriage to be to a certain degree disreputable. On the principle before mentioned, that everything should be done to encourage mixed marriages, the Government was urgent for the gratification of these pious feelings by the Church; whereas advice to the parties, either to renounce the marriage altogether or to accept such 'passive assistance,' or finally to be satisfied with the civil contract (which was in force wherever the Code Napoleon has become the law of the land, as in the Rhine Province), would have been the safer measure. Tedious were the negotiations and great the expenditure of thought and of energy, in the endeavour to gain a clear notion of the subject; and the hesitation about accepting the Brief in question, though it contained the best terms that ever could be obtained, may be considered to mark the loss of the cause. This hesitation lasted for years, and meantime the opposing power gained strength daily; the Cardinal, author of the Brief, had become Pope Gregory XVI., and had appointed Cardinal Lambruschini as his Secretary of State and principal

adviser; the Archbishop of Cologne, Count Spiegel Desenberg, had been cut off by sudden death, and was succeeded by Baron Droste von Vischering, a man of serious conviction, but of views opposed to the cause of peace,* and who proved regardless even of his own promise, to fulfil the Convention of July 19, 1834. This Convention, founded on the principle of the Brief of 1830, was offered to the acceptance of the bishops with much prospect of success while Archbishop Spiegel lived. At the present time, though only a quarter of a century removed from that period, it will seem almost incredible that, in that Convention, the abolition of the civil marriage so especially obnoxious to Rome, and so self-evident a safety-valve to non-Catholics, was promised by Prussia as the recompence for compliance on the part of the bishops.

Ten years earlier, everything might have been easy which now proved impossible; but the favourable season had been allowed to pass, and from this time forth the strife of contending elements was unceasing, until Bunsen was in a manner crushed by them, and the blame, chiefly incurred by others, was heaped upon him; but the moment his back was turned upon Berlin, adverse influences hindered all action, and caused the right moment to be lost. The following account occurs in a paper written by Bunsen at a subsequent period (in 1840). It was then handed to his friend Professor Gelzer, who published it after Bunsen's death in the September number of the *Protestantische Monatsblätter* of 1861, an able periodical of which he is the editor.

All efforts of the Government failing to effect a

* When the King's intention to name Baron Droste von Vischering to the See of Cologne was communicated at Rome by the Prussian Envoy, the Cardinal Secretary of State, with that naïve frankness which characterises even the wildest Italian, exclaimed, with undisguised astonishment, 'Is your Government mad?'

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peaceable solution of difficulties,* Bunsen was summoned by the King to Berlin, in the summer of 1837, to give his counsel and assistance in concerting definitive measures. He found the King fully resolved to carry matters with a high hand towards the Archbishop, who was proved to be engaged in violent opposition to the Government, and was accused, on strong evidence, of having entered into the ultramontane combination of the Belgian bishops.† Negotiations and conferences proved unavailing. Proposals to the Archbishop to resign his post, or abstain from all exercise of the authority belonging to it, were met with a decided negative. At last, the King caused him to be arrested (on November 20, 1837) and conveyed out of his diocese, never to return. It has been one of Bunsen's misfortunes to be regarded as the instigator of this strong measure: but it is very certain that he found the King and his Ministers resolved upon the point; all he could do was to expend all his powers of persuasion in endeavours to induce the Archbishop to take a more *Prussian* view of his duty: and he afterwards defended the proceeding in a public State paper, characteristic of himself and of the time at which it was written, as it rests upon the assumption of a close alliance between the two Churches in Germany, and of a certain hereditary connection between 'the Church and the State.' It may be said to mark a crisis in these views. The Catholic Hierarchy

* A very serious complication was occasioned by the sudden proscription by the Archbishop of a number of theological teachers in the University of Bonn, who had been originally appointed with the full approbation of Rome, but who were, as followers of the late Professor Hermes (a teacher who in his lifetime was left unproved), forbidden to preach or to give lectures. These acts were considered as part of a plan industriously pursued, to get the University entirely out of the hands of the King, who had endowed and supported it at his own expense.

† It was the intention of the Government to bring the Archbishop before a court of justice, under an indictment of conspiracy against the law of the country. The Archbishop's secretary, however, having succeeded in removing all incriminating papers before the seizure of the Prelate, this saving portion of the scheme necessarily fell to the ground.

was already labouring to effect the dissolution of this connection, and it was inevitable that the State should on its own part seek a separation, as soon as its transformation from an absolute into a constitutional form should be complete. The Prussian Government did not indeed give way after this crisis, but the whole affair was felt to be a defeat. No support was found in public opinion. No Parliament existed to take the matter out of the range of international transactions, and settle it by internal legislation. In general, the excitement in Germany at this period was not so much the result of enthusiasm for the Church as of indignation against despotic power.

It might well be deemed a tragical fate which thrust Bunsen into a position incongruous to his own nature: often had he exerted himself, incurred reproach, and risked the loss of high favour, by advocating greater freedom for members of the Catholic Church; and just before this very period, the soldiers were relieved from the obligation to attend the Protestant service after parade, at his special and personal request to the King, the particulars of which remarkable occurrence will be related on a subsequent page.

Despatch in Cypher, received by Bunsen.

Berlin: 24 Juin 1837.

MONSIEUR,—Le Roi a reçu vos rapports, etc. Sa Majesté a appris par le dernier, avec beaucoup de satisfaction, l'arrivée prochaine de Monsignor Capaccini, et se flatte, avec vous, que sa mission pourra avoir de bons résultats pour un arrangement satisfaisant des affaires de l'Église Catholique Romaine en Allemagne. Le Roi croit cependant que pour atteindre ce but, il serait utile que vous fussiez ici en même temps que Monsignor Capaccini: vos relations intimes avec ce prélat distingué, jointes à la connaissance approfondie des matières sur lesquelles il voudra recueillir des informations en Allemagne, vous rendront plus apte qu'aucun autre à les traiter utilement avec lui.

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Sa Majesté m'a ordonné de vous inviter en son nom de venir le plus tôt possible à Berlin, afin que vous y arriviez avant Mgr. C., et que vous ayez le temps de vous concerter ici sur tout ce qui aura rapport à sa mission, avec les ministres compétents. J'aurai soin de tenir secret le voyage de Mgr. C., et je vous laisse le soin de donner à Rome tel prétexte que vous voudrez, pour motiver votre voyage en Allemagne, etc., etc.

(Signé)

WERTHER.

The terms of this order admitted of no delay in obeying it, and Bunsen performed a rapid journey, gladly availing himself of the opportunity of conveying his third and fourth sons on their way, the one to the Blochmann Institute at Dresden, the other to Schulpforte—which long-intended transfer furnished the ostensible explanation he was desired to give. He reached Berlin by the 1st August, and Capaccini arrived on the 9th—was received in a private audience by the King—who confirmed all that had been already stated by Bunsen and by Baron Altenstein (Minister of Public Worship and Education), and concluded by declaring, that unless the new Archbishop (Droste von Vischering) would keep his promise, and refrain from violating the laws of the country, he would remove him from the diocese ('Che egli, il Re, l'avrebbe allontanato dalla sua diocesi,' were the expressions in the Report of Capaccini); and an order from the Cabinet authorised both the further negotiation with Monsignor Capaccini, and the preparation of a complete Report by Bunsen on the state and the rights of the case.

The Memoir was carefully and deliberately worked out, giving a detailed declaration of conviction as to the principles of the monarchy in its relation to the Church of Rome and the Romanist population, and in immediate connection with the questions at issue. On the 17th August Bunsen announced to the Crown Prince that his work would within a week be completed, and that he entreated to be released from further negotiation on the

subject, and allowed to return to his post. The same representation and request he also made to Herr von Atenstein, receiving from each a protest equally positive against his departure. It was now that a great temptation was held out to Bunsen, in the suggestion that the situation of Director-General of the Royal Museum had lately become vacant, and that he might therein find the much desired opportunity of exchanging his position in Rome, however delightful in itself, for a permanent settlement at Berlin; and in such good earnest was this plan proposed and dwelt upon, both by the friendly and the adverse parties, who with various intentions were now agreed in desiring to detain him, that his wife received on the 9th September decisive directions for the removal of herself and her entire family to Berlin, for definitive residence, as speedily as she might find it possible to accomplish her travelling arrangements. The cholera had scarcely ceased raging in Rome—it was equally raging at Berlin: the wide tract of country between was full of opposing lines of demarcation, with quarantine regulations: yet the prospect of a journey, although next to impracticable, was in contemplation and preparation during four anxious weeks, until a letter of the 9th October gave notice that Bunsen might be expected to return to Rome, although probably not for any length of time. The grant of the honourable and desirable position at the Museum was to be combined with the Presidency of a Commission for the despatch of Roman affairs; and in spite of the sanguine nature of Bunsen, which had so often led him to believe in the possible combination of incongruities, it became clear that such a condition of apparent independence, but actual subordination with respect to the Ministry of Public Worship, must be avoided; and that it was equally important for him to retain his position as chief of the Prussian Mission at Rome. These proposals would have detained him at Berlin, working hard in

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the cause, which, in fact, remained pending between higher powers than those of a negotiator, instead of allowing him to insist, as far as a public servant could insist, upon his release.

The important Memoir was handed in by permission, for the King's personal inspection, all but the concluding portion, by Bunsen, on the 25th August, his own birthday—a day often critical in his life, and which he was fond of rendering such, when the means were within his influence. He wrote a short sketch of the contents of the concluding part; most important, because including, as the last of *six* measures, considered indispensable for the pacification of the Rhine Provinces, the rescinding of the regulation of the Sunday parade, that is, the compulsory attendance of the military without exception, after parade, at a Protestant church. On delivering this into the hands of Prince Wittgenstein, Bunsen pointed out to him the particulars, and received in reply the most urgent representation of the offence that would be given to the King, and the advice to refrain from an attempt which would be unavailing to effect any good purpose, and would bring down upon himself condign displeasure. But Bunsen had withstood, on this subject, influence far more powerful in the arguments of the Crown Prince,—who had endeavoured to induce him to give up the attack on the King's fixed determination, by representing that the application of the whole body of Ministers of State, and his own (the Crown Prince's) urgent request, as a personal favour, had proved unsuccessful.

At length, on the 3rd September, Bunsen was to be permitted to defend his statement by word of mouth; and he was invited to the royal dinner-table at Charlottenburg, with Count Lottum. The Crown Prince was also present, and took the opportunity, before the important audience (which was to take place after dinner), to give Bunsen a last warning, that he must leave out the ob-

noxious passage. On his reiterating the previous protest, the Prince charged him to be brief in his arguments—not to exceed twenty minutes,—and to be prepared to find the King sharp and positive in his objections.

The King bade Bunsen take a seat exactly opposite to himself; as he sat with his back to the window in his cabinet; saying, ‘You may be short in your communication, for I have read the whole.’ All went on well, even encouragingly, on the part of the King, till Bunsen observed, ‘To the last point, I must entreat the peculiar indulgence of your Majesty, for it is most important.’ ‘I know all about that,’ said the King: ‘I thought you were aware that I desired to hear no more of it.’ ‘But,’ rejoined Bunsen, ‘it is, please your Majesty, a case of conscience: and I have something new to communicate.’ The King’s countenance was flushed,—he was evidently impatient, and seemed about to rise and break off the audience: but the word ‘conscience’ detained him: he laid his hands one over the other, as if to listen, and said, ‘If that is the case, I must hear what you have to say.’ Bunsen stated, first, that according to a contracted view of duty, though canonically it was a compulsory precept of the Church of Rome, no Catholic could, without committing actual sin, take part in any act of worship with Protestants: and to be present, though only as a spectator, was considered as taking part in it. A footing was thus gained for further pleading: the King protested strongly against the assertion that the alleged compulsion had made martyrs, on the ground of an anecdote, which he deemed to be without foundation, that one of the soldiers had, at the church-door, exclaimed, ‘So far, and no further!’ giving himself up to arrest. The King was sure ‘the thing could not be true, or he must have known it—such stories ought not to be accepted as fact from defamatory writings.’ He was assured that the evidence had never

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been controverted: and after further arguments, the King said, 'If your pleading' is finished, I will explain how I look upon the matter. In my army it has ever been the custom to call upon the Lord of Hosts, before, or to return thanks after, a battle. Must we henceforward part, and Catholics go one way, and Protestants another, when we again have to fight for the fatherland? In order that our Catholic fellow-Christians might have no objection to pray with us on such occasions, I thought it advisable that they should convince themselves beforehand of our acknowledging Christ as the Saviour—for their priests seek to persuade them that we believe nothing, and our Rationalists have done all they could to confirm that impression. Therefore I caused an in-offensive Liturgy to be used, and I have forbidden preaching upon points of controversy, or at too great length.' The King spoke at greater length, with much animation, and a striking command of language: at a pause, Bunsen offered with emotion the assurance that *he* had never doubted the nature of His Majesty's sentiments, which it was most precious to him to hear thus explained, but that his conviction remained the same, that the King's views and intentions were misunderstood,—the appearance of compulsion in a matter of conscience having closed minds against conviction. He had felt obliged to speak of this fact, it being most important at the present moment to prevent having both clergy and people irritated against the Government. Now came the most dangerous moment of the conversation, the King enquiring why, the practice objected to being general, the complaint against it should come from one place only? 'I hear no complaint from the Rhine;—yet the Rhenish people are not apt to be shy of grumbling.' The question was embarrassing. For the King was the only person not aware that his generals in Rhineland and Westphalia had agreed silently to drop the custom of Sunday parade. It had become a rule

to keep from His Majesty's knowledge whatever might contradict his wishes and purposes—a mischievous rule for public servants to follow towards their Sovereign. And yet, no King had ever better deserved to be told the whole truth, which he ever desired to know: for although in the first moment of an unpleasing discovery, a burst of dissatisfaction and of blame might take place, yet was he sure immediately after to acknowledge his mistake; and his weakness was rather that of too easily surrendering the decision of his own judgment. But it must be added, that in no one would the withholding of the truth have been more unpardonable than in Bunsen,—who had in so remarkable a manner experienced that the King could reward the contradiction of favourite ideas with signal grace and favour, when once convinced of the uprightness of motive in the opposition given.

Bunsen replied, that 'however it might be with the utterance of a grievance, it was equally felt in both parts of the kingdom, and would not fail to be made known, particularly in the present time of excitement; and it were better to be beforehand by removing the cause.' 'It is impossible,' said the King, 'that I should abrogate the existing ordinance.' He was reminded that a private direction to the commanders to drop the practice would serve the purpose. 'What might be done' (said the King) 'would be to give up the monthly parade, and hold it only three or four times a year.' Bunsen felt that the combat was won; and he ventured to reply to the last remark,—'What has been wrong when done twelve times, is not right when done three times!' Then the King smiled, and said, 'Well, I shall not write on this matter—let the generals be informed.' With an expression of deep thankfulness, Bunsen enquired whether His Majesty might be pleased to allow of his taking the route by Münster, to communicate the royal decision to General Müffling, as well as to the

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general at Coblenz, &c. . . . With that the audience was closed. The King gave his hand to Bunsen, with the words, 'I shall be pleased to see you again.'

Bunsen was unspeakably happy,—and it was only a question whether the hour just passed, or that in which he related all that passed in it to the Crown Prince, was the most precious to him.

What followed either ought not to have taken place, or *he* ought to have been permitted to keep himself clear of all participation, as he so continually desired and petitioned to do; but he was reserved for the fate of a victim and a scapegoat.

Contemporary Notice of the State of Rome under the Cholera.

18th August, 1837.

On the 15th, an Englishman, teacher of languages, was attacked by the savage populace of Piazza Montanara as a poisoner. It is said he was imprudent enough to caress a child, and offer it a *ciambella*. The first three Carabinieri who tried to save him were overpowered, and a reinforcement at last succeeded in dragging him to the Hospital of the Consolazione, with eleven stabs. Some of the murderers have been imprisoned; the women are said to have been more savage than the men. A priest, too, was in danger, but the Carabinieri were in time to save him; he had given sugar-plums, and was accordingly suspected. The sensation is general among Germans and Danes of their own insecurity, and of longing after Bunsen.

In Trastevere there is a considerable mortality, but no physician dare practise there, so savage is the temper of the people and so general the idea of poison. Count Lützow and the whole Austrian Embassy remain at their post, so does the French Embassy. Count Spaur goes to and fro between Rome and Albano; in short, only the Prussian Legation is deserted. Poor Reumont is very asthmatic, but has expressed his intention of returning to Rome, to be of use, as soon as he should be somewhat better.

21st August.—All is well as yet at Frascati, although the

storm which has long been gathering has burst over Rome, and the cholera rages to such a degree as to be at last admitted to exist. The Englishman (Houlston) wounded by the populace is not likely to recover, and the doors of the Consolazione are closed on all who would visit him; even the Secretary of Count Liedekerke, the Belgian Minister, an Italian and a Catholic, was excluded; as to which he expressed great indignation. It is a consolation that the offer was made to remove the sufferer to the Protestant Hospital on the Capitol, but he feared moving; thus there is nothing to reproach ourselves for on his account.

Monsignor Marini and Monsignor Morichini are said to be very active in distributing proper food and other necessities among the poor of Trastevere, but most other quarters are left to themselves.

The Princess Massimo was one of the first carried off, having a few days before used awful expressions of security. M. Blondel, on leaving her drawing-room, let fall some remarks as to the uncertainty of meeting again, when she replied, '*Au revoir! dans la vallée de Josaphat.*' The universal conviction, uttered deliberately by persons otherwise rational, was, that the cholera had been a scourge, justly inflicted upon unholy places, and which therefore could not fall upon Rome, the sacred city; and thus is the want of all preparation for meeting the visitation explained. Such a scene of misery, confusion, and irrationality as is presented by Rome, at this moment, must be beyond imagination. Nineteen galley-slaves, employed to form a new burial-ground, near S. Paolo, seized the arms of the soldiers when piled, and made their escape. Two attempts at insurrection were made, to prevent the establishment of Cholera Hospitals within the town, the unreasoning people not considering that the only chance of life for those attacked with the disorder is to be speedily removed to a place where care may be bestowed on them. But each several individual, as long as he is not personally seized, considers every cholera patient as an excommunicated being, of whom it matters not what becomes.

The Convent of Trinità de' Monti was one of the first attacked, and the deaths have been numerous, although, of course, it was hermetically closed. The daughters of Lord

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Clifford are there, but happily spared. Lord Clifford himself, the Countess Constantia Clifford, and her maid-servant, go about with charmed lives through the fiery furnace; shrinking from no office of charity, and having helped to preserve many a doomed life by personal exertion in rubbing the numbed limbs, and furnishing appliances to restore warmth. Abeken is indefatigable in every species of exertion, and is supported in a manner the more wonderful, as he was in a very much weakened condition of health when the period of ceaseless trial came suddenly upon him. Our faithful Tommaso Reina expired on the 27th August, the much-valued Kellermann on the 1st September; but they, at least, had every care, the former from Angelina and Pietro, who were fearless and zealous, the second from Rosa, the matron of the Protestant Hospital; Abeken attending to each, and Dr. Pantaleone being indefatigable in courageous exertion. Dietz and Tagliabò have also distinguished themselves among physicians by zeal and success. The poor people on the Monte Caprino crowd around Pantaleone and ask for medicine from the Protestant Hospital, which is a very consolatory proof of confidence, the more so as, at the time of the first fury of suspicion, threats were heard among the savages of Piazza Montanara (those who murdered Houlston) of burning the building in question. Abeken caused alms to be distributed among the most distressed, by the hands of Don Felice; but, of course, ventured not to give soup or other food. Mrs. Vaughan (the niece of Mr. Keppel Craven) in whom we took so much interest, sunk at once under the blighting touch of the disease; Abeken attended to her for many hours, and she accepted the consolation he could give, resigning peacefully a life which she feared to misuse if its prolongation were granted. Her lovely boy is thus an orphan. No German has been attacked, nor any Protestant besides Kellermann and the Norwegian from Drontheim, who was such a support to our chapel choir. Luigi Chiaveri and Monsignor de' Medici Spada and Monsignor Chigi are among the victims. The Prince Chigi sent a deputation to request the loan of the hearse belonging to the Protestants for the conveyance of his brother's remains to the new cemetery of S. Lorenzo; it had probably been observed when conveying those of Tommaso Reina to that last resting-place.

The Jesuits, the members of the English College, the Capuchins of Piazza Barberini, and in general, the Franciscans, have distinguished themselves by courage and care of the poor; whereas the Dominicans of the Minerva, and the Augustines of Sta. Maria del Popolo, and too many others, have locked themselves within their own walls, and never appeared.

14th October.—A visit from Lord Clifford was matter of great interest. He spoke at length of the late dreadful period, said justly that the death of about 10,000 people who had not the means of an honest livelihood (the entire mortality is estimated by moderate calculators at 12,000) is not the calamity to be deplored, but the difficulty of providing for the 4,000 orphans that remain; and he used expressions curiously exemplifying the manner in which good Catholics avoid throwing blame upon the Papal Government, saying that 'he had often urged upon his own (English) Government, what every one must now see to be the fact, that the *result of the policy of the Courts of Europe* towards Rome would be that the Roman Government had no authority left;' that orders were given, but there was no power to enforce them; that vast sums had been collected for the relief of the sufferers, and a number of plans made, but not one executed, so that little or no help had been received where most needed; and in the course of conversation he related anecdotes proving a state of vicious disorganisation everywhere, not explaining in what manner the blame should be due to 'the policy of European Courts.'

The aspect of the burying-ground at S. Lorenzo is comfortless, but yet more shocking it is to see that those struck down by the cholera are treated as excommunicated. A gap broken in the enclosing wall leaves a passage to the unenclosed, uneven field, in which long rough furrows covered with loose earth, as if made by the plough, show where the 'human seed divine' has been deposited. Tommaso, however, was laid in the consecrated ground of the cemetery, intended for those '*morti di mali pii*,' for that is the phrase, to distinguish the cholera as '*male impio*.' The ancient heathen had juster notions, for they deemed the especial scourge of God to have a sanctifying influence. The reason that Tommaso and others obtained the more decent

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place, was that 'questi bughi per li colerici non erano allora terminati.'

One pasquinade, and but one as yet, is current about the cholera. Pasquino says, 'Ma come, Signor Abbate Cholera, Le abbiamo ricevuto in Roma con tante ceremonie, con illuminazioni, processioni, feste, e Lei non ha avuto tanta creanza che di far visita nè al Papa, nè ai Cardinali!' The Cholera answers, 'È vero—ha mille volte ragione: per questa volta parto, ma poi tornerò, e riparerò il mancamento.' It is a fact, that the Pope refused to allow his physician, who was shut into the Quirinal, to go to a cholera-patient—the person was Mrs. Vaughan, as to whose case Pantaleone wished to have had a consultation; to whom De Matteis came with sponge and smelling-bottle.

The sketch of Bunsen's life during this year of severe trial would have seemed incomplete without the preceding particulars of the condition of things which he had to look back upon when his mental gaze was turned with increasing longing towards his home. His family was happily removed to Frascati before the pestilence had reached Rome, and Frascati remained untouched by it. From his numerous letters no extracts have been found of general interest, with the exception of the following to his wife, which is inserted on the principle of conveying 'the very force and body of the time, its form and pressure' upon his mind; how different the result proved to his calculations, and how far his impressions were in many points from coinciding with reality, he was to learn to his exceeding cost; and that his state of spirit was morbid, owing to over-exertion of the mind, and impatience of the surrounding scene, was painfully evident to the receiver of his letters.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Monday, 28th November, 1837.

MY BELOVED,—You will have felt that my last letter came from a heavy heart; and the newspapers will in part have

given the explanation.. It is a strange feeling with which one beholds in one moment a great and incalculable future stamped with its essential condition: that is what has really occurred. Perhaps I felt this not quite for the first time; but it was the first time that *I* was *not alone* concerned with the present. Not that I ever doubted of the final victory of truth and right, for that is wholly and entirely on our side; but I dreaded that blood might flow, before it should be possible to bring the multitude out of their infatuation. But I took comfort in the thought, which I expressed to Herr von Bodelschwingh: 'God will surely not let us pay the penalty for having exhausted all indulgence and long suffering in such long delay;' the King, with his own peculiar moderation and consideration, having worn out every form of persuasion towards that fanatical, crafty pretender to sanctity, so that he well foresaw his lot, and had prepared himself for it. His plan was, to escape into the Cathedral, to place himself before the altar, cause all the doors to be opened, and invite the violence he expected. But he was taken by surprise, through the resolution and firmness of two distinguished men, the President von Bodelschwingh, and the General von Pfuel (the same who in 1815 commanded at Paris, and in 1830 was Governor of Neuchâtel), and thus time was gained for acting upon the population: the whole of which, as well as of the lower clergy, with few exceptions, are on the side of Government. The greater part of Germany, from the Baltic to the Alps, is not against us, but with us and for us, from motives the most various in kind. . . . That I, to the very last moment, strove to save the Archbishop, you will believe, without my assurance. The Crown Prince is *now*, almost more than his father, irritated at the unworthy behaviour of the man whom *he* recommended, and valued! He sees to what it tended.

I am, God be thanked, as well as I am busy. I sleep quietly, and take little food, yet you must be prepared for finding me grown stout, and I seem to myself to have become *very old*. I am cheerful with all that, I think, although with little occasion for being so.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Berlin: 17th October, 1837.

It is only a short time that I have known with certainty that I shall, if alive, pass the next Christmas on the Capitol. I leave Berlin at the end of November, and am to embark on the steam vessel from Trieste on the 16th December. Whether my stay at Rome will be prolonged beyond next spring is uncertain, but if, and whenever, I leave it, it will be with my whole family. This is the great present result of my stay here this time.

When this was decided, my first thought was directed towards the Capitol, my second to you. May I not hope to see you now, as you once intended, at Christmas? Might we not meet on the road? My days are numbered on account of business at Vienna. If you should go to Venice, our meeting on the road might be certain, for a daily steam-boat runs between Venice and Trieste. But I will not be unreasonable, let me only hope to celebrate a German Christmas-eve with you and yours on the Capitol, no *imperator* will ever have been happier. . . I have had hitherto little time to attend to my literary friends. Neander has published his 'Life of Christ.' . . The second remarkable production is Rothe's book (he was my chaplain from 1824 to 1828) on the 'Primordia of the Christian Church.' I know both volumes as to the essential points, the second in particular, originated at Rome. Be not angry with the introduction: the author moves in the trammels of Hegelianism, which misnames everything, and is cross-grained in reasoning. Begin with the research: it is not as much condensed as it might have been, but made of sterling stuff. I have been on the Rhine, on very important ecclesiastical business. There is a great agitation in the Romish Church, which must be carefully watched. I have also observed the movements of the Protestant Church in those parts, which is the only one in Prussia that has an organisation.

My two boys have been placed, Charles at Dresden, George at Schulpforte. My second boy, Ernest, has become an officer in the Guards. . . I have neither time nor courage to write more, hoping to see you;—two hours' conversation will be better than ten spent on paper.

To the Same.

Berlin : December, 1837.

After 150 days' absence, I am about to return to the Capitol, and must at least send some hurried lines to you. The great struggle between hierarchial arrogance and pretensions, and sovereign and national power, has begun here. I have had to wield Jove's thunderbolt by command, as before I had to propose and try the extremest measures of conciliation towards peace. The King ordered me to write a State paper with all the documents, which might be printed if the Pope or his friends should not accede immediately to our equitable proposal. I send one of the hundred copies to you, in the hope that you or Ormerod will undertake with fraternal care the defence of your natural ally against malice and ignorance, in the 'Edinburgh' or one of the daily papers, as soon as you perceive any use in doing so. Any one of the documents may be published, but not the whole collection; likewise passages from the State paper might be quoted. We know that the Papists encourage and pay our enemies to write in the 'Dublin Review' and others. Justice and equity towards the whole Catholic population, firmness against hierarchical schemes in the name of Government, and of the State, and in that of the national liberty, Catholic as well as Protestant,—that is our symbol. 'Εν τούτῳ νίκη. In the State paper will be found a short but clear statement of our policy and regulations, in the position of the State towards that Church, and it gives an insight into the Jesuitical intrigues from 1580 to 1618.

Ranke, Raumer, and the whole public, as well as the Prince Royal, are *with me*. There is a general feeling of joy that the Prussian Eagle has at length made the stroke of his pinions audible; his enemies believed he had lost the energy for doing so! I hope he will not fall into slumber again.

People here believe that I am to return to Berlin in the spring. I only know that I shall protest against a second temporary stay with dictatorial powers, and claim an honourable, free, though not ambitious permanent situation, if they want me.

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What you say about Henry has filled my heart with thankfulness.

Not to meet you at Christmas this year is the dispelling of a precious dream. Indeed, it was too good to be realised. Events must decide where we are to meet. Abeken (our nearest friend) has received from the King the Order of the Eagle for his exemplary exertions during the period of the cholera at Rome. The King has squared our hospital accounts by a gracious contribution.

The transactions of October and November, 1837, are recorded in detail in Bunsen's private notes, but shall be passed over in silence here; except the expression of an opinion, at this distance of time and on a general review of facts, that the amount of unassisted labour and of responsibility forced upon him, produced a morbid degree of excitement, and deprived him of the power of self-defence,—at the same time that his instinct was strongly set against any final settlement at Berlin. The extracts from his Notes, both the preceding and the following, contain his sentiments in his own words, considerably abridged.

‘On the evening of the 4th December, when Bunsen was admitted to take leave of the Crown Prince, bringing him intelligence of the appointment of a Commission for transacting the affairs of Rome, secured by a Royal order of that day,—the Prince uttered the prophetic words, “Now you are lost—the adoption of this measure will never be forgiven you; think of what I say.”’

December, 1837.—‘This was a time of mistakes; they arose from the nature of the task laid upon Bunsen, and which he had undertaken; it was not merely a difficult, but an impossible one; and so it had been in fact from the very beginning, at Berlin.’ . . . After enumerating the difficulties which in the course of so many years he had been enabled to overcome, he exclaims, ‘Why might not this time also the impossible be made possible, and peace concluded with Rome, by my personal represen-

tations?' All around seemed to be persuaded of the probability of his success—why should he doubt? This state of feeling may explain, even morally excuse, but not remove the enormous error. On that last evening, the Crown Prince had said, '*L'archêvêque leur pèse*; they know not what to do with him.' So it was—a step had been taken without due estimation of its importance. He who had been called upon to take an active share in the transaction was the same who, following in the track of Niebuhr, had firmly opposed the system of imposing the unbending letter of the law upon the members of the Church of Rome, and thus had incurred the suspicion of Crypto-catholicism; and the extremity, in which he had acted, was that which no one but himself had laboured to avert. Yet, with a little more circumspection and a greater calmness of mind, Bunsen himself might have foreseen the catastrophe by which he was to be the chief sufferer.

The coming burst of indignation against him was kept back by tidings of the signal distinction with which he was received at Vienna by Prince Metternich; this reception, however, contributed still further to mark him at Berlin as a dangerous man, whose return thither must be prevented by every possible means. Signs many in number occurred on this journey, which, if attended to, would have withheld Bunsen from rushing upon what, in human language, might be called his ruin; one of the most remarkable was the goodwill shown him by Prince Metternich, not only in a long and confidential interview on the evening of his arrival, but by sending to him when the travelling carriage was already at the door, to ask for a second conference, when he read to him a despatch just received from Rome (whence a courier had arrived with unusual promptitude), urging upon Bunsen yet more strongly than before not to venture upon returning to his post, and adding the remarkable words, 'I advise you as a friend, remain here, at

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least a fortnight! I will answer for the speedy arrival of a fresh courier. I promise to make your stay agreeable to you. I take upon myself the responsibility towards the King. *In dubiis abstinere!* is always my maxim.' Never was better advice given! and it was to Bunsen so convincing, that he did not conceal from Metternich his belief that it would be right to wait, at least for further consideration. He actually dismissed the post-horses, but sent to consult his colleague, Baron Maltzahn, the Prussian Envoy at Vienna, in whose friendly sentiments towards him he had reason to trust. Maltzahn, however, was decisive as to Bunsen's immediate departure, and argued, with Herr von Thile (Bunsen's faithful companion and friend), 'Wherefore should Metternich desire to detain you, but that he apprehends Bunsen's presence in Rome would bring things right again? How can you calculate the disadvantage of one day's delay? At Berlin they could not forgive you for stopping half-way—it would look like fear.' Bunsen renewed the order for the post-horses—Maltzahn undertaking to convey his apology to the Prince. This was an inexcusable error on the part of Bunsen—who had again received a warning, but, alas! in vain.

After travelling day and night, he reached Trieste, and found intelligence from Rome; not from the Chargé d'Affaires (Herr von Buch), but from Reumont and from his wife. The Pope had declared that he would never receive Bunsen. Should he now turn back? Having quitted Vienna, whither should he go? He embarked, and at Ancona received the news of the Pope's Allocution,—that Capaccini had great misgivings as to his coming. A message from Buch signified that the Cardinal Secretary of State had let him know confidentially that Bunsen would not be received by the Pope, though no official intimation of this determination was to be communicated to him.

From Ancona Bunsen addressed a note to the Papal

Government, on the spur of the moment, which failed of its purpose, because it rested upon a false supposition—the firm attitude on the part of his Government.

In a letter of early days, about 1825, Bunsen's course of then unassisted labour was described by one who daily saw and knew what he effected, as the life of a high-bred hunter, well kept and having abundance of all things necessary to well-being, but held at the full stretch of all his powers in unceasing exertion. Now, at length overdone, did the high-mettled steed rush homewards by instinct, having lost, in excess of strain, the power to discern objects in their reality.

Bunsen re-entered his sanctuary on the Capitol a few days before the beloved festival of Christmas, when worldly prudence would have dictated retreating to Florence to await orders, or an immediate return to Berlin to defend himself and the cause he had advocated. But thankfully do all those who loved him look back upon the 'refuge from the storm, the shadow from the heat,' experienced by Bunsen during the following three months while he was awaiting the return of the courier despatched January 3, 1838, and then upon the much desired leave of absence, granted to him at last, for a journey to England, and a residence there for a year. During this period, Bunsen found in his Egyptian researches effectual exercise and relaxation for his mind that could not rest in inaction; and the society of attached friends furnished the accustomed solace.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.]

Rome : Sunday morning, 4th March.

I hear, dear friend, that you cannot dine with us at one o'clock—so, at least, your Vincenzo asserts. But a 4th of March without you would be too sad! and, besides, it will be our last in Rome! We shall dine, therefore, at a quarter before six, and hope that the hour will suit you. In the afternoon we shall be in Villa Pamfili.

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The festival of Easter and the preceding Passion Week were invested with the greater solemnity, as the courier was shortly expected to arrive, and to bring a despatch, on the contents of which the future fate of Bunsen would depend. On the Monday after Easter the expected messenger arrived, meeting Bunsen and his family as they had just issued from the chapel, after Divine service and after partaking of the Holy Communion, and were entering the garden at the foot of Palazzo Caffarelli. The moment was one of deep emotion, too powerfully swelling the heart in the consciousness of the past and the future, for any admixture of common sorrow, as Bunsen opened the packet containing the King's consent to his giving up his post, and to his making use of this leave of absence for a journey to England.

Bunsen's own words, in the Notes relating to the late transactions, testify to his consciousness of a blow which he had not anticipated, and of a fall for which he was not prepared, either for himself personally, or for the cause he had advocated, on the perusal of the despatches now opened. But the accompanying letter of the Crown Prince, while it explained and delineated the state of feeling towards Bunsen, which he had been the first person to predict, on their parting at Berlin, conveyed as usual a balm to his wound, by proving that the express will of the King had interfered to prevent disgrace and mortification from being added, in order to give bitterness to the unavoidable fall. He was simply permitted to make use of the requested leave of absence, and not dismissed. But the letter of the Crown Prince expressed his Royal Highness's decided wish that Bunsen should come in person to Berlin, accompanying the courier who must be sent thither. Bunsen's own feeling was against forcing himself in such a manner into the presence of his King; but he respected too much the opinion of the Crown Prince (who was persuaded that

a personal statement by Bunsen would alter the King's view of the circumstances) to refuse to act in accordance with it. Yet his extreme disinclination to make another break and separation in the family life, and the longing to take a gradual leave of Italy and the period of his life which was now about to come to a close, induced him to resolve upon a degree of self-indulgence very foreign to his habits when important business was concerned. He fixed upon Dr. Franz (an excellent Greek scholar, afterwards Greek Professor at Berlin, then about to proceed with his family to Berlin,) as courier, and took him in his own light travelling carriage with post-horses; but he gave way to the disinclination at once to part from his collective possessions in life, and instead of making a direct and rapid journey to Berlin, allowed himself to accompany the slow progress of the large vetturino-carriage which contained his wife and the six younger children: nor did he part from them to proceed onwards with greater haste, till after he had cast a last glance upon Florence. A letter from Florence to Kestner gives an account of his feelings on this journey; but a few words must here be devoted to describe the bitter parting from Rome, which took place ten days after the arrival of the award from Berlin. The amount of business which had to be done, and the packing and arranging of everything, did much to prevent all brooding over the present sorrow; the days were too busy for receiving visits of farewell; but the evenings were filled up by the kind presence of regretful friends. For an account of their departure, the words of an attached and valued friend shall be quoted:—

‘Bunsen left Rome on April 29, 1838, after a residence altogether of twenty-two years, twenty-one of which were passed on the Capitol. He quitted his beloved home with a firm step and unbroken spirit, saying to his wife, “Come, and let us seek another Capitol elsewhere.” His carriage was surrounded by a band of faithful

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friends, as well as a number of younger men, most of whom he had himself drawn to Rome, whose minds he had guided into new paths of intellectual discovery, whose career he had watched over and assisted, and whose hearts he had won for life by his affectionate and untiring care and sympathy. They saw in him the centre of an active intellectual life, which Rome has never known since, and which could have been maintained only by a German, who, as Ampère truly said, was "not only the representative of Prussia to the Papal See, but of German learning to Roman antiquity." No one who was admitted in Bunsen's time to the halls of Palazzo Caffarelli will ever forget either their far-stretching prospect over Rome, or the assemblage of eminent men whom Bunsen's power of attraction gathered round him every winter; while the hospitable Villa Piccolomini at Frascati will live in the hearts and memories of a smaller circle, who were admitted to the happy unfettered family-life, which went on through the quiet sunny summer-months on those breezy and wooded heights. And the soul of this delightful domestic establishment was the head of the household, whose gifts of heart no less than of intellect, whose unceasing activity of thought, gave zest and animation to the family life at home, as well as to the friendly intercourse in other, wider, and more varied circles.*

The following letter from Lord Clifford, received shortly before Easter, finds its place most naturally here, as a valedictory testimonial of a truly consolatory kind. It was the close of a long and intimate intercourse with that excellent man, who remained at Rome for life.

Lord Clifford to Bunsen..

Rome, Palazzo Odiscalchi : 31st March, 1838.

. . . When I reflect upon what you have told me as to your persuasion of the propriety of your sacrificing all personal

* Abeken, in the article of *Unsere Zeit*, 1861.

feelings to your sense of your public duty, and as to the considerations which have induced you to come to the determination of soliciting your recall from the Prussian Legation at Rome, in the hope that thus any personal animosity which may have mixed itself up with the affairs of the Archbishop of Cologne to the prejudice of the great public and European interests involved in it, may either totally subside or so greatly abate as to render a conciliatory adjustment of that affair possible, and even probable; I feel that I should not deserve the friendship with which you have honoured me during our acquaintance here, and of which I shall always feel proud, in any part of the world, were I not to submit to you the following reflections; not with the view of causing you to repent of the resolution you have taken, or of the request you have made to your Sovereign, but to lay before you my reasons for thinking, in opposition to many of those whose opinions I respect even when I have the misfortune to differ from them, that little, if any, of the animosity which has burst forth in the affairs of the Archbishop of Cologne ought in fairness to be attributed to the part which you have taken in it, and that perhaps the retardation of that ebullition of feelings of discontent and uneasiness, from 1830 to 1831, when it might have been much more dangerous to the peace of Europe than it will now, I must hope, prove to be, ought also in fairness to be attributed, in some degree, to yourself.

If I shall succeed in establishing the truth of this, I will not say *singular*, but I will say, *not generally prevalent* opinion of mine (as far as I can judge from the sentiments towards *myself* of those around me, since I have ventured to express it in conversation), I shall flatter myself that I have contributed to enable you to add to the conviction which you *must* entertain that you carry with you from Rome the esteem of all who have had the happiness of enjoying your society in private life, the belief that your public career here has been of benefit to the peace of Europe. . . .

I must continue to contend that it is not just to charge you with the *ill success* of the affairs with which you were entrusted by your Sovereign in 1827. You have, *in my opinion* (humble and worthless as it is) conducted them so as to have opened the eyes of Europe to her real interests on a most essential point of social order; and if it be true, that

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your retirement at present may be of service in allaying animosities, excited by the *exposure of defects in the present system of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany*, of which the remedy was hopeless till the evil had been exposed to view; it is certainly no less true, that you may retire with the gratifying conviction, that you have rather facilitated than impeded, to those who have the power of applying a healing balm and an efficient remedy to those evils, their bounden duty.

In these sentiments I beg to be permitted to subscribe myself once more, my dear Sir, your faithful friend and servant,

CLIFFORD.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.]

Florence: Monday morning, 7th May, 1838.

BELOVED FRIEND!—Now it is that I indeed tear myself away from Rome, and from Italy, inasmuch as I quit Florence, hasten towards the Alps, and take my last leave of *you*. A great and splendid Past lies before my mind, closed and concluded; out of which your image shines upon me, the image of faithful and high-minded friendship. That image will rise in all the strength of remembrance of the springtime of life, in proportion as the chasm widens and deepens between the old and the new. Once again, therefore, in comparative nearness, from this side of the Alps, receive the thankful outpouring of the warmest attachment to you for all your kindness and affection! and let not too much time elapse without a greeting by letter. I intend to be at Berlin on Thursday, the 16th: I found it impossible to tear myself away sooner from my family and from Italy. From Rome I drove with my wife in the open carriage, the children (with Meyer and Franz) going on before, in short day's journeys (like a courier-drive of pleasure), as far as beautiful Siena; thence I broke away in the evening, and reached Pisa by midnight; next day I was with the faithful Rosellini, morning, noon, and evening, seeing between times the grand monuments of a renowned past. The Duomo of Pisa is the honour and ornament of Italian humanity in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the Campo Santo is the finest and most affecting conception of the kind in the whole of the middle ages. There my mind expanded in peace; and there I could wish to die were I not a German, and did I not hope to aid in the building of a new

Campo Santo. The next morning I was at Florence; my first walk was to the Loggie di Orgagna. . . . Yesterday evening I went thither again, and not without a blessing upon the meditations which the place inspired. I entered doubting whether I should allow myself another day at Florence, and came out resolved to hasten with all speed towards Berlin. I take with me the freshened image of all that is most beautiful in the middle ages:—the Pisani, Luca della Robbia, Orgagna, Benozzo, Giotto, and Raphael, are those highest placed in this Pantheon. But now the call of the moment is, to turn heart and head towards the future and the fatherland. Whither? That may be decided in a month. I hope by the 15th June to greet the modern metropolis of the world, and for a hundred days to plunge into England and into English life. This had ever been my wish, as a fit close to a wandering life, and as the last act of consecration for work and influence in the fatherland and in the present; and this wish, according to all appearance, will be granted to me.

The courier-journey to Berlin, which Bunsen was induced to undertake, overcoming his own disinclination in compliance with the strongly expressed desire of the Crown Prince, began in fact only when he broke away from Florence a week after having quitted Rome, thereby giving time for the exertion of influence on the part of his opponents to prevent his being allowed to reach Berlin. The preceding letter to Kestner has described his feelings during those first days which marked an era in his life, and separated him from the whole of the past; and the following extract from a letter to his wife shows that the wrench was still painfully felt.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Bologna, Monday, one o'clock: May, 1838.

I must send a line of greeting from beautiful Bologna. The parting at Florence was harder than I expected—harder than that from Rome; for then I departed *with* you, and this time I left you. In the latter hours my heart was so heavy that I felt helpless against the weight. The evening and

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night were fine and unclouded ; from the height of the Apennine we greeted the morning light, not till half-past eleven this morning did we arrive here. I have been in the Accademia ; found, at one o'clock, the Cathedral closed ; therefore I charge you to go first thither, for it contains the chief objects of interest ; think of me when you see the St. Cecilia, and the two paintings of Francia, especially the Assunta. . . I have good courage and an unbroken spirit. Now must the last effort be made, to secure mental leisure for the remainder of life ; the manner of it and attendant circumstances are indifferent to me. God be with you, and the children !

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Munich : Sunday, 12th May, 1838.

I hasten to announce to you that I arrived here safely, and I can add a piece of intelligence, not just what you would have expected, but yet to be rejoiced in. How hard the separation from you and the children in Florence proved, I have already expressed in my lines from Bologna ; I did not anticipate that it would be so short. The intelligence I found on my arrival here has determined me to resume our former travelling plan, and to proceed straight, all of us together ; and the directions are so distinct as to afford me the certainty that his Royal Highness the Crown Prince will not be offended by my not complying *now* with his gracious invitation. The day after tomorrow I despatch my faithful travelling companion (Dr. Franz) with all the needful papers to Berlin ; and then I shall quietly await you here. I lodge with my sister. The rest which I shall now obtain may probably save me from an illness ; for I travelled from Florence to this place in four days without sleeping. Next Wednesday I am to begin communicating to Schelling my 'Ægyptiaca.' I have been received most kindly by all friends, and have waited upon the Crown Prince of Bavaria and the Queen Dowager.

The statement in this letter is worded with studied precision, in anticipation of its being inspected by Austrian officials ; but the shock was very severe when, a few hours after reaching Munich (10th May), not having found anything addressed to him at the Post-office,

Bunsen received by estafette what he qualifies as a 'prohibition.' It was a mildly-worded utterance of the King's will, that he should 'at once make use of his leave of absence for the journey to England.' He expresses in his Notes, that 'this was the hardest moment of the whole time.' 'But,' he observes, 'this too was overcome.'

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CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

RECEPTION IN ENGLAND—SIR BENJAMIN HALL—MR. PUSEY—ARCHDEACON HARE—EXPLANATION OF PROPHECY—VISIT TO WALES—DR. PRITCHARD—SIR T. ACLAND—POWDERHAM CASTLE—GLADSTONE ON CHURCH AND STATE—OXFORD—PARLIAMENT—LORD ASHLEY—‘QUARTERLY REVIEW’ ON COLOGNE QUESTION—MRS. FRY—LAW OF DIVORCE—HIGHWOOD.

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AT Munich not only rest of body and restoration of mind, but a variety of enjoyment awaited Bunsen and his family. To the latter this was the first introduction to German life, and calculated to give the most favourable impression of that condition, so different from any that they had known. The refinement of thought and feeling, in the highly intellectual society with which they became acquainted, combined strikingly with a simplicity of habits, and an absence of all attempts at external display which might have been deemed ideal.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.]

Munich : 11th June, 1838.

BELOVED FRIEND!—Here I am still at Munich, and shall remain over July ; so it is with human plans ! but how glad I am to be here, I wish to let you know. First, I had the joy of being able to take up and complete some unfinished writings ; and then I found a copy (which I was able to purchase) of notes taken during Schelling's lectures, and I was so seized upon by the giant conception, that I resolved to take time by the forelock, and in this place at once to sound its depths, as far as I should have power to do so. This is what constitutes my principal task here, and my progress in this direction is matter of continual delight to me. Much

diversity of opinion arises, which I discuss with Schelling, but quite independently of the fundamental principle of this admirable work. My 'Ægyptiaca' have formed the outward point of connection with these researches, as the inward link lay in an ever-increasing sense of need on my part. Along with this there is much going on besides, and much is springing up anew, and getting finished. I feel as if it were impossible to part again from these pursuits. My friends in England are very impatient of my delay. The University of Oxford intends for me the honour of a degree, as soon I shall arrive, of Doctor of Laws, the dignity they bestowed upon old Blücher in 1814: and in London I have three invitations to friendly houses in which to take up my abode—one from Sir F. Ord, whom personally I know not as yet. Arnold has dedicated to me his 'Roman History,' with the frankness of an Englishman and the effusion of a friend;—so they write to me, for I have not yet seen the volume. Pusey will have me to live in his house in London, and afterwards accompany him to Pusey. So does everything present itself, according to all appearance, in a most friendly aspect;—but who knows the future?

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Munich: 1st August, 1838.

I send these hurried lines, my dearest friend, on the very eve of our departure from this place, because I cannot delay longer expressing to you my gratitude for your admirable first volume of the 'Roman History,' which I have been enabled to see here, and for the kind and only too flattering manner in which your friendship has prompted you to connect my name with it. But let me now speak of the work itself, or rather tell you on what text I shall speak when we meet. Your plan is excellent, your style worthy of the subject, your research and judgment worthy of your great predecessors and standards, Niebuhr and Thucydides. That is not my opinion only, but that of all who have here seen it, particularly of President Roth of the Royal Academy, Niebuhr's friend; himself an historian and statesman. . . . It would be unfair to withhold from you my feeling, and that of Schelling and all my friends, as to the passage on the Church in your Preface. We all think

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that history shows just the reverse of what you seem to express; and that a tendency to the merging of the Church into civil government (which you seem to think the realisation of God's merciful intentions) is the way to the death and burial of Christ's Church—the contrary of those divine dispositions, according to which the Church is to be that corrective for the unavoidable corruption of civil government which the heathen world wanted. We think, moreover, that such a tendency would be destructive to civil society itself, as the tyranny of most Governments over the Church is of all tyrannies the most perverse and perverting. Finally, we think the phrase, as it stands, is opposed to that general view which you seem to take of the destiny and liberties of mankind; and from all this we must draw the conclusion, *that we do not understand you*. You know how heavily this matter has weighed upon my heart for some time; and had I not come to England for anything else, I must have met you to have a full communication and discussion on the subject. As this, please God, must soon take place, I say no more than that I of course agree with you that the Church signifies all that believe in Christ as the true Son of God, laymen as well as ministers, on as large a basis as possible, according to national divisions. . . .

We start to-morrow, . . . and may hope to be in London the 15th or 17th, probably in the house of Sir Benjamin Hall, 60 Wimpole Street, for the remainder of August; I must see the British Museum, Westminster, the Docks, and Mr. Wilkinson, the Egyptian. I have asked Julius Hare to come and see me in town. September and October belong to Llanover and Mrs. Waddington. . . .

I have studied here that really stupendous effort of human genius, the system of Schelling, in two of his courses of lectures: the Philosophy of Mythology, and the Philosophy of Revelation, which together embrace all questions and problems, not of men, but of the work of God in men.

My Egyptian work has gained a more extended form, as to the subject: its title should be: 'A Contribution towards the History of the Human Race in its Beginning:' 2 vols. I have resolved to exclude all research and learning not absolutely necessary for proving the point at issue. The result is startling, but, I believe, sure: viz., a chronology, in an historical

age, from 3570 before Christ, and coeval monuments, intelligible and important, from 3200, and since that date with few interruptions. I have combined the result with the Babylonian, Median, and Sacred History. I shall be very cautious in speaking of my researches in your country, not to be misunderstood or abused as an unbeliever;—when the book is out, they will find I am not, and also find some reasons for my system.

I can scarcely master the storm of feeling, when I think that I am really on the direct road to my Ithaca, my island-fatherland, the bulwark of religion and civil liberty !

At Frankfort, besides enjoying a friendly reception from his old friends, Radowitz and Sydow, Bunsen received the commission from Berlin to write a State paper on the late transactions; it was in a degree soothing to his feelings to be called upon to do this, but, as he justly observes in his Notes, 'To undertake this, without documents at hand, and without a hope that his work would be seen by the public, was the last error of many that he had committed.'

The Notes go on to give a few particulars of Bunsen's public business after arriving in England, on his birthday, August 25, 1838. He was surprised at finding 'entire ignorance of the state of the case' which had created such commotion in Germany: having then to learn, what he had afterwards frequent opportunity of observing, that the English public mind, dwelling upon an immense amount of interests general and individual, which belong to national concerns, requires time in order to take any cognisance of foreign transactions, not self-evidently having a bearing upon England. 'Among those who were most favourable to Prussia, no distinct opinion had been formed: in the party of O'Connell, enmity against Prussia was active as well as among the diplomatic representatives of the Catholic Powers. Personally, Bunsen was met with the most encouraging confidence and kindness, by the decidedly Protestant

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and zealous party. Soon after, in the periodical publications, not only of the Roman Catholics, but even in the Ministerial "Globe," attacks were made upon the Prussian Government; against which, in entire understanding with the Prussian Minister, Herr von Bülow (whose confidence never deserted him), Bunsen defended the cause by means of articles inserted in the "Times," the "Standard," in the "Quarterly" and "Foreign Quarterly" Reviews, written by friends, whom he furnished with particulars and documents. This summing up is given to avoid returning later to the subject; but some account is due of the beginning of a period so fraught with interest and with consolation as that just commenced in England.

For a few days after the arrival of the party in London, they remained together in the hospitable house, in Wimpole Street, of their brother-in-law, Sir Benjamin Hall, and enjoyed the warm reception of many friends whom they had first met and valued at Rome—among whom it was a peculiar pleasure to find Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with whom a delightful afternoon was spent in a villa they then inhabited at Chelsea, since converted into St. Mark's College—where the beauty of an English garden with its profusion of flowers had the added charm of novelty. With Hensel, the Prussian painter (also an old friend from Rome), they saw the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court; the British Museum, with other friends; they also enjoyed renewal of intercourse with Mr. Pusey and Archdeacon Hare; and, on the 4th September, Bunsen willingly saw his wife and children depart, to repair to the home prepared for them by Mrs. Waddington at Llanover, Monmouthshire, intending to follow them speedily after a few more visits to the spot of most attraction to him, the British Museum. A letter to his wife, of the 6th September, relates the cause which changed this plan.

Bunsen to his Wife.

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[Translation.]

London: 6th September.

It is unnecessary to say how my thoughts have accompanied you, and how thankful I was for the fine night and morning which favoured your journey. I tried yesterday to do without you as well as I could; from the British Museum I went to the Mint, with Mr. W. Hamilton, and from thence to the Club. I must confess that I have a developed sciatica; in spite of the blister, the pain was so violent last night that I had scarcely any sleep. I have just written to kind Mr. Elphinstone to tell him how disappointed I am not to be able to come to his dinner to-morrow. My forced leisure is, however, not dull; I devour the Reviews, four of which I have already finished, and four others await me. I received yesterday a very gracious and kind answer from the King to my congratulation on his birthday, thanking me for this new sign of attachment to his person. Letters for Lepsius are arriving at the Legation, I therefore expect him with the steamer on Sunday. Mr. Robert Wilberforce has been here; Lord Ashley comes to me. To be sought after by so many friends was unexpected in the dead and empty season in London.

Sunday, 9th September. . . . I am still suffering so much that I cannot dine to-day at Lord Ashley's; I would not risk being shut up in London for months by a relapse, as happened at Naples to Mr. Elphinstone, who has come to see me regularly in my tortures. I was better this morning before your letter came to give me a new sensation of life. I see you in fancy walking over the grounds and fields where you wandered, dreaming the dreams of childhood, or arranging your books from Rome for yourself and your children in the rooms which you left twenty-two years ago, and then going to dearest mamma's room, to be blessed with the sight of her, and bless her with the sight of you! . . . I have at last a letter from Lepsius, who is fixed at Leyden, Professor Leemans having insisted upon his becoming an inmate of his house. Lepsius is transferring the Museum into his portfolio. He writes full of spirit and affection, and will sail with Saturday's packet to come here, resolved to seek me out wherever I may be, and lay his spoils before me; then to attack the British Museum in October, and early in November to return to

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Rome. As to my plans, I have none ; I know not yet when I can undertake to travel without danger, and long sitting is what I can least bear. Then I cannot leave London before the article is made up.

Now I must tell you of my solitary Sunday. I was able at last to search for myself in the closet, and found the Hymn Book, &c., which I had accused you of having taken away, for which I make *amende honorable*. I went through the service of the day, and then set about studying Job, to see whether I could understand the composition better than before. How admirable is the whole construction of this poem (for such I consider it) ! It treats of the great problem of the Theodicea, or justification of the ways of God to the reflecting mind ; and in this the Coheleth, or Ecclesiastes, bears a great affinity to it. The solution in this latter work (certainly later than the exile) is so unsatisfactory, that many of the Jews themselves have protested against it as dangerous. The meaning seems to be—'Look impartially upon the fate of man, and upon nature—behold everywhere struggle, death, and misery—and confess that no understanding can combine reality of facts with notions of a God of mercy. Is there indeed another life, with consciousness and happiness, corresponding with this life's good or evil deeds, merits and demerits, enjoyments and sufferings ? Who ever penetrated the darkness of the grave ? Desist, mortal, from enquiry : there is nothing certain in this world but that the law of the Lord must be obeyed, and from such obedience alone can good be expected.' There is essentially not more than this in Job ; but the whole problem is taken up by an infinitely superior genius. Job is drawn into despair by his unrelenting tortures and a succession of miseries ; his three friends intend to console him, but can find nothing better to say, than that his sufferings are a punishment, and his fate deserved. Elihu hits upon the real point, that Job is sinful in taking the place of God, forgetting that he is a man, ignorant of the mystery of the ways of the Almighty. This prepares the Almighty's answer, which repeats the assertion of Elihu, but adds, that there shall be an end of ungodliness by the power of the Almighty. But how very shortly is this indicated, in comparison with the picture of the works of God in nature ! It is to this that Job submits ; and by his submission is made

acceptable to God. Indeed, that *was* the only sure consolation and safe light that man could have, under the law, as to his own fate and the ways of God; and therefore does a strain of melancholy pervade the Jewish humanity, as it penetrates through the joyous light and colour of the Hellenic nature, and as it speaks out of the whole life and mythology of mourning Egypt. It could not be otherwise,—there is no solution of that grand problem but in the eternal scheme of our redemption through Christ,—in the knowledge and consciousness of God's unspeakable love in Him; of the certainty that He whose Almighty power makes itself known to every human breast, even to the ungodly, yea even to the Devil, is *Himself Love*! Had I now my mute friends, the books, I should study all that has been said about Job, in the hope of finding something new.

The remainder of September was spent in awaiting the convalescence of Bunsen, in the society of faithful friends, and the enjoyment of many pleasures which only London could afford; the arrival of Eepsius being the most effective of all in helping Bunsen through days of compulsory inaction, till at length he was able to venture upon the journey to Rugby, whither the railway was in that very week opened. That short visit to Rugby proved a bright spot in Bunsen's life; the friendship kept alive by written communications ever since the first meeting with Dr. Arnold at Rome in May 1827, and now confirmed and doubled by union in heart and sympathy with Mrs. Arnold, was thenceforth interwoven with the tissue of his life.

Under the date of Rugby, September 27, 1838, some heads of argument are found in Bunsen's own handwriting in English on the subject of a 'consistent system of explanation of prophecy'—which have the greater interest, as much conversation took place to that effect between Bunsen and Dr. Arnold: and that the latter expressed not only the wish but the intention of publishing a work in elucidation of the views which he in common with Bunsen entertained on the nature of

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prophecy, and which stood in strong contrast to the method of interpretation still prevalent. The heads of argument are divided into sections, in Bunsen's usual methodical manner, but are so far from being worked out into clearness of expression, that they can only be given in their fragmentary form, the nature of the subject forbidding any attempt at conjectural emendation.

Method I. To carry on a consistent system of explaining the prophecies, in such a manner as may meet the minds which as yet cling to the letter with religious faithfulness, but without judgment or reflection.

Interpreters of this kind deal arbitrarily with the text, applying some expressions, and not applying others. By this inconsistency they admit involuntarily that prophecy either is a delusion, or must consist of two distinct parts,—one mortal, local, and temporary; and one, divine, not bound to space and time.

II. Examination of that impossible system itself.

Is that sort of prophecy which they consider the only one worthy of the name, the most appropriate to the nature of God, as revealed in and by Christ? Is it not rather tainted by the admixture of the very principle of paganism, that is, of the power of nature over the mind, of necessity over mental freedom? Is it not the tendency of the system to make the spirit of the man, favoured of God, a mere mechanical instrument, not knowing what he utters, and uttering what has no meaning for himself or for those who hear him? Those interpreters profess to uphold the prophecies as from God; yet they establish, against their will, the demoniacal magic, and the ecstasies of the somnambulist.

III. Philosophical enquiry into the nature of prophecy, according to the principles laid down in the Gospel.

Distinction of three things :

1. Prophecy: agency of God (inspiration), causing the favoured spirit to discern the divine in the human, eternity in time, the truth everlasting in the passing shadow, the Christ (that is, God eternal become man) in the Saviour of God's chosen people beset by enemies, the kingdom of God in the political and religious establishment of Judah.

2. Magic: the demoniacal, devilish *possession*, by demoniacal communication of the powers of nature, as opposed to the Spirit—to which powers man is subject in so far as he is merely the *natural* man, not the new-born of the Spirit.

3. Somnambulism: the individual psychic possession, *excitement*, sway of the nervous system, the free agency of the Spirit being suppressed, and as it were buried in stupor, and natural life being by that stupor brought into contact with, and in subjection to, the whole natural principle of creation, as far as it is unconnected with man's spiritual nature.

IV. The consequence of this theory.

1. Real prophecy must have a human and earthly substratum.

2. It proceeds not from an exalted state of nervous excitement, but from a clearer view of things human, than what is proper to the judgment of the understanding, as directed only to the things visible and tangible. The prophet views both the *past* and the *future* from his station in the *present*.

3. It is essentially no revelation of things external and accidental, of time, space, or name.

4. But things external may be made subservient to it, though always in the character of prophecy, which considers them merely in their generality, in the relation they bear to the kingdom of God.

5. What is generally called a real fulfilment of prophecy, as relating to single temporal events, is the lowest degree of prophecy, but it exists (for instance, the seventy years' captivity, the destruction of Jerusalem).

6. The only two real objects of prophecy are: Christ, and the kingdom of God.

7. All prophecy is conceived and understood only in the kingdom of God, which is the reign of the Spirit.

V. A general review of the most important prophecies, with particular reference to the expressions of Christ and the Apostles, such as: 'Abraham rejoiced to see my day,' &c.; 'He opened to them the Scriptures,' &c.; the sign of Jonah; the allusion to Daniel, &c.

VI. The prophecies and types of Christ and the kingdom of God in the Pagan world.

The sacrifices. The mysteries. The Greeks. Socrates, the Gentile precursor, and Plato, the Gentile apostle of love.

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VII. The prophecies in the Christian world.

1. The words of the martyrs, from Polycarp to Huss and Ridley. The words of the great teachers of Gospel-truth: Luther, Arndt, Jacob Böhm, Zinzendorff, &c. The preaching of the Evangelical ministers. The life of specially enlightened Christians of all conditions: The proof of the 'power' in all.

2. The false prophecies. 'The proof of the power' wanting in all. The Judgment of God.

From Rugby, Bunsen, with his wife and eldest son, returned to Llanover in time for the Welsh festival in October, called the Cwmreiggyddion, a meeting with the object of encouraging and preserving the fine arts of music and poetry, as cultivated from time immemorial in the Principality, and in the Welsh half of the county, of Monmouth, which in earlier days must have been more exclusively Welsh than it is at present. Many remarkable Welsh scholars, well acquainted with their own beloved language, and with the manuscripts still existing as scanty memorials of ancient genius and mental cultivation, were present on the occasion, attracted by the well-informed zeal in the Cymri cause of Lady Hall (now Lady Llanover). The Rev. Mr. Price, vicar of Cwmdû, in Breconshire, as a family friend, must first be named, whose Bardic name of Carnhuanawr was that by which he was most generally known among his countrymen, and whose bright intelligence in communicating the knowledge of Cymri records and remains, which Bunsen and his friends were eager to acquire, lives in affectionate remembrance. Bunsen was greatly struck by the beaming countenance and joyful emphasis with which Carnhuanawr testified, immediately after the award of a prize for an historical essay, for which he had been among the unsuccessful competitors, his cordial satisfaction that 'another Welsh scholar should have executed better than himself the task for the performance of which he had studied much, and laboured his best.' The Rev.

John Jones, vicar of Nevers, in Pembrokeshire, a man of much poetical power, as well as of Welsh erudition, was among the valued visitors: little known to the many who were attracted by his amiable and cheerful character, by any name but his Bardic appellation of Tegid, from his birthplace near a lake celebrated in Welsh tradition, near Bala, in Merionethshire. Mr. Williams, of Aberpergwm, a landed proprietor resident in the hills between the counties of Monmouth and Brecon, was distinguished by knowledge and taste, as well as zeal. The meeting was remarkable as being attended by three gentlemen from Brétagne, zealous in the cause of their own and all cognate languages and antiquities: among whom was Viscount Hersart de la Villemarqué, well known by publications previously and subsequently relating to Breton poetry. They went through the ancient ceremony, scrupulously performed in all its circumstances by the Welsh scholars, of initiation into the order of the Bards; and 'no point of courtesy' was left unobserved, to welcome them as among kindred. But the Welsh and Bretons understood not each other's dialect; though, when written and duly explained, a similarity in character and in words indicated common nationality. A subscription having been resolved upon, under the influence of Lady Hall and Lady Charlotte Guest, to offer a prize for the best Essay on some matter of Welsh interest, Bunsen and Lepsius were called upon to propose a subject, and decided upon that of the, *as yet*, disputed claim to higher antiquity of the lays, legends, fables, and traditions found in the remains of Welsh and Breton poetry, and equally in all the more ancient poets, whether in French, Provençal, Italian, or German, in short, spreading through the poetry of the middle ages, wherever found, the question being, 'where are they to be deemed original, and whence are they derived?' This was in consequence proclaimed and published, the competing essays to

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be sent in within a full year, and, if written in French or German, to be furnished with an English translation. Bunsen could not decline the decision awarding to him the office of pronouncing judgment upon the comparative merit of the works expected to be sent in. The stranger-visitors to this national festival found two circumstances for which they were not prepared; the one, the scantiness of the poetry accompanying the fine and original music of the Principality, in so far as antiquity is concerned, the songs being generally modern, though sung with admirable spontaneity of talent to the numerous and inexpressibly striking melodies, the gift of improvisation being so universal as to tend to the utter obliteration of poems not originating in the feeling of the moment. The Welsh retain little of verse by tradition, but are inspired by their spirit-raising harp to an extempore pouring forth of skilfully-constructed metre. The second matter of surprise was to find in this ancient nation, with its ancient language and enthusiasm for its own antiquity, no sympathy remaining for the Church of Rome, so long dominant, yet now represented throughout Wales by an exceedingly scanty sprinkling of members, and those frequently of English or Irish origin,—very few of original Welsh descent; the Welsh having early become possessed of the Bible in their own language by the instrumentality of a well-judging Bishop in the reign of Elizabeth, and thus having grown into earnest and animated Protestants, attached for the greater part to the most unshackled form of public worship, with a decided preference for extempore and declamatory preaching.

The professed linguists had so far a disappointment in their enquiries into the language of the Cymri, that they found it a ruin; some classes of expression abundant as well as beautiful; others incomplete; the grammar fragmentary.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.]

Llanover: 8th November, 1838.

How I rejoice in Koch's having obtained a pension! (from the Emperor of Austria) Count Lützow will have 'earned heaven' (as the Popish saying is) for procuring it, and all our thanks into the bargain. Be assured that here it is well with me, in spite of sciatica-pain day and night. The discoveries in the British Museum, the presence of Lepsius, and the loveliness of Llanover have so inspired me, that I have written my Egyptian work all over again from the beginning, as a purely historical recital; it is the first work that I write with the freedom and spirit indispensable to the execution of a work of art, though these are not the sole requisites.

*Bunsen to John Hills, Esq.**

Llanover: 9th November, 1838.

Last night I reviewed, my dear friend, your most welcome letter and its interesting and highly satisfactory *Beilage*. The day before I had received from Government the entire approbation of my plan for a second official *Staats-schrift* (State paper), which I had sent from London, and the King's definitive order to write it in the name of His Majesty's Government. This commission is highly satisfactory to me personally, as it not only enables me to show my face in Germany with honour, after what has passed, but also to say what I believe to be strictly necessary for the good cause.

Early in November, Bunsen left the maternal home for a tour of visits among friends; of which his letters give an account. The first is dated from Redcliffe Lodge, at Bristol, the residence of Dr. Pritchard, whose acquaintance he had made at the Cwmreiggyddion, and whose ethnological works were matter of all the more

* Mr. Hills had been Bunsen's faithful friend during his prolonged labour for establishing the Hospital on the Capitoline Hill, and now assisted him in furnishing the English Reviews with materials on the affair of Cologne.

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delight and admiration to Bunsen, as they were new of their kind in a country where ethnology had yet to be admitted among the number of sciences worthy of cultivation.

Bunsen to his Wife.

I am sure that you and dearest mamma will have followed us on the wings of those glorious sunbeams that shone upon us yesterday. It was an ideal journey, as to the scenery and variety of interesting objects. Hall arranged all things so kindly and so cleverly for us, that we saw every object well, and yet did not miss the packet at Newport, although arriving at the last moment. The Avon and the Bristol Channel are truly beautiful, and the situation of Clifton, close to Bristol, is the finest of any English town I have yet seen. We landed, and just as we were arranging our packages, Sir Thomas Acland suddenly stood before me; he had brought Mr. and Mrs. Harford from Blaise Castle to meet me; he was accompanied by another gentleman with a very prepossessing, well-known, unknown face, who in English and German claimed my old acquaintance; it was Stapleton, whom I last saw at Göttingen, in 1812. The cordiality and attention of Sir Thomas and of Stapleton did my heart good, as I could make return in kind to each. I was then introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Harford, and an engagement made to go to Blaise Castle; good Villemarqué was asked as my companion, both to go thither and to Killerton. Then Caspar and our things were despatched in Dr. Pritchard's carriage, and we drove with the Harfords; Sir Thomas and Stapleton returned to the sister of the former, twelve miles off.

Dr. Pritchard's house stands on the foundation of an ancient abbey of Carmelites; in the inside is the date 1590, and there is a splendid drawing-room, of which the walls and ceiling are covered with the finest carving, of flowers and beautiful figures of angels. The whole family was collected, including the eldest son, who is Tutor at Oriel College; mother and daughter very pleasing, and taking interest in the occupations and studies of the husband and father. After dinner we had some good singing and playing, and we talked on till near midnight.

This morning Sir Thomas has sent me an express with a letter to the brother of Mr. Bankes, a Prebendary of Bristol, who is the only person that can tell me about Corfe Castle and its dragon-lord;* so I have sent the letter with a few lines to the Canon, proposing to call either directly, or at two o'clock. At four I am to start for Bath; Mr. Miles's collection I hope to see on my return.

P.S. At eight o'clock, while awaiting Caspar's return with the Canon's answer, I write again to my precious love. We passed yesterday through Caerleon, the celebrated spot where King Arthur held his Court, on the Usk. The Welsh historians describe it as having the river on one side, and wide-stretching meadows and woods on the other, and so we see the place now, in a beautiful situation in a valley. There are remains of an amphitheatre, aqueducts, and other Roman walls, therefore it is supposed to have been *Castra legionarium*, and certainly the stations of the Romans must have been occupied by the Britannie legions and centres of civilisation and intercourse among the Britons. It was a high Druidical seat, and became an Archbishopric.

Dr. Pritchard's library is excellent; he has shown me some American books on languages, of high interest. They have there two men, Dr. ——— and Pickering, who are on the right scent, and both very grateful for what they owe to Germany; they are ninety and ninety-three years of age! The third enquirer is Mr. Galatin, formerly Secretary of State and Envoy to England, who is preparing materials for a treatise on the philosophy of the American languages. They seem to make out that they belong to the Tartar tribe of tongues in Asia: and Dr. Schott at Berlin, in a book printed a few months ago, has proved these to be nearly connected with the Turkish. Thus the links of the chain are found by degrees.

* A letter, coming directly from Mr. Bankes, had meanwhile reached Llanover, with the most obliging invitation to Bunsen and Lepsius. Bunsen was peculiarly anxious to obtain access to the invaluable Egyptian collections of Mr. Bankes for Lepsius,—who was subsequently not merely admitted, but received with cordial hospitality in Corfe Castle, which as yet had been hermetically closed to visitors, on account of the unfinished state of the building improvements.

To the Same.

My visit to Blaise Castle was delightful; there is a good atmosphere in that house,—one breathes freely; the situation one of the finest I know, the collection of paintings contains admirable things. Mr. Harford has published a tasteful translation of the ‘Agamemnon,’ which, according to the commendable custom of the people of this country, he has presented to me. I must give you the details when we meet of this really excellent style of country life, and I must speak again of Dr. Pritchard; father, mother, and daughter form a good pendant to Rugby; Dr. P. himself is an admirable man; his great work is beyond all my expectations. But nothing is worth as much as himself, his fine tone of mind, his admirable activity, and healthy system of employment.

I must conclude, having had (in this note-writing and time-killing country) notes without end to write this morning.

Killerton (Sir Thomas Acland’s): 18th November, 1838.

As to my plans, I must first await Tom Acland here, who is now in the midst of Parliamentary visits, dinners, and speeches. To-day I am not up to any resolution, first owing to having taken Dr. P.’s prescription, and secondly on account of the letter of good and faithful Usedom, which I enclose. You will see that matters are threatening, so that of my three creations at Rome, perhaps not one will remain.* All is in the hands of God. I have long foreseen the present crisis. My private opinion is that the Cardinal intends *not yet* the breach; but they are going on in the spirit of fanaticism and folly. I shall answer Usedom that I do not intend to write one word to Berlin, unless they ask my opinion. I care no more about my next external position than about the mountains in the moon; I know God’s will will be done, in spite of them all, and to my greatest benefit. What that is, He alone knows. Only one thing I think I see clearly, my whole life is without sense and lasting use, if

* The intention of the Papal Government was to have closed both the chapel of the Prussian Legation in Palazzo Caffarelli, and the hospital on Monte Caprino the very day after Bunsen’s departure.

I squander it on *affairs of the day*, brilliant or even important as they may be. My world is in the future time, for that I have felt and thought; I have seen there dangers and wars, and schisms and confusion, but also the only safe place to flee to. These truths I will confess, with my life, and with my writings and counsels. I know that at present few people can say and do in these respects what I can: *there is my treasure and my heart*. Tell me sincerely and openly, my love and good angel, what you think and feel about it: your own, own, independent opinion, your own heart's and conscience's word.

I must tell something of my last journey. On the way to Salisbury, we saw Stonehenge, and saw it well. Hall showed his clearness of perception; I think he made all the best observations. Salisbury Cathedral is a beautiful church of purest Gothic, 1200 to 1225, all of a piece; rather heavy, because the spire is not in open stone-work. Here Hall left us, and the amiable Villemarqué and I went on to Wells, where there is an immense cathedral, heavier than that of Salisbury, and not of one piece, but magnificent. Glastonbury is in a charming valley: the church was one of the largest in England, second only to old St. Paul's. Contiguous is the chapel of St. Joseph, of the twelfth century, but round-arched, beautiful work; under it, the crypt with the ancient well. This is the cradle and centre of all British fables, tales, inventions, and fancies. King Arthur would seem to have been really buried here, after the battle near Bath; the first foundation was by Joseph the Hermit, probably one of the Anchorites of Pachomius' order (about the year 300), thence the invention of Joseph of Arimathea. The ancient relic, an earthen cup (in Norman *greal*, 'a cup or vase of earth'), according to the legend the sacramental cup of our Saviour; thus *saint greal* (*heilige Graal*).*

Glastonbury itself is an island formed by two rivulets; its ancient name being Innis Avalon, or Island of Avalon: that

* Is not another explanation more probable? *El Sangreal*, Spanish, the 'blood vessel' (*sangre*, 'blood,' in Spanish), the vessel in which Angels collected the drops of the Saviour's blood during the Crucifixion, so commonly represented in old Italian paintings, having become a relic and object of worship, a basis for the endless tissue of legends concerning *le Saint-Graal*. The question is linguistic, — which derivation, Norman or Spanish, is the lawful?

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name becomes thus, even in the French and German poems, the old Elysium; it means an orchard, undoubtedly, because apple-trees were then thriving there as now.

Killerton: Tuesday, 20th November, 1838.

. . . Yesterday was the great day to visit the Bishop of Exeter: you may imagine how anxious he was to learn the state of the Cologne business. I gave him in two hours a sufficient sketch, and to-day have sent him the papers. To-morrow he will dine here: to-day, Cockerell and Mr. Harford are expected. Thursday we are to go to the Earl of Devon, at Powderham Castle, and assist in the evening at a christening. Saturday, Tom Acland and others will be here. Sunday, we go to Exeter for the morning service—it is hoped the Bishop will preach: the most ancient piece of music has been selected for the Anthem, for me to hear—in short, between the Member for the county, and the Bishop of the diocese, I am well provided for. I was to have been present at a great school meeting on Tuesday, but have fought off that, as well as a dinner at the Bishop's—else it is a great delight to talk with a man of such eminent talent.

I go on Monday to Hanford, to meet Lepsius; Wednesday or Thursday, at Kingston Lacy (Mr. Bankes). As to going to the Harfords, and seeing with them Mr. Miles's collection, I have decidedly given it up, for this time. I dislike so much seeing such treasures as works of Raphael without you—or rather, I love to see them with you, and through your eyes (as Acland says justly that I do)—that I cannot find in my heart to go there now. But it is really such a mere trip, that we may some time go there together.

Thus I may now count the days when I may, with God's help, again see and embrace you and the dear children. Indeed, I am not made for such excursions—I am only half with my friends, and never quite happy. If it be for business or research, the case is different; but for pleasure I hope never to travel again without you. My wish would be, to write to you the whole day, and communicate feelings and thoughts perhaps not yet communicated.

However, 'Da es aber nicht kann sein,' &c.,—I *do* read and write and speak a good deal. Pritchard's second volume

I have almost finished, and find my geographical memory again, being able to fix to each part of Africa races and tongues of men, which alone interest me thoroughly, and whose individuality lies in me. I have also finished Rosellini's last volume, in which he proves that Sesostris' father had conquered the Asiatic country as far as Mesopotamia. This took place between 1330 and 1320 B.C.—two centuries after the Exodus. Where were then the Jews? The inscriptions mention Canaan, the coasts and fortresses in the same: the people in it are called by a name signifying shepherds. That period is within the time of the Judges, and thus it is explained why we hear not of those wars and inroads. All traditions of the time before Samuel are fragmentary, and partly made up from portions of primitive poetry.

My first three books (the second edition of the first book written in the spring) have become, instead of a chronological enquiry, a monumental history of Egypt. This will clear the ground for me to advance from the seventh book into the region of history *before* history, and endeavour to establish the Keplerian laws, according to which the Eternal Spirit draws His orbit of eternity round the terrestrial life which we call time. If I come to that point, I shall be in the field which my enraptured vision espied in the prime of youth, a quarter of a century ago, and to which I have been so wonderfully brought back: I fly towards it as the bird to the nest. These are now my dreams. Much will intervene before I can sit down to realise them, but I think I shall come to it. The atmosphere of this house does me good, even though of course a sort of whirlwind, not acknowledging time and hour, is ever circling; but there is true kindness and moral worth, with excellent intellectual qualities, throughout.

Gladstone's book is coming out. As to Rome, I have given the whole into God's faithful hands. Lepsius proposes to stay the winter in England, and publish the first number of the *Annals of the Archæological Institute*. It is an excellent idea, and may make the Institute popular in England.

Wednesday, 21st.—It is rainy, and all things are wrapped in a wet blanket, impenetrable for the rays of the sun, equally for snow and frost. I walk about in the house, talk, and read and

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write, as I choose. In the evening, we talk till twelve o'clock in accustomed cordiality and seriousness. It is a miserable season, certainly, for travelling, and were it not for the obelisk at Kingston Lacy, and the Ker Seymers at Hanford, I should not go a mile out of my way home.

Sunday morning, 25th.—The parties, wanderings, dinners, journeys, of the last few days, left me scarcely any minutes, and the arrival of the article for the 'Quarterly Review,' in proof sheets, absorbed those. I have been overwhelmed with kindness, and have seen most excellent people: Lord Devon, Lord Courtenay, Mr. Fortescue and his wife, Lord Sandon's sister, the Hoares,—beautiful residences, hills, rivers, the sea, &c.

But the article for the 'Quarterly' is enough to kindle war, fire, and flame for thirty years! Very able and admirable as to exposition of fact, but the end, about Ireland and the present Ministry, is violent beyond anything ever written. I must keep our interests clear from it; and have written to Lord Ashley and Dr. M'Caul. Of course it will be of no use—but *dixi et animam salvavi*. You shall see the sheets; the title is, 'Papal Conspiracy for the Overthrow of Protestant Thrones.'

I have met with a most valuable acquaintance in Cockrell, the architect—by far the most to my taste of all the English artists I have known.

I must send my second letter to Dr. M'Caul on that awful article. I am in great spirits, and longing to fight the enemy—but I must first protest against injustice and passion on one side, to be fresh in heart and mood.

I am also meditating a fresh development of my 'Philosophy of History.' I begin to see that it may be proved that all the Negro languages (i. e. *nations*) are degenerated, degraded Egyptians or Indians. Adam, Noah and all his sons, were of the noblest race: the curse of the sin fell hardest on the tribes who went or were driven into the inhospitable regions of the earth. The savage is a degraded man, not man a civilised savage. Pritchard's work scarcely allows me to sleep. It gives me just the food I want.

This is a large Elizabethan house [probably Powderham Castle], built 1620, with fine rooms, but cold. Thank God, the moral and intellectual atmosphere is warm, otherwise I should take a chill to my heart. Tell mamma she must

send me to some good Whigs: this journey has made me more a Tory than ever I was. To return to Exeter—on Sunday the Bishop preached; people said it was done for my sake, as he preached but four or five times in a year, and had lately done so. His sermon was a Bishop's sermon, argumentative and full: it contained matter for ten ordinary sermons. I told him so after church. I thank him for it the more, as it has left me a soothing impression: I should otherwise only have had before me the eloquent and sarcastic statesman. There is more in him, I really believe. The service was beautiful, and moved me deeply. I know exactly now what I can adopt, and what are its defects.

Sunday morning, eight o'clock.—I have enjoyed the morning sun's first rays, walking by myself in the garden and field. In a few hours I go with Mr. Seymer, who drives me in a gig to Kingston Lacy, and therefore write these few lines now, to give you, my beloved, the morning greeting of my heart. I have passed here a quiet and precious week, and this day week I hope to be with you: how thankful I ought to be! I hope I am.

The Bishop of Salisbury * has written most kindly, inviting me again to his Palace, but he is to-day occupied officially in London, and so cannot come hither. It must be quite impossible, otherwise he would have come, not for me, but for somebody else.

I am daily better. L. says it is owing to the Bryonia she has given me: I believe it is because I walked five hours with her over Roman encampments. Lord Ashley's letter decides my going to London.

. . . Our expedition to Kingston Lacy was prosperous, in spite of rain and wind; but, with the most ample orders, we could only see what was not closed up—obelisk and sarcophagus: the fine collection of paintings was pasted over, to be safe during building. The sarcophagus is interesting from its form, but the inscription contains no historical date: the obelisk is really the same, which with the Rosetta stone led to the discovery of the alphabet, by its Greek inscription. But the publication of Mr. Bankes is perfectly satisfactory, and our only wish can be to obtain his plate for our publication of 'Monumenta.' Such a request I

* Dr. Edward Denison.

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could not have made had I not seen Kingston Lacy: Lepsius has lost nothing by having been prevented (by toothache) from coming here through the storm and rain. I came back without pain, in spite of six hours' exposure to such weather.

Mrs. Seymer had kindly invited both the gentry and the learned of the neighbourhood to meet me at dinner: all gave me the list of their collections, and curious it is,—that of the Rev. Mr. Hunt happens to be the most abundant in England in Scarabei—containing fifty names of kings. He offered them all to me and Lepsius for publication; Burton and Wilkinson were to have copied them, but were prevented.

To-morrow morning I shall go through Mr. Faber's work on 'Justification:' he is the only writer of the day who understands the question of Apostolic Succession as I do, and I must become acquainted with him, to devise a plan for bringing the matter in the right way before our Churches. I have read much here of the Missions of the Moravian Brethren in Africa, which are certainly blessed. My dear love, I have not been idling here: I am *brooding*, and the spirit is alive within me. My great anxiety is now about Mr. Empson: the enemy will do everything to secure that quarter. I believe the plan is for the 'Edinburgh Review' to wait till the first number of 1839 comes out: then the State Paper will be known, and they will have *the last word*. Pritchard's book continues my great occupation; I must stay with him one afternoon on my way; there are many points as to his system of craniology which I do not understand, having forgotten the anatomical and osteological terms which I learnt from Blumenbach's lectures on physiology twenty-six years ago. He can show me more with his collection and his eyes in a few hours than I could learn of myself in months; and I must now catch and dismiss all collateral work, *as the Egyptians dry the water of the Nile*, to escape from that crocodile of time that threatens to devour me. The consequences of his discoveries about the skulls and the entire physiology of different tribes are immense for my system and book.*

* The letters since the 6th September, from which the preceding extracts have been given, are all written in English, the following in German.

[Translation.]

Hanford: Tuesday morning, six o'clock; 5th December, 1838.

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MY BELOVED!—All is still, within and without, and thus I can set myself to write to you once more from this place, out of the depth of my heart—before Caspar comes and preparations must be made for the journey, which is to bring us to-day in eleven hours, a distance of 110 miles, to London.

When heart and eyes have overflowed (not with a current of inundation, but as a tranquil well-spring rising to the sacred morning light from its dark depths) as has often been my blessed consciousness in this quiet room, then has my heart turned to you with unspeakable love and longing, but also mournfully and painfully. While *I* have been refreshed and strengthened by nature, art, and contemplation of the human soul's native beauty, and have drunk in new life from all I have seen and experienced, *you* are turning singly and alone the heavy wheel of life's daily work, not because you have no taste or opportunity for other pursuits, but because in your daily task you see the way of duty. You, beloved! in whose ardent earnestness, purity, and gentleness, the divine was first revealed to me personally, and the prospect opened, in community of love to wend our way to Heaven together (leaving those to watch over their cares, who are ever more deeply burying themselves in the dark chasm of self)—*you* are overwhelmed with the cares of life, not those of selfishness, but of love and exertion for those nearest to you—*you*, who understand how to take advantage of every moment granted for raising the mind, and contemplation of higher existence, yet have often in the blessed long day not an instant in which to rise out of the flood of laborious avocations! That you yet ever continue fresh in capability, is a peculiar grace of God, and your spirit is kept up by the consciousness of effecting good, and of the love and grateful veneration of the surrounding recipients of benefit, among which, the first, most blessed, and most thankful am I. But yet it is become clear to me, in these days of heaven's light, that so it must not go on. Our pilgrimage is now in the downward vale of life: let us try to secure frequent moments of solemn consecration, of taste for the higher consciousness, which presupposes leisure and repose. The intervals in which we used to edify and revive each other, have become in the latter years ever

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more rare in recurrence — not because we have exhausted all utterance and feeling, so that only the earthly deposit of our married life remains—not as though we could no longer mutually kindle life and elicit sparks—*no*; but merely because the load of our earthly day's work has increased upon us, and its principal weight is thrown upon your shoulders. And that thought is oppressive to me; for with you I desire ever more and more to share the highest reach of spirituality—you not only understand me, but you fan, and clear, and purify the flame. In you and with you I shall ever be sure of finding the response to my better self. At this moment I know not how to help but by taking a larger share myself. I pray to be enabled to see more clearly, and that the way may be shown me. But you also, dearest, help me in this—think over our life, and tell me what you think. I hope to return to you, not all that I wish, a new-born, thoroughly earnest being, but refreshed and stirred up in my innermost life: clearer than before as to myself and my lot. Nothing is near in this existence but the seeming distant; nothing true but the highest; nothing credible but the inconceivable; nothing so real as the seemingly impossible; nothing clear but the deepest; nothing so visible as the invisible; and no life is there but through death. I could go on in this strain till the day should close; but its course is drawing me on—whither? To you, although by a circuitous way.

The feeling that would have prompted suppressing the last letter has been silenced by the consideration that the object of these pages is to make Bunsen known, as no one ever knew him but the writer; and this effusion, in his beloved 'hour of prime' (to use his own language), is peculiarly characteristic. To the receiver it was so far a surprise, as she had not been aware of his even observing the amount of her avocations; he had probably been led to reflect upon this by questions mooted in conversation at Hanford with a lovely being, beloved both by Bunsen and his wife as an adopted daughter, of whom they had seen much in Italy: Louisa Ker Seymer, married in the following year to the excellent Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, and taken

away from the happiest possible married life in September 1841. The sense expressed by Bunsen of his wife's excess of labour and care never was less applicable to the case in question, than at that time, when, under the shelter of the most loving and lovely of mothers, she was enjoying peace and leisure for uninterrupted attention to her six younger children.

From London Bunsen continued to write daily and fully, but of a large portion of these letters nothing requires to be extracted, as their substance related to his unwearied and successful endeavours to bring the facts of the Cologne case before the probable writers of articles in various Reviews, by communicating to them documents which he alone could furnish.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Travellers' Club: 4th December, 1838, six o'clock.

Here am I again in the midst of real life and business, speaking, hearing, thinking, feeling English, and therefore I write to you again in that shape. I have done a great deal of business since I sent off my last letter this morning.

I shall not go away until I have set all things a-going, but I have no mind to be detained here or anywhere else. I am as active and as bustling as a spaniel after dinner, and besides, am longing to be with you, both with my English and German heart, with head, and mind, and everything.

Wednesday evening, 5th December. — I must to-morrow wait upon the Duke of Lucca. All else is accomplished. I have sent to the King a general view of the Articles, written or to be written; to the Crown Prince I have sent the proof-sheets, and also my entire confession of conviction as to the steps that ought to be taken, and the system to be pursued, with respect to Rome and the Catholics; and have at the same time declared that my calling is not to meddle in the machine of the State, but in leisure to serve as I can the great cause of the Church and the Truth by writings, life, and confession. Lepsius has made a copy of the letter which I shall bring. He has faithfully helped me, day and night;

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he goes to Paris to-morrow, and will return to celebrate Christmas with us. I shall bring Gladstone's book with me. I care not now for all the ruins in England; it is her life that I like.

Saturday, 8th December.—I have been to Rogers, and saw his beautiful house and collection. It is not that poets are wealthy in England, but rich men write verses, i.e. measured prose. He is an amiable old man in manners, in whom the habits of mercantile life have helped to counteract that corrupt voluptuousness extending to intellect, so usual (and particularly in this country) among old bachelors delighting in the fine arts. My mind is in a balancing state, not quite sunk again in the common world, and no longer quite in the spheres of light. *Schelling and England* in the two poles of my existence are re-awakening the enfeebled electricity, and thus fresh life streams into the accumulated ballast with which I had loaded my vessel. I must endeavour to volatilise this, or I shall not stand the high seas; to rest in the haven of formalism and pedantry is once for all impossible. I feel that it were better to perish in the struggle with the highest, than lose a long existence among things of smaller value, and the deceptions of the moment. Take this as a moderate expression of what I feel much more strongly. The Lord has not guided me in both those ways in His wrath but with His eye of love; and may He grant me not to misuse the gifts of Heaven to follow mere inclination or the most inviting illusions of self and of sense!

Read again that wonderful utterance of the Lord (Luke x. 20) . . . nothing more dangerous than satisfaction in power exercised over spirits; not therein may we rejoice, but in that our names are written in the book of the children of God before the face of the Father. The light of grace is to shine out of us, not that its radiance should be reflected back upon us, but that the eye of the soul be cast upwards towards the Father of light, of nature, and of the human spirit, in worship and prayer. 'Thy name be hallowed, Thy kingdom come, Deliver us from evil.' All that is harder than you can well know, habituated as you are to humility and self-renunciation.

To write the life of Christ is the object before me, as often as I can look up out of the turmoil; although in proportion

to the longing is the sense of unworthiness. I feel as if I could now at once write some portions as I desire to fashion them; but the State paper must be written, and it is all well as it is, to secure the clear burning of the flame, and prove its continuing nature.

Four o'clock.—I have seen Ashley, and all will be changed as I wish [in the Article alluded to in previous letters as being too violent]. He intends to announce me to the Duke of Wellington. Empson comes on Tuesday to see me, he is till then busy with the examination [at Hertford College], and invites us to visit him in the spring. This evening I go with Lepsius to the 'Tempest'—think what a piece of good fortune!

Five o'clock.—I have just received a despatch—most gracious—the King ratifies the Minister's proposal, prolonging the leave of absence till the end of September 1839. Hollweg has given me most valuable information; he is a true friend and patriot, and a real gentleman—one of the best specimens of German life, and as simple and modest as he is distinguished.

To the Same.

65, Wimpole Street, Thursday evening, half-past nine :
13th December, 1838.

. . . Last night I passed some hours, most gratifying, with the poor Duke of Lucca. He is going to the Courtenays, and has begged me to send some lines to arrive before him, to say, 'Che non è cattivo.' He is a sincere humble Christian, struggling hard, but in faith. He has a great hankering to come and see me at Llanover, and probably will come, quite alone, with a servant. He was urgent to have a direction where we could meet again.

Last night, at eleven, when I came from the Duke, Gladstone's book was on my table, the second edition having come out at seven o'clock. It is the book of the time, a great event—the first book since Burke that goes to the bottom of the vital question; far above his party and his time. I sat up till after midnight, and this morning I continued until I had read the whole, and almost every sheet bears my marginal glosses, destined for the Prince, to whom I have sent the book with all despatch. Gladstone is the first man in

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England as to intellectual power, and he has heard higher tones than anyone else in this island. To-morrow is resting day—places taken to Bath.

The occasion here mentioned was the first time that Bunsen had a personal interview with the Duke of Lucca, but they were previously acquainted by means of a remarkable interchange of letters in 1833, when Bunsen was astonished to behold the signature ‘Charles de Bourbon, Duc de Lucques,’ at the end of a letter in a, to him, strange handwriting, the subject of which was the writer’s trouble of conscience, and his anxious desire for personal intercourse with Bunsen, or with some person chosen and deputed by him, who should be able to reply to his questions, and to whom he might communicate his difficulties.

The deputy was invited to the Duke’s table, and after dinner into his library, where after showing the large collection of Bibles (which the Duke had originally been induced to form for the gratification of his linguistic taste) a remarkable disclosure of mind took place. Much intelligence, and many amiable qualities, the best intentions and aspirations, all of which the unfortunate Prince possessed, needed only a firm substratum of character and of habits, by which to subsist and become realities. For one trained as he had been from infancy under his mother, to compound, first for petty offences, later for vice and extravagance, by embroidering robes for the Madonna, it seemed impossible to abrogate the life-habit of self-indulgence, so as to bring his course of action into harmony with his earnest convictions of right and truth. His reckless expenditure brought him into a state of want, in which relief was offered at the price of a promise regularly to attend Mass, and to abstain from the utterance of opinions offensive to the Pope. Thus degraded and annihilated in his own consciousness, he became a wanderer upon earth, shrinking from obser-

vation. He was at Nice and at Cannes during the winter of 1859-60, when he questioned his physician about Bunsen, but made no attempt to see him again; which was indeed best, as a meeting would have been sorrowful to each. In the spring of 1839 he had last seen Bunsen in London; and at the Levée entered into earnest conversation (his subjects of discussion being always important), regardless of the wondering glances and the close neighbourhood of the Corps Diplomatique, and particularly its Austrian portion.

The remainder of the year, after Bunsen returned from London, was spent actively and happily; he applied himself vigorously to the State paper, which he had been commissioned to write, intending to close and exhaust the subject of the Cologne disturbance, and untroubled by any prophetic consciousness that his labour would remain a dead letter, scarcely acknowledged, and possibly not even perused. Thus was he enabled to exert his native energy in the composition. Scarcely had this been finished, when he was desired to write a full opinion on the subject of the Law of Divorce. In the notes he observes:—‘This work cost much time and money (to procure books of authority for reference), but both were gladly expended; and an essay, at least conscientious, was sent in. From that time to the present (the date, October 1839) not a line of acknowledgment has been received.’

From the moment of reunion with his family, Bunsen carried out the intention, so touchingly expressed in his letter of December 4th, of sharing *as far as possible* in the family day's work; and the daily Scripture-reading, with explanation and comment from him, ushered in by one of the beloved Hymns, again became the morning rule, unavoidably fallen into disuse during the year of travelling and continual change of abode. Thus, for the first time since Rome, the home-feeling was in a degree revived at Llanover.

To Dr. Arnold.

Llanover: 4th Sunday in Advent, 1838.

The reason why I have allowed your dear letter of the 9th November to remain without answer is less to be found in the wandering life I have led since the 14th of that month, than in the unwillingness of the spirit to say to you I could not come,—together with the impossibility of saying the contrary. Being now returned to this my second home, I have worked so hard at my State paper, that I believe I can to-day fix a date which I longed to announce sooner. If nothing unforeseen happens, I shall set out from hence the 4th January. We shall remain at Pusey till the end of the month, then I intend to go with Pusey to London, and stay there till the middle of March, when I must go to Berlin to find for myself, either the book of Archimedes, or a Patmos. I hope to be back for the Commemoration at Oxford on the 17th June, to receive the doctor's hat (LL.D.), which they have destined for me since last year, and again offered. I hope to be able to remain in England till September, but one must make no plans: The Lord's will be done! I have never thought more of the things to come, and cared less for what to-morrow might bring. After four weeks' visiting and making Egyptian studies in the West, full of delight and interest, I was called by business to London, where I succeeded in setting three articles afloat (in the 'Quarterly,' the 'Foreign Quarterly,' and the 'Edinburgh'), without writing one. The discussions, into which the first of these three has led me with Lord Ashley and some other leading Tory members, belong to the most romantic and interesting events of my life. Pray read the articles, in the 'Edinburgh' especially, when it comes out; it is the answer to the Pope's Allocution—a manifesto. You shall know the history of it when we meet.

Now, my dearest friend, those eight days which I hope to spend with you must be consecrated to the great object of our thoughts, the crisis of the age, if not exclusively, at least principally. I read in London Gladstone's book, in the night and following morning of the day it was published. It appears to me the most important and dignified work which has been written on that side of the question since

Burke's 'Considerations.' Gladstone is by far the first living intellectual power on that side. He has left his schoolmasters far behind him, but we must not wonder if he still walks in their trammels—his genius will soon free itself entirely—and fly towards heaven with its own wings. I have sent my copy with some hundred marginal notes and effusions of heart to the Crown Prince of Prussia. You will see, my thoughts run in the same channel with Gladstone's; his Church is my Church, that is, the Divine consciousness of the State,—a Church not profaned and defiled either by Popery or the unholy police regulations of the secular power. I have no doubt that the Church of England as she is and may be, according to her nature and history, is this consciousness for England. What then is to be done in England for promoting the Kingdom of Christ within and through the national life, must be done within that Church and by her—or you destroy either Christ's Kingdom or the national life, or both. So far I go with Gladstone. But I add: precisely then because such is the position of the Church and the condition of Christ's Kingdom in this realm of England, let us see who represents her most fairly—your friends? or who? What is her ideal and what her real state? What are you to look for, in order to bring the first nearer to the second, as far as the times allow, and not less than they command? Do the clergy form the Church? Are 'the Fathers' fetters or wings? Is tradition and Church-government to be understood in a Judaic sense or not? Is the Church of Scotland only to be supported as a necessary evil? Is she really no Church? These and similar questions I have a mind to ask him, in one way or other. I know him personally from the time of his visit to Rome. . . . Enough for to-day—it is Christmas-eve, and we must arrange our Christmas-tree, and that without dear Lepsius, who promised to come, but is detained at Paris.

To John Hills, Esq.

Llanover: 26th December, 1838.

I have sent Gladstone's work with my *postilla* to the Crown Prince. It is—in its principal bearings—second only to Burke's 'Considerations' in my opinion; still he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points,

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e.g., the Apostolical Succession as identical with the continued series of Bishops, although there be a duly ordered presbyteral order, of which (as it is so easy to prove) the episcopate is merely a *branch*, apostolical but not scriptural; primitive, but introduced into Church government *paulatim* (as St. Jerome says), in the progress of time, not at once. I wonder Gladstone should not have the feeling of moving on an *inclined plane*, or that of sitting down among ruins, as if he were settled in a well-stored house. The reason of these defects in his book I ascribe to the want of a deeper philosophy. It is the deficiency of the method of *handling ideas* in this blessed island which makes it so difficult for your writers, political and ecclesiastical, to find the seeds of regeneration in your own old blessed institutions, which to *preserve* you must *reconstruct*. This operation requires that the eternal *spirit* should be drawn out of the decaying or decayed *letter*, and Sir Humphrey Davy did not teach you that. How wonderful that separation is between *real life* and *ideal thought*! One ought to be the image and *Abglanz* of the other; and yet we, Germans, find it so difficult to construct reality with our ideal thoughts, and you English to see your own great reality in the light of that thought and to sublimate it (*verklären*) into that spirit which it embodies and which to incarnate is the only good reason for its existence.

I wish I could give you an adequate idea, what a power the intuition of English life exercises over me. Never have I felt it so easy and delightful to fly on my native *German wings* as in the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life. At Munich I found, for the first time after many years, leisure and inspiration again for the highest speculative activity; but it is now only when the other *pole* of my existence has been electricised by England that I feel the new action which Schelling has given to my intellectual life. I wish I could now do something to embody this *vita nuova* in a worthy form.

Bunsen to Platner.

[Translation.]

Llanover: 24th December, 1838.

On this day, the evening of which we have ever celebrated in friendly union, I must address a greeting to you over sea and

land. I am still in your debt and that of other kind friends for the valued birthday-remembrance which your affection dictated to me from Frascati. You will know that, at first, after my arrival in England I was ill, and since I have been so sunk in beholding and contemplating English life, that only the Pyramids can be said to stand out above the flood in which I floated.

The spectacle of a great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is, in itself, grand and elevating; and to me the more so, as in the same measure as I recognise and admire the high superiority of the nearly-allied existence which yet is not the actual life to which I belong, the more I take in the full consciousness of what is to us, as Germans, individual, and rejoice in it. As to everything practical, high and low, we have only to place ourselves at the feet of other people, to contemplate and learn; and whoever loves to learn, and understands how to learn, will be taught here by the wisdom that walks the streets, by the very air that he inhales. It is another thing with philosophy: the power of thought belongs to us, the Germans, in this day of the world's history; I mean the philosophical consciousness of the life and of the reason of things divine and human in thought. There is, however, a general sense of the need of this here among the higher minds: Coleridge is looked upon among them as a prophet, and he has left sayings of high and deep intelligence upon these subjects, but single and unconnected.

This condition of enquiry and of development in minds at the present moment is infinitely attractive to me, and I am thereby brought into a new line of connection with men, to whom I was already closely drawn by inclination and opinion. I have travelled in many directions and seen many parts of England, and have passed over more than a thousand English miles, without ever sleeping a night anywhere but under the roof of old friends or of their friends. In a few weeks I hope to see the idol and admiration of all parties in the nation, the Duke of Wellington, whose works (eleven thick volumes, containing nothing but his official correspondence) best reveal the greatness of the man. With all this I have been very laborious, and have written much; I believe that I have scarcely ever written so much and with so much ease

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VIII. of Niebuhr regularly in the evening. The second volume, in which he speaks of you and of your wife with so much esteem and attachment, will be very affecting to you. The letters, like himself, contain an abundance of thought and of life, unequalled in any other collection; those written in his nineteenth and twentieth year, with the youthfulness of his age show an amount of power inconceivable at that early date. Later began the overcasting of his life, which was broken altogether by the death of his first wife, and never recovered that blow. In the third volume are Essays by Savigny, Brandis and myself, on various parts of his life. What Niebuhr was in his time, and what it was his will to effect, I believe I know, and I intend some day to utter; but that cannot be as yet; the time which is preparing to bring forth much, will bring that also. Here in this country, in spite of apparent movement, all is in secure repose; the wind may disturb the sails, but the vessel is moored in the depths by invisible anchors.

The year 1839 began with the performance of some of the promises of visits which had been accumulating; but all could not be accomplished (and thus tempting invitations to Sandon and Castle Ashby were given up) within the few weeks which intervened before the meeting of Parliament, at which time Bunsen's inclination to be in London, to watch the supremely-interesting scene with which his thoughts had ever been busied at a distance, coincided entirely with the kind wish of Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily to receive him there as their guest. On the 4th January Bunsen and his wife and their eldest son set out towards Pusey in Berkshire, remaining by the way for one clear day with their old friend Mr. W. Clifford, at Perristone in Herefordshire, and for another day at Gloucester, with their esteemed relatives—the Bishop and Mrs. Monk. At Pusey they enjoyed the society of Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily for a fortnight, other friends being also there during a portion of the time. A glimpse of Oxford was

also contrived for them, driving thither early, and returning at night; when, besides more remarkable places, they saw the rooms at Oriel inhabited by their eldest son, and rejoiced that their own flesh and blood should share in the advantages of a situation so ideally attractive to eye and mind as Oxford. Within a walk of Pusey the site of an early British village was traced with all the greater interest, as the construction for defence brought to mind the situation of Alba of the Marsi, not far from Avezzano and the Lake of Fucino. There is a high mound, or small round hill, shaped by human labour into broad terraces. At Alba, there are three such terraces, secured by massive stone work, which might have existed equally in the British mound, but must have ere this given way to the industrious culture so long practised. The artificial hollowing of the upper part of the hill into a regular crater with an elevated ridge, for the protection of human habitations, is evident in spite of the plough; but at Alba the summit is too much encumbered with buildings of the middle ages, mostly a mass of ruins, to allow of a due inspection of the level.

At Pusey, Bunsen and his wife parted, she to return to Llanover, he to finish his view of Oxford, profiting by the kind invitations to remain there, on his way to re-join Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily in Grosvenor Square in time for the opening of Parliament.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Merton College, Oxford : Friday, 24th January, 1839.

I am luxuriating in the delights of Oxford—but have never more felt how I crave your presence. There has never been enough said of this queen of all cities. I have been received with the most friendly kindness. The Vice-Chancellor paid me a visit at once, and invited me for Monday, when Sir Robert Inglis is to dine with him. The whole day have I gone about with the different Heads, Wardens, Pro-

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vosts, of twenty or thirty Colleges, to see the wonders of this Jerusalem. In the evening I dined at Merton Hall, and platonised with Sewell. I feel quite at home among the teachers of youth, and it is with and among such that I desire to pass my life. The 'Standard' has printed my letter. The 'Globe' has given a second article on the subject, in which is said, 'The Archbishop of Cologne had broken his word.' One is not an Englishman for nothing! even as a Papist, a man takes account of the truth.

All Souls', Oxford, Monday.—In fifteen minutes the 'Magnet' coach takes us all together, Acland, Lepsius (who met me here) and myself to London, to be there by six. I must just tell you, that I have had delightful days and still more delightful evenings and mornings here. Dear Acland is quite himself—last night we sat up together talking, from eleven till half-past two o'clock. I have been overwhelmed with kindness—have seen Wilson, Newman, and some of the finest young men of the University; also dear Henry: though, alas! but little, as he was bound to his lectures, &c. This morning I have had two hours at breakfast with Newman. O! it is sad—he and his friends are truly intellectual people, but they have lost their ground—going exactly *my way*, but stopping short in the middle. It is too late. There has been an amicable interchange of ideas, and a Christian understanding. Yesterday he preached a beautiful sermon. A new period of life begins for me—may God's blessing be upon it!

35 Grosvenor Square, Tuesday, four o'clock.—I have seen the opening of Parliament, and the Queen,—a really beautiful sight. I had from Bülow a ticket for the Royal gallery: for to-night, I have Lord Haddington's ticket for the Lords, and Pusey's for the Commons. Lord H. came to take me thither five minutes after I was gone. But the most important is what Bülow told me this morning, when I asked him whether he would advise me to go by Hamburgh about the middle of March. 'You do not seriously think of leaving us? that is out of the question: I shall write to the King that I cannot maintain the war which is now only beginning. You must stay here at least till June.' I could only reply, that 'my leave of absence ceased with the end of March, when I should be expected at Berlin; besides which, I had no reason for staying, but many for going.' If he will write, and if

they will send me the King's order to stay, *tanto meglio*—but I shall let that come of itself.

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The King of Bavaria has commanded the Protestant soldiers to fall down before the Host. Those at Regensburg have refused; and the King allows the alternative of quitting the service or complying. A letter has been published (to Count Senfft, the Austrian Ambassador Extraordinary in London for the Belgian question) signifying that the Pope will never allow Roman Catholics (those of Limburg and Luxemburg) to be transferred to Protestant Sovereigns. Of both these things due use will be made here.

Lord Melbourne complained of me at Lord Holland's, saying, 'Bunsen is setting up the country against us—his article in the "Quarterly" is in everybody's hands, and makes people mad.' Bülow endeavoured to soothe, saying 'that I had not *written* it, that the article was good and true, and he, Melbourne, would ruin himself and colleagues by opposing its cause.' Melbourne thereupon softened, but added, 'All the young people are growing mad upon religion—W. C., too, who preaches that article.'

Wednesday.—My first Parliamentary night is past. . . . Pusey arrived by 7,—after we had dined he thought it was too late for the Lords,—so we went together to the Commons, when the usher gave me a place on the benches opposite to the Speaker, behind the Members. O'Connell had just finished his speech, and Peel rose. You will read his speech, and how unmercifully he plucked the Member for Kendal. Then I heard Lord John: the others were nothing. It was skirmishing: the two protagonists did the business well. Lord John is no orator, but speaks and answers well. I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause, and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly: I had the feeling

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that had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English: how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked. Not long did I remain unobserved: Sir Thomas Acland came up to me, Milnes, and Tom Acland, and when we were turned out by the division, others came to propose to me to wait and walk home with them. It was then eleven; at half-past the stream flowed out. I lost Pusey, and took my stand by Acland's *cloak*, where Sir Thomas discovered me, and brought me to Sandon and Sir Robert Inglis,—Sandon, with the old good face again. Sir Robert went home, the rest brought me to the Athenæum, where I found Lord Adair, and we began to discuss on Church and State. My turn came, too, and I had a good hearing. We sat together till past two, and, as Sandon said, had a *little* House after the *great* one. We roamed about, first bringing Sir Thomas home, who finding the house dark, began to sing 'Gaudeamus igitur,' as a serenade for Tom, when Sandon stopped the singing, saying they must behave better the first day, so as not to be taken into custody. Then Sandon walked with me home: his house is at the opposite corner of the square. Pusey had only come in a quarter of an hour before, having been at another Club. To-day I am to go with him to an agricultural meeting at twelve; then to see Lord Harrowby, and try again to behold the face of Lady Frances Sandon: also try to get a little better "dressed, which Tom says is absolutely necessary—not forgetting new gloves (he adds) and a better hat! Besides, I must see Gladstone. Read his beautiful letter; it will do you good to see what he says of Abeken. Goulburn had sung his praises already to Sandon in the same tone. To-morrow I hope to write to (Marcus) Niebuhr. I feel like Antæus, the stronger for having touched the soil of my mother-land; for such I call and feel it—doubly blessed in having two moral parents as well as two natural ones.

Wednesday, 7th February.—I breakfasted to-day at the Aglands, with Mr. Wood, the working-hand of the High Church Newman party—with an eagle-nose, fine and intellectual,—and Lord Courtenay. Then went to Gladstone with Tom, and was delighted with the man, who is some day to govern England, if his book is not in his way. We are soon to meet *under four eyes*, which is the only way for becoming known to each other.

The Conservatives have great expectations. Thursday the Education Question comes on, and I am to be in each of the Houses, and have promised to let myself be examined by my friends, to *cram* them about Prussia; and this will *cram* me about England. How shall I get out of this delightful life? I think only by my longing to write, and to be up and doing.

Friday, 9th February.—Here, my beloved, is the answer of the Ministry: most obliging, and tolerably satisfactory. They make a secret towards me of the blow the Pope has given—but repeat wisely my own words, that the State paper cannot well be printed unless in reference to some *new* fact or event. . . . The Arnolds are here: he is to sit for his portrait to Phillips, from eleven to one, and I hope then to be with him. I am in all the misery of note-writing and visiting: my next week is entirely taken up. But I *will* go to Parliament, and I *will* see ‘King Lear’—with Tom (!) and Pusey.

Saturday morning, half-past six.— . . . Lord Palmerston defended the King (of Prussia) very well last night against O’Connell: unfortunately, nobody was quick enough to rap him on the fingers for saying the Archbishop was in prison. O’Connell shows himself the Jesuit—which is lurking in his eye: the form with him is *doucereux*, behind which is the fury of the Radical agitator. This will be a busy day: at nine, Arnold comes to breakfast with Pusey; then we talk till eleven, when Ashley comes to fetch me to a great meeting on the Education plan, at which he presides: this will last till four. At half-past six we go to some play—Pusey wants to *laugh*. To-morrow I shall keep *Sunday*; but at six I must dine with Lord Stanhope. Lord Northampton arrived yesterday, renewing most kindly his invitation. . . . I return G——’s precious letter; God bless the boy! that is my own flesh and blood, and I hope will be an improvement upon his papa. . . .

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Monday, 11th February.—I continue my Diary. Saturday, Ashley took me to a meeting whose tendency and importance made that day one of the most important of my life. He and Sandon and others desire a lay-union for extension of Church rights; in order to call upon all lay-churchmen of England to stand up for two points—one, that the people shall have a regular education, in parish and commercial schools: the second, that the schools shall be under the clergy, directed by a diocesan board, consisting of clergy and gentry, under the Bishop. Ashley communicated the plan to the Duke. 'You will defend the Church, and you are right,' he observed; 'but mark one thing: no frontier is good for defence which is not also good for aggression: take vantage-ground.' The hint was acted upon, as you will see from the 'Times' of to-day. [Bunsen goes on to describe several speeches: the important question mooted, the long discussions and their final result, belong to the history of England of that period. The merits of the case need not be dwelt upon here; only so much is inserted to show the intense interest taken by Bunsen in the subject.] . . . But the honours of the day belong to the Rev. Mr. M'Neil, of Liverpool, the most powerful and graceful orator I ever heard. . . . Two atheistic nondescripts (among the 2,000 present) made a disturbance by cheering a quotation of M'Neil's from a so-called philosopher, asserting that 'the Book of Nature showed forth all that the Bible could truly tell.' M'Neil followed up the theme, and showed that nature displays destruction and death, but the Bible alone gives the solution of the conflict of both with life and loving-kindness. It was a regular *sermon*, but felt to be so appropriate that not a word was whispered, not even of applause, till he had finished. Two thousand were sitting from twelve o'clock till half-past five, in *one* state of deep emotion. I never saw anything like it. . . . Ashley and Sandon accompanied me home. . . . I was almost glad that Pusey had taken tickets for a humorous play. But how did I feel, after such a day, that the English race would all run mad, did they not keep the Sabbath as they do! I went to Audley Chapel, and was much edified.

The great dinner at Lord Stanhope's was very brilliant and entertaining. . . . Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope is a

fine creature. This morning (Monday) I have seen Lady Frances Sandon—the same angelic face as ever, but with some tinge of melancholy. I think I cannot go to Cambridge. O'Connell's journal ('Dublin Review') is announced for next week with an article against Prussia—probably against me. We prepare our defence—attack. All right! never mind!

Tuesday, 13th.— . . . Tell my own Frances I am glad she loves the 'Odyssey,' the parent of all novels and romances, and worth more than all its offspring: and *with* the 'Iliad,' and after that, the book of humanity telling her own tale.

I omitted in my account of the dinner at Lord Stanhope's (it was a well-chosen and really noble party) to mention that Whewell was opposite to me: we had much conversation across the table, in which others joined. He is a man of wonderful acquirements, sound and frank. On Sunday, I. went at eleven with Gladstone to his parish church, after which we began our conference, closeted in his room. He said it had been his wish that I should be prevailed upon to write a book on the present state of the Church of Rome—if not of the whole Church. I answered, that the first of a series of letters with which his work had inspired me, had exactly that title and import: but I had rather begin with the second, the apostolical succession. This led to my *declaration of love* to him for having consciously thrown a stumbling-block in his own way as a statesman, and excited censure, because he came conscientiously to those consequences for which he was so violently attacked: and that I admired him (with permission for saying so), particularly as to the point on which I differed from him. At five minutes before three, he stopped me, in order to introduce me to his father, who was pleased to hear from me what I was so happy to express to him about his admirable son. Then we went together to church, and heard a very good sermon from the Bishop of London: then returned, and again had a conversation alone together. I dined with the Puseys, and read the MS. of Schelling to him till twelve. At a quarter past five this morning, I rose quite fresh, and began to prepare my letter to the Minister. I report that eminent men of all parties here have declared to me that the Papist

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calumnies ought not to be left without answer; that Mr. Lockhart would delay the publication of the number of his Review for a fortnight; that Mr. Empson will accept the article by S— for the 'Edinburgh Review;' that the editor of the 'Foreign Quarterly' had yesterday come over from Greenwich to speak to me, and had said the article which roused my indignation was the work of a fugitive German Catholic revolutionary. . . . I reminded that my leave of absence extended only to the end of March, and if it should be His Majesty's pleasure that I should be employed in England, I must beg to be informed before the 10th of March. At nine I breakfasted with Bishop Stanley. . . . At eleven I went to Lambeth. O! that is the English Vatican! finer than anything else in London. Mr. Harrison took me to the Archbishop—a very kind and intelligent man; he spoke highly of my Liturgy, which had been given him by the Duke of Cumberland. I entered upon the Cologne subject, then on apostolical succession, and he proposed a series of discussions at his Thursday dinners with a few of the learned. Next Thursday I could not come, being engaged to Lockhart. I am invited for the following. I came back late, after seeing the whole palace, and having looked in the archives after Leibnitz's correspondence with Wake, about the Union. I had Lord Mahon and others as companions. Then to dinner at M^r Geachy's—a party of friends—at home soon after twelve. This morning I found a note from Gladstone, with three copies of his work. This man's humility and modesty make me ashamed; I hope and trust I shall profit by it: but in his kindness I delight. He always speaks as if he had only to learn from me.

To-morrow I go with Bülow to Court—afterwards to the Duke of Cambridge; next day to the Ministers, or some of them at least.

As to the meeting between Pusey and Arnold, the latter could only come after breakfast, when there was merely time for half-an-hour's conversation; but this made both know and like each other, as each expressed to me.

I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the love and admiration I feel for Pusey: *admiration* for his extraordinary statesmanlike judgment, wherever he is, on the ground of his parliamentary life and business, in which he moves as a fish

in the water; not less, for his admirable temper and character: and *love*, for his unspeakable goodness to me, as well as Lady Emily's. It is as if the house, and the life in the house, was for me alone; all is calculated (without showing it) to make me enjoy and profit by my stay here. In particular, he collects all papers, pamphlets, articles, &c., to make me acquainted with parliamentary business, and lead me into the perfect understanding of parties, persons, and interests. We want one thing alone—*time*; for I have little, and he *none*. A hundred things we settle to do, and for scarcely one can we find leisure. Pusey says it will be better later, but it appears to me that more stops of the organ are every day drawn out, and the music ever more complicated. . . . Lord Lansdowne most kindly recognised me, inviting me to Bowood for the spring, and to his house in the season; asking my direction, speaking about Niebuhr, the papyri, &c., and the question of purchasing Beckford's pictures, as to which he has urged Spring Rice to decide immediately to have them at any price. . . . Lord John was not in a good vein—he made blunders, said too much or too little, and was embarrassed by questions which Gladstone, Ashley, Sandon, &c., and at last the skilful leader, Peel, put to him. Peel is not the genius, but the tactician and experienced captain of the Conservatives. He reduced the plan to this: 'You will give a Board an immense power, to appoint, direct, found, &c., and you speak of liberty of education, accusing us of exclusiveness: now, I say, your system is an encroachment upon liberty: we will educate our children according to the doctrines of our Church, and so also those who willingly come to us; let all others do the same if they like; if they prefer to be governed by you, let them! we will not, and never will.'

I have finished the first part of my (Niebuhr) article. I wonder myself at the bold language I hold to the public, but I feel that I write better than before, and I write what I think and feel. To-day I have begun the second part—Niebuhr's view of the relation between Church and State, as to Prussia and Rome. I send all off the day after to-morrow.

Friday.— . . . More and more do I think how unequally the burden of life falls upon us two! I am enjoying my existence amidst all that can make it enjoyable, in a new and

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beloved country, and you have the whole care of the family upon you !

Wednesday, four o'clock, 20th February.—I have been presented to the Queen . . . also to the Duke, who was very cordial : ‘ Vous avez eu de grandes affaires ’—‘ Nous nous y attendions ’—‘ Elles ne sont pas encore finies ’—‘ Nous n’en voyons que le commencement ’—‘ Je suis de votre avis ’—‘ Heureusement les Rhénans ne sont point des Belges ’—‘ C’est vrai—c’est bien.’

The Duke of Lucca came up to me, to shake hands, and did everything to show that he knew me. The Austrian Chargé d’Affaires standing near, the Duke said, ‘ I must come to Grosvenor Square to see you. Servo umilissimo ! State bene ! ’ &c.

In a letter of February 16, mention is made of an invitation to make a speech at the great meeting of the Bible Society : and of Bunsen’s unwillingness to promise, ‘ in the doubt of being able to say what he would most desire to utter ’—however, the next day’s letter announces the ‘ maiden speech ’ as having been made, and approved.

In the evening, at the great dinner they speechified me as a toast, and I had vowed to tell them a piece of my mind if they did so. So in returning thanks I told them on what great principles I presumed England and Germany stood together as to science and natural philosophy.

1. The most unlimited liberty in the investigation of truth. (Cheers.)

2. The ground for this to be, not the despair or mistrust of unbelief, but sound belief. (Cheers.)

3. That as historical science is blind without natural, so, vice versâ, natural philosophy is blind without philosophy of the mind and historical knowledge.

Then I commented upon the constituent parts of this assembly, in allusion to some remarkable individuals met together, with illustrious members of both Houses of Parliament, surrounded by men high in every branch of knowledge, and all connected with the object of the Society. This led to the conclusion.

I received many compliments, but I felt I had not done justice to self or subject. I ought to have had fifteen minutes more to develope it, and that was impossible ; besides, the

task was rather beyond the strength of my wings in English speaking. You remember my telling you of the conversation I had at Oxford, on the point that the public lectures of the University ought to be revived: the day before yesterday the Senate decreed their restoration, and to make them obligatory. My plan was nothing new, but perhaps my speaking did something towards bringing it on. I am working hard, as well as a fish in water, eating little, drinking less, except water.

Monday there being no debate in the House, Pusey and I remained together and read Sophocles, which cheered the good friend considerably.

At the Lord Mayor's dinner I was placed by Lord Bloomfield. Nothing can be finer than the pageant and the 'loving cup' ceremony.

This day was the last for the article. I had not written a word, only given materials. I went to Lockhart, to submit to him the analysis for his approval, but not finding him, had no resource left but to promise to bring the article by half-past nine to-morrow morning. This necessity made me write, and the article is at this moment written, all but ten pages of conclusion which are sketched, and which I shall have the happiness of working out to-morrow early, by a quarter past nine. At ten I am to breakfast at Sir R. Inglis's, with Lord Glenelg, &c. This evening I go to the Ancient Music. Bülow is in great danger, from an apoplectic fit. He has given up all business to Baron Werther as Chargé d'Affaires.

I omitted to write about my breakfast at Hallam's. Pusey, Lord Mahon, Macaulay (who is the Demosthenes and Cicero of the Whigs), Empson, and Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar. I sat between Hallam and Macaulay, and the conversation was very lively and instructive; after breakfast its course was turned to what is now in everybody's mind—the Church. It was evident that Macaulay is writing the article in the 'Edinburgh' on Gladstone's book; he spoke with all the power of his mind (or rather *esprit*) on the subject. They wanted to draw me into the debate, but I slyly departed, not wishing to tell them all I knew on the matter, and desiring neither to give them arms against my friends, nor to withhold my opinion. However I may agree with the Whig party

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in single points, I disagree with them in the general view of things human and divine, and I know they are wrong in this, and will never go with me. They invited me to a session of the Central Education Society, presided over by Mr. Wyse (whose wife was a Bonaparte), but I declined. I will not let them know how far I think them right, as in the whole they will go the wrong way . . . the best are negative spirits. They are good for the purpose of keeping the Tories awake and within bounds; the worst is, they are in O'Connell's hands. It has been made out that O'Connell cannot be eloquent unless greeted by cheers from the opposite side; and in Parliament he is now heard in deep silence, and becomes weary and tiresome.

23rd February.—To-day I ventured out (after three days cold and fever) to see Bülow, whose life is for this time saved, but he feels very miserable, and will return to Berlin.

Monday, 25th February.—On Saturday, I attended the Committee of the British Museum, and explained to the Archbishop and the Bishop of London the importance of the Egyptian Papyri; this led to a conversation on Lepsius' discovery (he also was present), and I gave them a succinct Egyptian lecture. The Papyri will be purchased, on the strength of Lepsius's and my statement. Lepsius wrote at my request a French memoir on the subject. The Raphael was actually purchased that same day, but Beckford had screwed up the price. I read with dear Pusey the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles, then dined with him and Lady Emily, and at half-past-nine to Holland House, having received repeated messages from Lady Holland, who was most gracious.

Sunday morning.—Having prepared my second and third letters to Gladstone, I went to church with Pusey, after an interesting conversation at breakfast about Rothe's magnificent development of the idea of the Church in St. Paul and on Schelling. After one o'clock we returned, and discussed the Chronology of St. Paul's Epistles, and the author of the Acts of the Apostles till after six, when I lay down for twenty minutes to rest, so as to be fresh for Lansdowne House, whither I went with Hall at a quarter to seven. Lady Lansdowne most graciously claimed my acquaintance, and made me sit on her right hand, between her and Mr. Strang-

ways, her brother—a singular person, very monosyllabic and cold at first, but who afterwards became very animated, and brought out a vast deal of information on architecture. The house is princely and tasteful. After dinner, conversation with Labouchere, and with Lord L. on National Education (you know he is now Minister of Education, as President of the Board founded the other day). He said I must allow him one morning expressly to show his gallery of statues. Returned home twenty-five minutes before eleven, read the Epistle to Timothy in the Greek Testament, and went to bed. Rose at a quarter past six this morning (Monday) and wrote. Breakfasted with Pusey upon ham and speculative philosophy. I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the speculative talent and depth of Pusey. There is no Englishman I know who has studied this subject so much; he takes in Schelling as easily as Plato. Then I went to Lord Ashley and to Bülow. Our Government is furious about that article in the 'Foreign Quarterly' on the *Zollverein* (Commercial League), and important and satisfactory papers have been sent to Bülow, desiring him to have those misstatements contradicted. Bülow wrote to me on Saturday to come to him; he said he could not undertake the commission in his present state of health and amount of other occupation, and asked if I would? I could not but answer yes, as it is clear something must be done. Bülow was delighted. The question is, whether the 'Quarterly' (already printing) will also accept an article on the Austrian Treaty and Prussian Commercial League? I went to Lord Ashley, who with his unspeakable kindness, immediately offered to go to Lockhart, 'though it is the eleventh hour.' I begged Bülow to have the documents translated, the reasoning I will anglicise myself, and Pusey, I am sure, will help me. Thus, my love, another stop is beginning to blow in my English organ.

. . . I am so happy that I do you and your dearest mother credit in this place!

Wednesday, 27th February.—On Monday (25th) we dined at Baring's with Lord and Lady Mahon (she is agreeable and handsome), Carlyle, Henry Taylor (the poet, and a clerk in the Colonial Office), Mr. Greville (Clerk of the Privy Council). The party was very pleasant. I made Lord Mahon tell me about his own works and studies. Amongst other things,

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he mentioned that the Duke is so fond of children that he has always those of some relation for a month at a time in the country, and plays with them for hours at football, letting them plague him as much as they please, and is like a child himself among them. . . . But what a Session it was that evening in Parliament! Lord John moved the Cathedral Stalls Abolition, or Suspension, Bill. I could hear but a few words, such was the talking and inattention of the members. Lord John yawned, the Radicals slept or laughed. Gladstone was disheartened; he said to me that he had intended to speak, but saw that he must give up doing so, he would not have twenty members to listen, as it was understood that Sir Robert Peel would not oppose the Bill, only propose variations in Committee.

The Duke of Cambridge having sent me a message through Bülow that he could receive my visit about twelve, I went thither from Bülow, and the Duke kept me an hour and a half, talking away in his manner. He said he had seen in his life *two Kings*, one having been his father, the other Frederick William III.; then desired my opinion upon Ireland and the Roman Catholic question, saying he was sure I knew more than most people on the subject.

Friday morning, 1st March.—I breakfasted with Gladstone. Found Sir Stephen Glynne with him. We had a long conversation. I never speak English half as easily as when hearing him speak and seeing him. Of course we had not done till twelve, but I arrived at home in time to be fetched by Lady Raffles and Ella to Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street, to see Mrs. Fry.

I think, of all moments spent in London, the time spent here was the most impressive and striking to me. On the long journey thither, I had a conversation with Lady Raffles, in which I felt again more than ever all that she is; her powerful understanding, her high-mindedness and Christian humility, besides her touching kindness to me, which I feel indeed more ashamed than proud of, and that is saying much. [Many particulars are given of Crosby Hall, and the arrangement on this occasion of a bazaar of work and books to be sold for the benefit of female prisoners and convicts.] In the middle, near the front stall, stood a tall, large figure, about 60 years of age, with eyes small but of

sweet and commanding expression—a striking appearance, not plain, but rather grand than handsome. This was Mrs. Fry, my favourite saint. She promised, when we had made our circuit, to find a place in which we could have conversation; and this she did, in a gallery overlooking that glorious Crosby Hall. When she stopped speaking, I said something expressive of my feeling as to her work of love, and further ventured to say, ‘I have for many years wished to convince myself why you could and should not devise measures for making such great and blessed efforts as yours, for so grand an object, independent of yourself,—to form something that might survive you.’ ‘First read the book which thou hast bought, and then let me hear thee. I will see thee at my house, and I will take thee to Newgate with me.’ Then she said, ‘I will see thee off; but I must go to my stall: I have now rested.’

Lady Raffles and Ella and I remained longer in that retired place, and my full heart overflowed to her on the subject. Every word found an echo. ‘How much (she said) of individual effort is thrown away, in our present individual and separate condition! Either we are kept back by fear of ridicule, or in danger of vanity and conceit. There is so much also of cant and talking, that little is done.’ . . . I dined that same day at the Thatched House, with the Literary Club;—presented by Sir Robert Inglis as his guest. *Nobody* is admitted besides the members—I was the third exception, and the first foreigner. I sat between the President and the Bishop of Winchester, and had a good conversation. The Bishop is a man of very good manners and multifarious information. I shall know more of him, for he will not only take me to High Wood to dinner, but also bring me back at night. Sir George Murray is a very distinguished and amiable hero; Lord Goderich very clever.

By the bye, the Bishop of London said,—‘We have bought the Papyri, and never did any discovery interest me more: but I think all will be useless, unless we can buy Dr. Lepsius besides.’

My dearest—this is an important part of my life. If I live, and if God be with me, I think I shall coin out into realities the best that I know or think. I am quite well, sleep six hours only, and am always fresh, to Pusey’s envy. Ever your own. . . .

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Monday morning, 4th March.—[The first passage of this letter is in German.]—My beloved! I must, on the morning of this day address to you a few lines, to have a sort of dialogue, in spite of the cold distance between us.

May God bless you abundantly, and by penetrating you more and more with the consciousness of His love, reward you for all the love with which you make your husband and children happy! May He more and more draw out of your heart the sting of care, and of anxiety as to that future which belongs to Him; and give you strength and power to commend all things with a cheerful heart into His father-hand! May He grant you joy and blessing in all that is most dear to you, and suffer your children all to thrive and flourish! When I utter these wishes and prayers for you, I have need to double the supplications for myself! . . .

I have not time to describe as I wished Lady Raffles at High Wood,—it is the former Queen of the East amidst her relics, and surrounded by the remains of her station. Her set of Japanese instruments of music—(plates of brass, &c.)—have no *quart* or *septima*, but otherwise our scale. I suppose that comes from the two tetrachords and the semitone in each. . . . Massive pieces of plate show what was saved from the shipwreck. In the midst, she moves, so queenlike and so humble, so serious and so spirited, so intelligent and so full of kindness. I felt the truth of what I have often experienced, that one ought to see everyone *at home*. . . . I should have enjoyed staying here over Sunday; but I was good, and returned to London with the Bishop.

I found an invitation to dinner—from whom? Mrs. Fry! for next Thursday, somewhere in Essex, at a place called Upton. Fortunately, I am free that day.

Sunday morning.—I went to Guy's Hospital. Nothing could be more touching than all I saw and heard there: the preaching of Gospel-truth in simplicity, by one of the finest and deepest minds of the most learned men in England, to *Christ's own congregation*, viz. cripples, blind, lame, even insane, aged men and women, invalids, convalescent, half-dying. The sermon was admirable; the latter half extempore, as I heard afterwards, although seemingly read. The party in the house (wife and sister) quite worthy of Maurice. Milnes was with us—in his 'Sunday-best' humour. We

went back by St. Saviour's church, embarked on the steamer, and proceeded in glorious sunshine along that noble river to Huhgerford Stairs. I took Coleridge to the Athenæum, and sat down to read; but was soon disturbed by a succession, not apostolic! of visitors who happened to know me. Still, I got some reading, till four, when Milnes (who had most good-naturedly allowed me to remain alone till then) returned to show me the Carlton and other Clubs which I had not seen. I came home in time for the dinner at the Duke of Cambridge's. The Duchess of Gloucester was there,—most kind and gracious—full of enquiries after you and mamma. At ten, the Duke retired, to play a quartett with three violinists who can only come on a Sunday evening. I heard this still going on when I retired, and it is said he keeps it up till two o'clock. Returning at half-past eleven, I found my *best* friend Pusey ready to grant me an hour's talk. To-day, we are to see 'King Lear.' This morning, I must begin about trade (*Zollverein*), mixed up with Mrs. Fry's book, and 'King Lear.' What a *mélange*! . . . Lockhart will take the article, which must be written this week. Farewell Coleridge and philosophy! . . . The chit-chat is, that I am charged with a secret mission—nobody knows about what—but that I have already made great progress—nobody knows where or in what! Never mind! says the English Solon.

Wednesday, 6th March.—I could get no companion on Monday to go to 'King Lear,' Pusey being bound to go to the House; wherefore, after having dined quietly with the Puseys, I resolved to have a holiday in the evening; so I divided it—drinking tea with Lady Emily, and having a comfortable conversation with that excellent and distinguished being—and afterwards busy in my room. Yesterday, Tuesday, we breakfasted (Lepsius also) at Gally Knight's, who showed us his admirable collection for his great work on the 'History of Christian Architecture.' I was to have dined with Hare at Mr. Hall's, but feeling the day to be very cold, and the beginning of a cold in myself, I thought it right to send an excuse, and went early to bed, which did me much good. This morning I breakfasted with Pusey and a number of literary men at Milnes'; on the way home found Lord and Lady Sandon walking in the midst of a fall of snow, like my-

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self, to make a visit; yet they stopped to speak, and I am to dine with them after to-morrow at Lord Harrowby's. You will see from the enclosed that you as well as myself are to dine with Sir R. and Lady Peel on the 23rd. Pusey says I *must* accept this, and not depart till the Monday following, the 25th. This I have done, relying upon the answer from Berlin not snatching me away from the land of the living.

Friday morning, eight o'clock.—The Ministers are out—that they ought to have gone out sooner was clear long ago. It is a great event, and an awful crisis. Sir Robert Peel is now master of the country; he will probably try the old House, with the sword suspended over its head.

Yesterday I was with Lady Raffles and Joukoffsky at the British Museum for three hours. Lord Glenelg wished to see Rome (the Panorama) in Leicester Square, and I accompanied him there. . . . At three I am to see Carlyle, then drive or walk with Lady Raffles, and dine at six with the Bishop of Norwich. I absolutely do nothing now, but open my eyes and ears to see and hear, besides sleeping and dining—thinking, throughout all else, of you and the children. All London is in a bustle; fear, hope, anger, joy, curiosity above all. Yesterday Lord Francis Egerton took me over his wonderful gallery; I am invited to come without appointment and walk through it by myself. It is the choicest collection in the world. Then I saw that of Mr. Bankes—the Escorial Raphael, once that of Gonzaga, quite untouched.

Sunday, 10th March.—I must sit down a minute before dinner to begin writing the history of this day, which has been very rich and eventful to me. We had settled to go this morning to hear Maurice preach—Pusey and I, Mrs. Ward and Miss Seymer; at last Pusey could not go, so I accompanied the ladies. Last night, on my return from a most delightful dinner-party at Lord Haddington's, Count Woronzoff, his sister, Lady Pembroke, and her beautiful daughter Lady Emma, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Wharncliffe, Mr. Drummond (all invited, as Lord H. said, to meet me)—I found a note to announce that Mrs. Fry would set out on her journey to the Continent next Wednesday, and wished first to hear from me what hints or letters I could give her. I therefore resolved after church to go to Upton. The two ladies approved my suggestion that they should drive

me thither, and see Mrs. Fry with me, to whom Mrs. Ward had been introduced at Paris, and received an invitation to call upon her in England.—(*Continued on Monday morning, seven o'clock.*)—We arrived at Guy's Hospital just in time. Maurice preached on the third temptation of Christ,—His being shown by the Spirit all the kingdoms of the earth—one of the finest and deepest sermons that ever was heard, and yet in a style to be intelligible to that congregation. He said that the two first temptations referred to the two portions of the Lord's prayer: 'Hallowed be Thy Name,' and 'Thy will be done;' whereas this answered to, 'Thy kingdom come.' Then he stated how Christ found the world: the chosen people not knowing in what sense they were to be the kingdom of God, and the heathen not knowing how to enter it—yet both children of the same hope and love; this he developed beautifully, in an anti-Judaic and anti-pseudo-orthodox manner. Then he asked: What did Christ see from the mountain? Human joy and human misery: all hearts beating under the sway of hope and fear and passion; God's law perverted, even when acknowledged in form; His love abused, His gifts made poisonous, &c. And then the Devil said, 'Now is not this all the working of my power? am I not the lord of this world? Now acknowledge this, and then thou shalt reign over it. Thou mightest then make men happy, correct what is wrong, heal what is wounded; this is what thou wilt, but it is I who must first give the power, for thou hast none in these countries and nations.' Then he enlarged finally upon the answer of Christ, and came afterwards in the second part to the application; but his writing had been at an end long before,—he spoke extempore, holding the paper as if reading. You see how the application was made. Whenever a thought rises upon thee, like this, 'is not selfishness, and the evil principle, reigning in this world, and not the love of God? must thou not lower thy standard to be able to exercise love in such a world, to deal with it, even for doing good?' 'Dost thou know, that this is Satan tempting thee as he tempted Christ?' &c. . . .

. . . At Mrs. Fry's door, the servant protested that she could not see anybody; yet we were let in. Mrs. Fry came, much fagged, but friendly. I began my statement of a plan for her journey, quite different to that which had been made

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out for her; she took my hint instantly. I gave her a picture of country and men from Stuttgart to Elberfeld, and before I reached Heidelberg, she said, 'That is settled, I must go that way.' Then I took courage, and told her of Köpf's establishment for lost children at Berlin, of the deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, &c. 'But the most interesting subject,' I said, 'is the present state of the Moravian brethren—a matter I have for fifteen years longed to discuss with you—they ought to cease from being a *sect*, and become an *order*.' I explained and enlarged; she said, 'I think that would just be the thing—but dost thou think it can be done?' I replied, 'I think it *must*, and if it be the intention of Him who rules His people, it *can*.' After further reiteration in general terms, she fell into meditation, and then said, 'It would be a beautiful thing—a great blessing. I now feel what thy friend Lady Raffles told me; I ought to have seen more of thee—thou shouldst have been under my roof; I should have gone to High Wood to meet thee. I am sorry for what I have missed; shall I ever see thee again?' Then, having put on her long black cloak to go to their meeting, she took my hands and said, 'Farewell, may God be with thee in all thy ways, and prosper all thou doest.' It was an impressive and solemn interview, and we all felt the power of her character. I came home by six, dined with Pusey, and then read with him till eleven.

Saturday, 16th March.—My article on Prussian and Austrian commerce and policy is printed, but cannot be inserted into this number, because in printing into pages the preceding articles they found they had already exceeded their widest limits. Nothing has been neglected, nothing forfeited; everything done by Lockhart that could be done. It will appear the middle of June, or perhaps earlier. In the meantime I shall send the proof-sheets to Berlin confidentially; of course I shall not tell them I wrote it, or they might dismiss me from the King's service for being so anti-Russian and true Germanic. . . . It has been printed literally as I wrote it, which I never expected.

Bunsen returned to his family and his mother-in-law, on Wednesday in Passion Week, and passed a bright Easter-time with them at Llanover, of which nothing fur-

ther can be said, than that he worked energetically at the project of a Law of Divorce demanded of him at Berlin, as to which subject he had been collecting materials and opinions: returning early in April to the affectionate hospitality of Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily, now established in Hertford Street, instead of their previous abode (the house of Lady Lucy Pusey) in Grosvenor Square.

Bunsen to his Wife.

23 Hertford-Street: Tuesday, 16th April, 1839.

So I am again, my most beloved, in the midst of this last stage of my *Wanderjahre*.

When I was just about stepping into a fly, at seven o'clock at Birmingham, to go to the inn (no train proceeding till half-past eleven at night) Mr. Lee stood before me—summoning me to his hospitable abode; he had arranged with Dr. Arnold to keep me there, as it was out of the question that I should reach Rugby that day. I found Lake of Balliol, and we had a delightful dinner and evening there till one in the morning. I breakfasted with Mr. Lee at seven, and by nine had mounted the mail with Lake. At Rugby, Mrs. Arnold and some of her children met me on the meadow. It was truly a reception of friends. Dr. Arnold gave me the continuation of his work on the Church, which furnished ample materials for conversation. When discussing the University system, it struck me that on the 20th, when the Cathedral question comes on, four stalls might be detached from different cathedrals to be attached to either of the two Universities. My idea was approved—and I plan preaching this to my friends, to try whether I can gain them over to it. I wish that besides the two Divinity Professorships and the Hebrew Professorship (all well endowed) there should be two for the New Testament—one for Ecclesiastical History—Greek and Latin Professorship, &c. I came just in time for the mail, and reached London five minutes past two. On arriving I found a very kind invitation from Sir Robert Peel, which I enclose. [Particulars follow as to the impossibility of getting into the House of Commons, in spite of applications of friends and kind consideration of everybody.] At length the Speaker

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sent word that he would give orders for me to be let in at half-past six, *if* the Peers by that time should have been accommodated. Then I sat down on the steps in the lobby, reading a book on Pompeii by Wordsworth. At a quarter past six I was let in—presented by Sir Thomas to Lord Canterbury, by whose side was Lord de Vesci (whom we knew as Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald), who most kindly acknowledged me. A Peer on the other side offered me his place—so I was accommodated better than could have been supposed. After Lord John had spoken for an hour and a half, Peel got up and delivered a splendid speech. . . You must read the debate in the ‘Times.’ The house adjourned at a quarter to twelve, and I went home with Pusey. I had resolved to give up my dinner rather than the House, but Sir Thomas would not allow it, and took me out at four to the Athenæum for a beef-steak. Hamilton was there—he and Lord Northampton have taken up my idea of the *Natalis Urbis* most kindly, and arranged that Lord Ripon should preside, as President of the Royal Society of Literature, in the chambers of that Society, near Charing-cross. . . .

. . . On my walk with Sir Thomas from the House to the Athenæum (remarkable for the number of persons whom we met, and he spoke with) we saw, on the open space before Westminster Abbey, a great crowd following *somebody*. It was *the Duke* (as Sir Thomas had rightly conjectured) whom the mob had cheered as he came out of the House, and followed him quietly as an honorary suite—he from time to time turning to bow to them. ‘Is it all friendly meant?’ asked Sir Thomas of one of the people: ‘Most certainly,’ answered the man: ‘Well,’ answered Sir Thomas, ‘I think it is the finest guard of honour an English Duke can have.’ ‘I am glad you think so,’ answered the man, not known to the interlocutor, and evidently much pleased. I cannot enter into an account of last night: I lost not a word, and debated in my mind with the orators. . . .

Practically the whole debate (which will continue to-day and to-morrow) will have no effect. I have this morning arranged all my books and papers in the beautiful sitting-room assigned to me: then breakfasted with Sir Thomas and Mr. B. Baring—saw Lord Northampton, who wants me to spend Sunday with him at Castle Ashby, railroading—but I could not be

back in time for the Bible Society meeting, at twelve o'clock on Monday.

At ten I was blessed with your letter,—tell dear mamma how I look forward to some more quiet weeks or months of creative occupation under her hospitable roof, and in her enlivening and cherished presence. You and mamma ought to get the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly Reviews' of March—the former contains Macaulay's article on Gladstone—contradictory, but very respectful: Gladstone has written him a note of thanks.

Thursday morning, 18th April, quarter past six.—My beloved—among the many comforts you bestowed upon me during our last meeting, there was one, greater than you can be aware of,—I mean your way of approving my resolution as to Berlin, and your expressions about Usedom's communications.* I did not express my feeling to you, because I thought it unreasonable to be pained by being told plainly what I knew before and foresaw, and *faithless* to indulge a sentiment of this nature. As to Berlin, I should have waived all my reluctance, had you urged me to go. How could I read that letter of the Crown Prince without feeling all my heart's affection and gratitude flow towards him who wrote it?

The debate has not advanced an inch the second and third day—it will perhaps not end before Friday. Grote and some others say openly, 'Shall we overturn the coach?' Grattan made a theatrical but eloquent speech, and concluded well. On coming home, I found a most cordial note from Sir Robert Peel, in answer to mine, inviting me again for Saturday, and saying 'he would try to collect a few persons whom I might be pleased to meet.' Pusey says he never knew of such cordiality on the part of Peel; but I had felt from our first meeting here, that his acquaintance is only to be made in the room of his wife and children: he there throws off his reserve.

A new Devonshire saying is repeated. Mr. F., at the late election, said—'I call on the people to be no longer priest-ridden: I myself, for one, never was priest-ridden, and never

* The faithful Usedom had written in low spirits as to Bunsen's prospects, and represented him as given up by all his former friends, who took it ill of him not to force his way back to Berlin.

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will be.' Next morning, one of the papers had the following lines :—

*Thou ridden ! that can never be,
By prophet or by priest :
Balaam is dead, and none but he
Would choose thee for his beast.*

I enclose Peel's note—return it to me, for I shall send it to the Crown Prince for his collection of autographs.

Bunsen to John Hills, Esq.

London : Sunday (without date, must be 20th April, 1838).

I am in despair not to have caught you in the vortex of this world. I hope you are still here, and will stay to-morrow. The Royal Society of Literature has offered its rooms to the Roman Institute for to-morrow's anniversary.* Lord Ripon will be in the chair at one. I shall speak Pyramids and Fora, and Lepsius Obelisks and Sesostris. Pray come.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Monday, 22nd April.

What an invaluable letter you have sent me ! Don't think me cruel for longing for an entire letter from you !—it is the fixed point of the day and the centre of my thoughts. But I am not ungrateful for a mere line, and you have sent me so many, with all your occupations, and the languor you experience—least of all am I thankless for any utterance of love, however brief : the fact is, I cannot do without an uninterrupted continuance of the accustomed intercourse and conversation.

As to Carlyle's Lectures they are very striking ; rugged thoughts, *not* ready made up for any political or religious system ; thrown at people's heads, by which most of his audiences are sadly startled ; I will retail them to you when we meet. From Berlin I have this moment received the whole mass of State Papers on the Law of Divorce, sent by Altenstein, by especial order of His Majesty. They form four volumes in folio MS. I dined at four at Winchester House (where Lady Raffles is staying), went afterwards to hear Mr. Melvill

* The Palilia, considered by the ancient Romans as the anniversary of the foundation of their city, were celebrated on the 21st of April.

preach (at Camberwell) an exciting sermon against excitement. I have been going about to-day with dear Joukoffsky.

Tuesday morning.—I have risen early to write to the Minister, and acknowledge the receipt of the papers; saying that I should require a leisure interval of several months for the work entrusted to me (a detailed opinion upon the several documents, and in general upon the conception and treatment of the matter).

My dearest love, the way will be shown to us; but let us look back, and say whether it has not been hitherto one of continued mercy? . . . I know that all will go on well, so as to enable me to do what is my call to perform, if I am only not faithless. Pray for this, with me!

I have in the pressure of the moment omitted to say a word of thanks and rejoicing, that you approve of my speech. For although I know that your love makes you partial, still it is amongst your most precious and endearing qualities never to express approbation but when you feel it. Adieu, I must write to the Crown Prince.

The 'Literary Gazette' has printed my paper on the Pyramids. I have written to Darley* to offer my second article for the 'Athenæum.' Darley is poor, but the editor of the 'Literary Gazette' is making money by his paper. The literary world has not its proper position! No thought beyond things tangible. Buckland is persecuted by bigots for having asserted that among the fossils there may be a pre-Adamic species. 'How,' say they, 'is that not direct, open infidelity? Did not death come into the world by Adam's sin?' I suppose then that the lions shown to Adam were originally destined to roar throughout eternity!

In reply to your question as to what I shall propose about the Law of Divorce,—I say, let the law stand, as amended by the Ministry, as the provisional common law, but introduce a paragraph at the end, purporting 'that the King reserves to himself the power of sanctioning such laws of divorce, for given religious communities, as might be proposed by them.' The German of this is, that he will allow the synods of the

* A man of truly poetical mind, and fresh, unspoiled disposition, whom those who have known him will remember with affection: an Irishman known to Bunsen in Rome. He was an habitual contributor to the 'Athenæum.'

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constituted two churches of the Rhineland and Westphalia to frame such a law for themselves. Sir Robert Peel's dinner-party was really a very gratifying event to me; it was the conclusion of my attendance on that very long debate, the subject of which was naturally the leading topic for him and his friends. But he said besides many good things; for instance, that the present English style was usually so conventional and so little classical, that he believed in future times the book chiefly to be quoted out of this period as classical, as a sample of 'good racy Saxon,' would be the collection of despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; they were written merely to utter in the simplest manner what he had to say, without being in any degree *apprêté*. To-day I shall call on Lady Peel, and leave her my plan of reading for her daughter. I have nothing further to tell, but that I wrote twelve hours, then refreshed myself in the Green Park, and in the evening with dearest Pusey. He is a most *unique* union of a practical Englishman and an intellectual German, so that when speaking in one capacity, one might think he had lost sight of the other. So in Church matters—as to England he is now almost a Puseyite; practically his feeling against Low Church and Calvinism is almost passion; 'in thought,' he says, 'I am more German than you; I can allow philosophy to be Christian, which you do not. If I was to pronounce my *gnôme* (motto, *symbolum*) in the manner of the ancients, it would be this: If Christianity be divine, then is it true; and if merely human, it is real.' A startling saying, the whole sense of which nobody can understand without knowing the theory of our philosophers: 'that the reality of God is His creation, and in the highest sense the creation of man.' . . . I wish I could read to you my essay on historical criticism—Niebuhr, Roman religion, British Empire, &c., written on Monday. I will now make a substantial thing of it—running through Niebuhr's history, to spice it with examples for every assertion; as the English like to have done—leaving nothing to be taken for granted.—'Mykerinus 600 years before Abraham,'—'Abraham being to Cheops (at least) as Victoria to William the Conqueror'—these assertions of mine are running throughout London: I dare say I shall be attacked. Lord Burghersh has given me the foreigner's ticket for every Wednesday of the Ancient

Music; to-day Lepsius and Hills go with it, as I dine at the Farquhars with Gladstone. I have resolved, if courage fail not, to speak at the Bible Society, after having read the speeches and reports of 1837. If I succeed in that speech, I will learn carving: for I see here one is not a *man* without being able to speak and to carve! Pusey shall teach me. ..

Thursday, 5th April, four o'clock.— . . The extract from my essay is in the press; I went through it to-day with the publisher. I have been invited (through Lord Ashley) to speak at the meeting of the Church Missionary Society, and to move a resolution; I am resolved to accept whatever offers in this field, and see whether I can be of use, and how far the strength of my pinions may sustain me. . . . Dr. Lushington will go through the principles of the Law of Marriage in England with me; and the Dean of Faculty (Mr. Hope, a relation of Lord Haddington's) came to me yesterday, with the greatest kindness, to propose doing the same as to the law in Scotland, and to write for me the titles of the principal works on the subject. I am to state my enquiries in writing, and he will write his answers. He approved of my plan thoroughly, of permitting the formation of a church law (*eines kirchlichen Rechtes*) but not to *found* it (*gründen*)—the idea was new to him, but he seized it at once. In short, all that I could wish comes into my hands: may God make me duly thankful and humble! Do you too pray for this!

Saturday, 27th April.— . . I shall write an opinion (as to the Divorce Law) to be comprised in not more than from four to six pages, but such as to be a witness against them. . . . I want to make Abeken translate Gladstone's book, and I would write the preface myself, at Fox How or dear Llanover this summer; I will write it as for my beloved Prince. Pusey was struck with three words that the Prince put together about the Church of England, her '*beneficent, limited sufficiency*' (*ihr wohlthätiges, beschränktes Genügen*). Nobody but himself could express with three words the whole state of things. Old Bader at Munich has written a book, '*On the Emancipation of Catholicism from Rome.*'

Wednesday, 1st May, eight o'clock, evening.—I must write to say that I have got out of one of the most difficult tasks I perhaps have ever laid upon myself, with God's help, much better than I had anticipated. You know I had written a

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speech to be read on the *Natale di Roma*, on Rome and Niebuhr's history, with which Pusey was much satisfied. Now, having to treat the same subject another day, I intended to make the speech a complete exposition of the German system of historical criticism, and of that of Niebuhr in particular. Monday I set again to writing, finishing all up to the conclusion, and yesterday I revised all and wrote the close—it was half-past nine when I had done. Then we breakfasted, and Pusey revised the second part—it was fifteen minutes before one when we had finished. The lecture went off very well; it was very numerous attended; they voted that all our lectures should be printed. In this speech I told them something of every part of criticism, on the occasion of discussing Niebuhr's system;—of the *Iliad*, the *Nibelungen*, the *Cid*, and all the *Cymri* histories. My treatise on Niebuhr's Roman History, however, cuts deepest to the quick; Pusey says it is the best I have yet written. After the meeting, Sir Thomas Acland, Lord Northampton, and Lord Burghersh spoke, to express to me the thanks of the Assembly, in the name of all the English who had been in Rome. The speech of Sir Thomas moved me greatly; he said, 'He not only gave us to enjoy the hospitality of one of the most agreeable houses we ever visited, but he also raised the tone of social life among our countrymen.' At home I found Pusey rejoicing in my success. I dined with Lady Emily alone; afterwards I lay down and slept till nine, and then set myself to write my speech for Exeter Hall; but presently found that one cannot force nature to generate and produce: when Pusey returned from the House at a quarter before twelve, I had written only the opening sentence, and the translation of the second part of Jacob Böhm's dying prayer, with which I intended to conclude. So I went to bed, and rose (this morning) at five, wrote the speech—eight full pages—and copied it out; it was then eight o'clock, and I endeavoured to get it by heart, in which I found I could not succeed. I went to breakfast at Sir Thomas Acland's, and arrived at Exeter Hall ten minutes past eleven; however, they had reserved a seat for me next to the Bishop of Winchester. . . .

The report was read,—a masterly performance, the result highly satisfactory—income 8000*l.* beyond that of last year;

bequests and donations, one of 20,000*l.*, &c. Some things were said, just bearing upon my two points: distribution by means of colporteurs (that is, by hawkers competent to read and explain, if admitted, not merely book-hawkers), and having training schools for such, by the Moravian Brethren (as I should suggest); and the peculiar enmity of the Papal hierarchy to this Society. The Bishop of Winchester spoke well; Lord Glenelg made a beautiful speech: after him, an American clergyman, speaking so heartily as to delight the hearers infinitely. It was rather cruel, that they made me speak after their two best orators, but there was no choice. I know not how I managed, but I delivered a speech of about forty minutes with tolerable fluency, and I think I *did* say what I meant to tell them, in parts better, in parts less successful than the written speech: beginning and end almost literally as it had been written. I was very much cheered, and cordially thanked by the directors. I believe the American's speech was best for the public, mine for the platform, Lord Glenelg's always excepted, which was best for both. At half-past two, I escaped, and went to Carlyle's Lecture on the *Revolutions* (Reformation) of England and France. . . . Now I shall *sleep* before I go to Lord Bexley's. I cannot go to the Ancient Concert, I am afraid, although they will sing, for the Duke's birthday, 'See, the conquering hero comes.' To-morrow, at twelve, I go to the Duke of Sussex, who has three times sent me an invitation to come, without ceremony. I have had a delightful letter from Usedom;—*The Capitol is to be retained*: Buch's proposal has been rejected. God bless you! *Do* write me a letter!

Friday morning, 3rd May.—I am in the greatest hurry, as this morning I have been lazy and slept till eight o'clock, and Ashley fetches me at half-past ten to the Jewish Missionary Society, and then I have to fly like a whirlwind till dinner time. . . I enclose you my speech, begging you to write it out, and retouch it as you think best, according to the sense. What is added is what I spoke *extempore*, making the whole a response to the report read. At Lord Bexley's dinner I had the delight of sitting next to Lord Glenelg; he was in very good spirits, and we two *serious* persons attracted general observation by *laughing* the greater part of the dinner time!

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Thursday, 9th May.— . . I have read, very cursorily as yet, the official papers from Berlin. It is an awful state of things, and complete confusion. I am afraid I shall not be able to get out of it summarily, but must give from three to six months exclusively to the subject. *All* Ministers of State, *all* Superintendents have written separate *vota*, advice, argument—and none have seen what I thought (the first night I begun to read) the only possible way out of the difficulty. What I write will be subjected to the severest criticism, and if I do not enter fully into the matter, I shall be said to have found myself incompetent to prove what I assert. *Come si fa?* I need to study the English and Scottish law, &c., &c. Must I give everything else up to it?—or give it up? I will give a further consideration to the question: at present I am quite overwhelmed with the immensity of the task, confident as I am that my first intention was the right, and that, with the help of God, my poor country might be rescued from the scourge, under the present King or his son. It is worth a life to accomplish this, and I would give it if necessary. Nine hundred and fifty divorces in Berlin in one year! No law, no prophets—*Quomodo sedet sola civitas!*—And yet, such means, such elements, such a nation, such a dynasty! Oh! the judgments of God are terrible. What is man? that shadow flying over the earth, dreaming a dream of life. God alone can help. . . I saw Mrs. Austin last night, a truly amiable gentlewoman, of distinguished talents; and such attachment to Niebuhr! I saw also Taylor, Sedgwick, and Dr. Holland. Saturday I go to Mr. Bankes, and to-morrow am to see Wilkinson; Lord Prudhoe had invited me to meet him at dinner, but I am engaged to dine with the Archbishop of York, where I shall meet Gladstone. Joukoffsky has decided to remain here all next week. If you *can* come, we might see sights in his company. How foolish the world is! Now that — is bride elect, the whole town rings with praises of her beauty, which people seemed not to perceive before! *Tutto il mondo è paese*: but here fashion is everything, simply because people have no time to examine for themselves; thus fashion coins for them their opinions, as the Mint their money.

The daily letters, and regular journal, failed not to

rejoice the heart of the receiver, up to the date of her own arrival in London on the 15th May: but although there exist full details of the animated sensations which Bunsen so ardently enjoyed,—with enumeration of interesting names among his new acquaintances; of delightful social meetings, of ever-fresh occasions of collecting materials for contemplation, and for drinking in knowledge of men and conditions at the fountain head,—further extracts would seem unnecessary.

This period of residence in London was in many respects a climax in life to him. Never could a more decisive opportunity have been granted to a man for experiencing and actually measuring, what his own personal place was in society, reckoned according to moral weight and intellectual ascendancy. He may be said to have been the object in England of the homage of a nation, eagerly and affectionately granted to himself alone, in the face of circumstances which might have proved adverse. He had arrived, to all appearance, a man of ruined prospects and broken fortunes: supposed to have no chance for the future but through the favour of his own Government, which he seemed to have forfeited: yet hailed and cherished as he was in the first instance, by the friends who had learned to love and value him in Rome, their animated interest in him, and their persevering kindness, by degrees, brought from all sides characters, the most various as well as distinguished, within the sphere of his influence.

The name of Joukoffsky often occurs both in Bunsen's own and other contemporary letters: he was in London in attendance on his illustrious pupil, then the heir apparent, now the Emperor of Russia. An account has been given of the commencement of the friendship formed in Rome between Bunsen and that man of worth and genius, and of most original and attaching individuality: and this unhopèd-for opportunity of renewal of intercourse was invaluable to Bunsen. A farewell letter

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from Joukoffsky contains the remarkable expression,—
‘Conservez toujours votre cœur d'enfant ! Vous êtes le premier enfant de cinquante ans que j'ai jamais rencontré.’ The observation was strictly just—and that ‘heart of a child’—warm, trustful, hopeful, was not reserved to feel the touch of age, and that of death had no power over it ! A verse in a favourite hymn, always sung in the family and presence of Bunsen on the last evening of the year, in which he never failed devoutly to join, may be imperfectly rendered by—

Come, Lord, ere yet my heart grow cold,—
Ere yet it wears death's likeness drear.

A contemporary letter of the 17th May records that—
‘Joukoffsky fetched us at ten o'clock to view the pictures of Lord Francis Egerton’—from whence Bunsen proceeded with Joukoffsky to witness a trial at the Old Bailey, after which he was invited to dine with the Sheriffs and Judges, and intended to stay in case one of the Judges should be of the party, from whom he had been told that he could procure much of the information wanted on the Law of Divorce. ‘The evening of the 19th May was spent with Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily, in the company of Joukoffsky : when a card came from Lord Palmerston, inviting Bunsen to his dinner-party on the Queen's birthday. This Mr. Pusey decides must not be declined : and thus the time intended for Cambridge will be cut short. At Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Herbert's, at Ickleworth, on the way thither, we are to dine and sleep on the 22nd, then see what can be seen of Cambridge on the 23rd, and return on the morning of the 24th to London.’

In another letter notice is given of his arrival and reception at Ickleton, ‘with as much kindness as though they had been friends through life, instead of for six months, a study set apart for Bunsen, besides every other possible comfort—a longer stay evidently calculated upon

—Cambridge scholars invited to meet Bunsen at dinner, &c. Having been conveyed in Mr. Herbert's carriage to Cambridge, the beauty of all that was seen proved matter of surprise as well as delight, the impression received being that justice is not done to Cambridge in common report, and that the buildings, grouped as they are with the finest trees, with turf, water, and (at this season) abundance of blossom, produce an effect nowhere surpassed. The conversation of Mr. Whewell and other ornaments of the University, added to these pleasures of sight that higher human interest without which Bunsen could never reckon the former worthy of his notice.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

London: 25th May, 1839.

I catch a moment to say two words to you, out of a full heart, overflowing with love and thankfulness for all you do for my dear children. . . I have followed step by step all your proceedings and ramblings, and am particularly thankful to find that F. turns out what I always prognosticated. . . . Lord Palmerston showed me at his dinner the most marked attention, which I was the more glad of, as it had been said he seemed to dislike me as a political opponent. . . . The Crown Prince is going to the Rhine, and has announced himself to Hollweg at his Castle Rheineck for Saturday, 7th June, and the following Sunday—then Hollweg will have to relate to him of me, and of Llanover and England—so the clever people will make out the whole journey of Hollweg to England to have been an intrigue of mine. They have already printed that Hollweg's object in England was to see me, and concert plans! Never mind!

On Sunday, 26th May, the refreshment to Bunsen and his wife is much dwelt upon, which they experienced in the Chapel of Guy's Hospital—'Mr. Maurice not *performing the service*,' not '*reading the prayers*'—(as it is generally termed and done)—but *praying* with an intensity of seriousness, which would make it hard not to

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pray with him. His sermon had, of course, reference to the Trinity (it being Trinity Sunday); but instead of a discussion of abstract orthodoxy, he impressed upon his hearers the all-pervading nature of Divine Love, which, as the Creator, Mediator, and Sanctifier, had followed us all, and would follow us, in every stage of existence. He was calm and persuasive at first, but at the close there was a passage of great eloquence, evidently extempore. /

On the 5th June, Bunsen had the high enjoyment of hearing the 'Messiah' of Händel for the first time as a whole: he had heard single pieces out of it, but in his earlier days the entire composition was never performed in Germany. The authority of German composers, well acquainted with the style of executing the music of Händel in both countries (for instance, Mendelssohn and Neukomm), may be quoted for the fact that only in England is the Handelian tradition in real existence; and there alone the degree of force and energy, and the powerful light and shade, is preserved in the execution of passages of whatever character, which prevents the grave and solemn from sinking into monotony, and the mournful from degenerating into the pining and mourning: communicating every emotion as it ought to emanate from the human mind—in fullness of tenderness, of awe, of applause, or of heroic resolution, without being oppressed or overwhelmed, and without losing dignity. In the natural process of deterioration in things human, it may be observed and lamented that the English style of execution has the ever increasing defect of allowing the instrumental accompaniment to exceed the original, just proportion, which existed between it and the vocal part. The materials have been increased, and the science of instrumentation has progressed, since the time of Händel, and unlimited advantage has been taken of the magical means offered by it for enhancing the effect of the whole. In the choruses

the vocal power may still rise uncrushed and intelligible, by the proportionate increase in the number of choral vocalists of such force and precision as the Society, so justly admired at Exeter Hall, can give. This Society is recruited from among that important portion of the nation, the independent and influential classes of the London population, the specific gravity of whom has righted the vessel of State in many a peril, and their strength of will and of opinion has been decisive in every crisis of England's history. Now this Society, in the case of the most seducing of the fine arts, gives its enthusiastic support to that style alone of musical composition which serves not the cause of passion, but braces the mind to high resolve and solemn meditation: ennobles, instead of lowering the tone of thought and feeling. But if the choruses can be supported by numbers against the crushing effect of instrumental power, originally intended for the relief and guidance of the human voice, the single singer must make good his isolated position as he best can, and is sometimes tempted to 'overstep the modesty of nature' in his exertions not to appear as if he were merely occupying a pause. Bunsen not only admired, but exulted in, the composition of the 'Messiah,'—looking upon the man who selected the Biblical texts for Händel's great purpose under Händel's superintendence, as an epic poet. He was not the originator of the words any more than of their high meaning, but from the treasure left by 'holy men of God, who spake as the Spirit gave them utterance,' he compiled the passages which could best combine to show forth the divine scheme of redemption, the longing and need of the human soul, the promise and accomplishment of the work of mercy, the seeming triumph of the spirit of evil and of destruction, the woe denounced against man by his own wilful blindness, and the final victory of Christ over Sin and Death. In this work of Händel Bunsen found the full satisfaction of his own

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demands upon the fine arts—that their fascination to the eye and ear should not be that of the senses alone, but rest upon the eternal foundation of Truth, upon that which alone is entitled to be considered reality, as being independent of change and decay.

In the performance of the ‘Messiah’ on this occasion, it was still given to the hearers to receive the full impression of the opening, ‘Comfort ye, my people,’ from the voice and genius of Braham, with an effect and emphasis such as have now become matter of tradition; for were the style of rendering the sense enfeebled or altered from that standard, then would the soul of Händel no more speak to posterity, as it has spoken hitherto.

A visit to High Wood, near Hendon, gave an opportunity for commenting upon ‘the dignity, the order, the quiet activity, the calm cheerfulness, with which Lady Raffles ruled the house, the day, the conversation;’ and the place and its neighbourhood were full of those memorials of the honoured dead, which served to enhance the natural beauty of the prospect and the interest attaching itself to the residence of Sir Stamford Raffles. The ground of High Wood must have been trodden by the footsteps, and hallowed by the life and sorrows of Rachel Lady Russell, even though no family recollection exists to mark the spot which she inhabited, when she dated some of her letters from *Totteridge*, a village lying near. But the beautiful portion of original wood in which Lady Raffles’s friends have enjoyed walking with her, contains within its precincts a chalybeate spring, walled round, and marked by an inscription as having been enclosed by *Mistress Rachel Russell*, at a date when the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Russell must have been under twelve years old: yet, is there nothing unreasonable in the supposition that the mother should have caused the work to be performed as a public benefit (the healing

quality of the spring being in repute among the poor), and assign to it the name of her daughter instead of her own. Moreover, in that wood there is a spot evidently cleared of trees in a regular circle, from the centre of which it was remembered, by the lower class of inhabitants, at the time when Sir Stamford Raffles made the purchase of the ground, that a previous proprietor, about the middle of the last century, had caused the loose stones to be removed, which had formed a 'monument to the memory of the gentleman who was beheaded.' This piece of forest might have been a portion of Lady Russell's own large Southampton inheritance: as an original Russell property, it is gone out of remembrance. From hence Bunsen was taken to see the place called Cannons, where Händel lived and composed under the admiring patronage of the Duke of Chandos; and where, in the churchyard, is the grave of the Blacksmith whose strokes on the anvil gave the idea of one of Händel's melodies in his compositions for the harpsichord.

Contemporary letter, from Oxford, 10th June, at Oriel College, while staying with the Provost and Mrs. Hawkins.

Nothing can equal the absorption of this place—because, besides things out of the house (all worth seeing), one is bound to agreeable social meals in the house. . . . Beautiful gardens—fine buildings—everywhere kindness. Before breakfast, walk with Henry round Christ Church meadows; after breakfast, service in celebration of the Foundation—wretched music. Henry Acland's drawings in Greece and Italy, other visits, agreeable people; after luncheon, drive to Blenheim, resting and refreshing—the picture by Raphael is alone worth a journey. At dinner, many persons, the acquaintance with whom had been desired—one having been Mr. Keble, another Mrs. Jacobson. Early chapel, this morning, in an invisible seat, not only with a grating, but a glass window, that the monastic assembly might not be disturbed by the sight of ladies! Mr. Newman preached in honour of St. Barnabas' Day, but not a word was to be heard through the window.

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Breakfast with Mr. Hamilton in the beautiful hall of Merton College. Wordsworth was there—grown much older since our meeting in Rome. Walks in ‘trim gardens,’ rowing in a boat to Iffley, returning for a concert, dinner at Merton with Dr. Marsham and Lady Anstruther. At every interval, Bunsen is enjoying the Christ Church Library, or sitting with the Provost in that of Oriel.

Yesterday, Wednesday, 12th, was the great day of conferring degrees. Breakfast at nine, then arrived the Arnolds from Rugby. Bunsen having been assisted to put on his uniform, with the doctor’s crimson robe over it, the Provost conducted the ladies to the theatre, and then returned to accompany the procession of Heads of Houses, &c., which, however, entered not till after eleven; but the intervening time lacked not variety of interest to those waiting, first from the contemplation of a building the most perfect of its kind, a piece of living harmony in forms and proportions, enveloping and showing with the greatest advantage of light and shade the various subdivisions of spectators. The whole scene recalled paintings of Tintoretto or Paolo Veronese, with the superior effect of reality of life and light. By half-past ten the upper gallery was filled with the undergraduates, who thundered in with startling clatter, as being quite at home, and at once began to proclaim their sentiments; first with cheers ‘For the ladies,’ ‘All the ladies,’ ‘All the blue bonnets,’ ‘All the pink,’ ‘All the white,’ and so on with increasing uproar. Then public characters were named, some for the satisfaction of applauding, others (for instance O’Connell) for that of condemning, with groans that seemed to shake the very building. The ‘Ladies of the Bedchamber’ came off badly. As the Doctors and Heads of Houses marched in, they were differently greeted—some with applause and some with hisses; but on the appearance of Dr. Arnold, applause long and loud took place, with but one solitary attempt, soon drowned, at disapprobation. Then the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Gilbert, since Bishop of Chichester), a man of fine person and grand deportment, spoke in Latin to announce the individuals whom the University designed to honour; he was interrupted by applause at the names of Herschel and Bunsen, loudest and longest at that of Wordsworth; and when he had finished, the appointed persons, with their staves of office, marched off

to fetch the persons to be honoured, and returned with them in procession. Dr. Phillimore made a Latin speech, introducing each candidate—first Lord Ripon, then two others before Bunsen; and after he had finished his speech the Vice-Chancellor rose and announced to each his reception, whereupon the newly-admitted doctor took his seat with the grantees. Lord Ripon was nervous, and so were most; only Mr. North and Bunsen advanced with composure and dignity, and made the proper bow to the Vice-Chancellor before taking their seat. Lord Ripon remembered the bow, which the others from embarrassment omitted. The applause which greeted Bunsen's reception was repeated and prolonged after he had sat down, so that he rose again to bow to the assembly. Dr. Phillimore favoured him with a very long Latin speech—tantalising to the ears that tried in vain to learn the tenour of the greeting bestowed. After the Doctors, some Masters of Arts were received, and then prize essays were recited; a Latin poem by Stanley; then an English essay, with many good things in it, on the classic and romantic styles, the author's name was Bernard; an English poem on the Religions of India and their anticipated fall before the preaching of the Kingdom of Peace, by Ruskin, whose beautiful drawings (architectural) I have seen. At half-past three we came back to a magnificently-spread luncheon-table at Oriel; and at half-past four the Arnolds departed, after which a short interval was secured for rest, before the dinner with the Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Gaisford. An agreeable party—all the Aclands, and Sir Robert Inglis, besides many new acquaintances. At ten o'clock, to Dr. and Mrs. Buckland—the party entertaining; but yet the hour of midnight and of rest was gladly hailed.

This morning (Thursday, 13th) Sir Thomas Acland knocked at the door before we were quite ready to be taken to New College Chapel; the morning beautiful, the chapel, chanting, organ, all exquisite; in the Cloisters one would gladly have gazed longer, but we were bound to return to breakfast. Every walk in Oxford is an inexpressible treat—leisure to enjoy would have been all that could have been wished—and yet how much has been enjoyed without leisure!

On Saturday, 15th June, a sunny drive of twenty-nine

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miles brought Bunsen and his wife and son from the hospitality of the Provost of Oriel, and the varied attractions and excitements of Oxford, to Claydon, and a reception of cordial kindness from Sir Harry and Lady Verney. 'Here the atmosphere is such as one can desire to remain in—that was also felt at the Provost's; for he and his wife are both good, and kind, and intelligent, and there is no tittle-tattle in the house, but much lively interest in all good things, such as have a right to interest human creatures. In this place, with similar advantages, there is the greater freshness of existence, the fuller activity of body and mind. Sir Harry is like a kind father to his pretty, clever, and charming wife, who would seem to be an elder sister to the beautiful little girl not yet three years old, who is the eldest of three children.' On the 17th June, the party (increased by George Bunsen from Pforta) arrived at Rugby, from whence, on the 19th, they accompanied the Arnold family to their beloved and beautiful abode of Fox How, near Ambleside, Westmoreland, where the remaining days of the month were passed in a constant succession of social and intellectual enjoyment, heightened by the habitual view of scenery, such as was capable, unaided, to have filled and occupied mind and time, rendering that short period an inexhaustible store of matter for remembrance and thankful meditation. The grand character, the impressive, commanding nature of Dr. Arnold was then well taken in, fully estimated, and honoured to the full extent of its rights and claims; and, happily for those who contemplated this great and good man, they knew not that this was the last opportunity they had for seeing him in comfort. After this date, except for a short glimpse, Dr. Arnold was not again seen by Bunsen. Could but the manifold interest of the conversation of Dr. Arnold, the cheerfulness of the social meal-times, the animation of the exploring walks, the variety of information communicated by the mind

which never slumbered, and never seemed weary—the grasp of intellect for which no subject was too great or too insignificant, as long as the prime interests of humanity were affected by it—the ardent longing after yet more knowledge, yet more capaciousness of spiritual comprehension—could all this and more but have been described and commemorated, as the hand of Bunsen alone could have described the man whom he admired and honoured! But it was not to be! To the fortunate auditors, however, of much of this rare intercourse, nothing was more striking than Dr. Arnold's power of putting questions, and exulting in having an associate before whom he could lay any difficulty upon which his mind was at work. 'No one can guess,' he said, 'the amount of gratification in being enabled once again to learn, when one's life's business is perpetual teaching; when the occupation of communicating to the ignorant the little one knows more than they, leaves little or no leisure for labouring to diminish one's own ignorance.'

By the beginning of July, Bunsen was again in the temporary home of his family, with Mrs. Waddington, in Monmouthshire, and received shortly afterwards the announcement of his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Prussia to the Swiss Republic. The close of Bunsen's notes (on the transactions, the result of which had been his removal from Rome), after mention of the commission received to work out an Opinion on the Law of Divorce, and of his having, 'after considerable expenditure of time and money, effected and sent in at last a conscientious treatise on the subject, on which no comment had been made, nor even its safe arrival announced'—contains merely the communication of the fact, that 'the pressing solicitations of the Crown Prince for an appointment for him, the persevering hatred of his opponents (preventing; it may be supposed, his being

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named for a place at Berlin), and the faithful good will of the King, had effected his nomination to the post in Switzerland.'

This was beyond comparison the best provision that could have been made for Bunsen, under all the circumstances of the case; and he certainly estimated justly the truly paternal kindness thus evinced towards him, and affectionately responded to the well-judged decision of the King, even though there was pain in the consciousness of being excluded from Berlin—in the probably long delay in the renewal of the personal intercourse with the Crown Prince, so deeply enjoyed, and in the apprehension (so very soon verified!) that he would not again meet the benevolent glance of the King. 'I shall never see the King again!' was the first ejaculation, after an interval of silence, on receiving the official communication. His short comment on the nature of the office bestowed upon him, in the Notes so often quoted, had best follow here:—

'The direction received for his conduct in Switzerland was—to do nothing. Bunsen vowed secretly to follow up the line pointed out; and did, to the best of his knowledge, avoid the exertion of any political influence, without being indifferent to the condition of things in the country. The Pope's Nuncio, in combination with Austria, endeavoured to stimulate the Catholic Cantons to enter a protest against Bunsen's nomination; but he soon succeeded in prevailing upon his Austrian colleague (Comte de Bombelles) not only to lay aside his apprehensions, but to cause the cessation of attacks upon him in the ultramontane periodicals. He himself wrote not in his own defence in the papers, nor did he cause anything to be written for him. Meanwhile slumber fell upon the project of the law of marriage and divorce, and deep sleep upon the Roman relations!'

Extracts from letters will show that the remaining months of his residence in England continued to be

filled with vivid and varied interests. On the 17th July, Bunsen was again at Oxford with Mr. Pusey, having been invited to witness a great meeting of the Agricultural Society.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Worcester College, Oxford :

Wednesday, 17th July, 1839, half-past six.

Here we are, well quartered, in the Rev. Mr. Cresswell's rooms, in the midst of an unspeakable crowd, and a corresponding confusion. Pusey had above fifty persons to accommodate, and had not received my last letter, and yet had that apartment been reserved, and though intended for me alone, was found capable of containing also George and the servant.

At five, we went with Pusey and Lord Sandon to the ordinary, where 500 persons had been calculated upon, and 600 came; dear Pusey had secured a ticket for George, but could not get a place for him—he went therefore to Worcester Hall, where everything was in plenty, even space. I found my name at the high table, on the right of the President, Lord Spencer—on my right was Sir James Graham. The American Minister, Stevenson, did not come—as Mr. Webster had mistaken something and did not accept the invitation for that day—only for the next. Of the 600 present, half were farmers, from all parts of England and Scotland. The Queen, and the whole Royal Family were drunk all together in one toast, in decent silence, the temper of the assembly being decidedly Anti-Whig; then the Chancellor and ‘the University’ with nine hurrahs—and an appropriate answer from Buckland. Then ‘The city of Oxford’—an Alderman returned thanks, himself a brewer, making a very humorous speech. Then the ‘Agricultural Society of England and Earl Spencer,’ with tremendous cheers. He returned thanks in a beautifully simple speech, saying his whole heart was in farming, and his happiness to live among the farmers of England. He then said, the Association had much to learn from other countries, especially from Germany, France, and Belgium; and then he named me individually, proposing the health of the foreigners present. Mr. Webster not being there, and I having been named, I was obliged to make a

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speech: on rising, I found I had friends in the room for I was much cheered. I then said, how much this union of all classes and occupations struck me—that *there* was the strength of England, the agricultural interests being the basis of the social system—there was the power of the empire, whose greatness must be dear to every friend of humanity. Now, you should have heard the burst of applause! The gentlemen and farmers began to communicate observations on agriculture—and did it amply; the farmers speaking in most genuine language of their own, and with good John Bull humour. One (from Sussex) challenged all England with a hundred oxen; Lord Spencer accepted the challenge for next year, but insisted upon their being shown alongside. It was half-past eight when we went away—Sir Thomas taking me to ‘Tom,’ and then to Buckland for coffee—Mr. Acland being sent by his father to fetch George. When we arrived in the Quadrangle of Christ Church, the great bell (called Tom) began to pour forth 101 sounds—the sign for general retreat. Dear Sir Thomas would not let me go in, till we had heard it out, walking in the old cloisters; then falling in with O’Brien, he took him up the great staircase *to sing*, and singing we went to Buckland’s, where the friends of the high table were present, besides Sir T. Mackenzie, Mr. Throckmorton, and other Roman friends. . . . To-day there will be an incredible bustle—2,500 persons are to dine in the Quadrangle of Queen’s College—the greatest dinner-party, Lord Spencer said, that ever met in England. An organ is placed there for the anthem. Pusey had a ticket for me, Sir Thomas gave one to George—who is most happy.

London: 20th July, Saturday; 23, Hertford Street.—The whirlwind has carried me here, without leaving me a moment to write you a second scrawl. On Wednesday we ran through cattle and farming-shows, and the Bodleian, most of the chapels, halls, quadrangles of the University, till three o’clock, when we returned home half dead to be ready for the dinner, 2,500 people and more were assembled in that magnificent court—a trumpet gave the signal for the different movements of the machinery of that colossal feast. Lord Spencer spoke—with that delightful frankness and absence of art that characterise him. I was quietly listening to the toasts, and observing the really grand scene, when

I perceived that my neighbours at the high table were looking towards me, and telling me that my health had been proposed. I had heard some mention of the Representative of a Sovereign, &c., but as I am *not* one, and Mr. Stevenson and others were to be there, I had not dreamt of applying it to myself,—still so it was, and all told me I was to rise. So I began my first quite unthought of speech, and spoke about ten minutes (as you will see from the ‘Times,’) with a Latin quotation and a joke at the end. I found it is with speaking as with swimming—it is nowhere easier than in the great sea—it bears you up. I became so bold, that I said what came into my head, and the immense cheers of the good farmers gave me time for breathing. . . . The fact is, people were very good-humoured, and my speech successful . . . besides Lord Spencer, Sir J. Graham and others came up to wish me joy of it. . . . In the evening we assembled at Pusey’s—came away at one in the morning. . . . At eleven to-day we started; the weather for some hours beautiful—we had a fine view of Marlow and the Thames; stopped at Slough, and went to see Windsor with Acland, with whom we visited one of the new schools in which he takes interest (a commercial one), from whence the schoolmaster accompanied us to the Castle; after seeing which, we went on to Eton. Professor Coleridge (brother of the Judge) brought us to Provost Hawtrey, who was all kindness. I went to take leave of Dr. Goodall, who is said to be dying; and after George had seen the school, with Acland, we were off again, and reached this house at nine—by ten I arrived at Lady Hall’s party. . . .

Monday, 22nd July.—I took George on Friday to see ‘Othello.’ Kean and Cooper played much better than I had expected. Saturday we saw St. Paul’s and Westminster Hall—my dear boy overjoyed to have seen each. Then we saw the ‘School for Scandal,’ an infinitely clever piece, masterly and classically performed. It reminds both of Tom Jones and of Hogarth; it bears the character of the eighteenth century—great depravity, great elegance and cleverness, and no genius. I think, after all, there is more genius in Molière than in Sheridan, but much more acuteness in Sheridan than in Molière. Sunday morning I conveyed George to the steamer—saw the Reverend Mr. Peacock of Cambridge, and recom-

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mended George to him. . . . Then Lepsius and I went down to Greenwich, philosophising on language—the day beautiful; returned by eight to go to Chelsea to dine with Hamilton, where we met Millingen and Gerhard—returned by twelve on foot.

Tuesday, 23rd July.—I had a delightful dinner-party at Rogers's (yesterday) with Gerhard, Hamilton, Westmacott, Williams, &c. &c.; all quite in the style of a rich Roman of the time of Augustus—original drawings of Raphael &c., after dinner, vases before; the beautiful Titians, &c., of the dining-room ingeniously lighted, so that the table alone was in shade.

The remainder of July was spent in the same animated succession of interests and occupations, the day following the last date being marked by 'a delightful conversation of two hours with Dr. Lushington, whom I am to see again to-morrow, and who has in the meantime collected all books that I want still to know and read: our principles as to that question agree almost entirely.' Early in August Bunsen returned to Llanover, where he had at last leisure to rest, after his fashion of resting—applying himself with all his power to the execution of the commission received. A cheering event to him and his family was the reunion with their sons Ernest and Charles, for the former of whom a leave of absence from his regiment was obtained for a few months, to accompany his parents into Switzerland; and the latter having been withdrawn altogether from the Blochmann Institution at Dresden, to carry on his preparation for the University under his father's special superintendence. A visit from Lepsius at Llanover again enhanced all other pleasures; and at length, the day before the festival of the Crown Prince's birthday, Bunsen departed from the maternal home, for some concluding days of business in London, accompanied by Lepsius and his two sons—forming a joyous company on the top of the stage-coach—as noticed in a letter from Bunsen, dated Tuesday, 15th October:—

With a heart full of love and thankfulness, I have only time to scrawl a few lines to give you a sign of life, and to dearest mamma, to whom I have written more than one sheet in my heart. We had a beautiful journey, and were singing and talking the live-long day from Monmouth to London. We repeated 'Ar hyd y nos,' and sung our Capitoline 'God save the King,' to the great amusement of all our English fellow-travellers, who supposed us to be singing Welsh: the people passing by on the road greeted us merrily, and we them.

I dismounted near Grosvenor Square, went to Pusey, talked till near ten, fetched letters from the Legation, found at home (Wimpole Street) a comfortable fire and tea with Lepsius, read a beautiful letter from Alexander von Humboldt (which you shall have to-morrow copied), talked till one, slept till seven, rose and wrote down the Song of Merlin's Bards on the 15th October,* saw Neukomm, &c. &c. . . . It is almost six, and I must go and dine with Pusey; the boys come there in the evening with Lepsius.

24th October.—The last letter to be sent to Llanover! I have been revising the *vote* (or opinion of Divorce Law) which goes to Berlin to-morrow. God bless your journey! it is a great undertaking, but He will help you through it. I reckon upon seeing our beloved mother at Southampton. Did I tell you Lepsius' expression about her, that she had 'the majesty of Queen Elizabeth, with the grace of Mary, Queen of Scots?'

The last day and night in England, 28th October, were passed by Bunsen and his wife at the Palace, Salisbury, with the Bishop and his bride (their beloved Louisa Ker Seymer), Bunsen arriving there with his sons from London, and she soon after him, having taken the younger children from Llanover to Southampton. And thus was the remarkable first period in England

* This was the first committing to paper of the ballad to the melody of 'Ar hyd y nos,' composed by Bunsen on that same October evening on the journey just mentioned, and immediately sung on the top of the coach by his young companions. As a record of the glowing anticipations of the time, it will find place in the Appendix.

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closed, in thankfulness and hope, with reviving prosperity.

Bunsen to (Dr. Edward Stanley) Bishop of Norwich.

Llanover: 19th August, 1839.

. . . I enclose to your Lordship the letters of introduction which your son has desired to receive from me, and which I am happy to give, in order to procure to some of my most honoured friends the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one of the most distinguished and amiable young Englishmen I know. I always rejoice when I see that intellectual union between the two nations increase, from which alone, according to my firm conviction, the world can hope (humanly speaking) to get out of its political and spiritual confusion.

Allow me to avail myself of this opportunity to submit to your kind consideration some thoughts respecting our common friend Dr. Arnold. Having had the happiness of passing some weeks with him, partly in Rugby, partly in Westmoreland, I feel on the one side more than ever elevated and edified by that rare union of a clear intelligence, great acquirements, and deep piety, which must ever endear him to his friends, and command even the respect of his enemies; but also, on the other side, I cannot help being oppressed by the moral certainty those visits have given me, that he must sink at no remote period under the pressure of duties and occupations, each of which requires separately the life and strength of a man, strong in mind and body, to be carried through for long together. It is useless to say in what a manner he fills his place as head-master of a school which he has made from a very indifferent one, if not superior to all others, certainly inferior to none in England. Besides (not to speak of his duties as the loving father of a numerous family, over whose education he constantly presides) he preaches every Sunday elaborate sermons, as the Christian public knows from the volumes which are printed. He is engaged in classical editions of the most important and difficult Greek authors; the second edition of his Thucydides being almost ready for the press: and last, not least, he has begun a work on Roman History, in comparison with which

Gibbon's undertaking is a trifling task, it being in fact nothing less than the History of the World through eight centuries before, and as many after Christ. This work I consider as the great task of his life, as one by which with few others the learning, feeling, and in general the intellectual and moral standard of England and English thought will once be fixed, when all the bustle of party shall have subsided, and many an usurped reputation be forgotten.

Now it is my decided conviction that he will sink under the weight of the work, if not relieved from the duties of his present situation. If this is possible, it must be not only an object of the wishes of his friends, but worthy of the most earnest consideration of those who preside over the destinies of the English nation and empire. I am aware that it is impracticable to place him on the episcopal bench; I add, that were it even practicable, I should as a friend not wish it for him. In the present state of the Church of England where the Chapters have no share in the immense charge of the administration of a diocese (as they ought to have according to the Canons, and as they actually have in the Roman Catholic Church) the Bishop who is conscientious has no time for writing historical works, scarcely for reading them.

But it strikes me from what I have been enabled to observe in this country, that a Deanery is the very place for a man like Dr. Arnold. For in vain have I looked around to discover such a place for him, as would be his in Germany, and which I must consider as the real destination of so eminent a literary man. I mean a Professorship in one of the two Universities, giving an honourable position, with a competency, and an opportunity, by holding lectures, of exercising those functions which are the most healthy for a literary life. There is no such place in England! A Deanery would ensure the means of providing for a numerous family; it would be equally honourable to Government, to the country, the Church, and himself. It would, moreover, ensure leisure to him, thus granting the truly enviable *otium cum dignitate* which is all the mighty of this earth can give to a man of genius and character who honours his age.

If such a Deanery could be found vacant near a good public Library, and, if possible, a literary establishment, it

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would be ideal. Durham would perhaps be the most desirable, not only because it is 'the golden Deanery,' but because it would give an opportunity of usefulness to a young institution, which still wants the sanction of a great literary name; and also become a compensation for the loss of that communication with the rising generation, in which Dr. Arnold so much delights at Rugby.

Here, my dear Lord Bishop, you have the whole current of my thoughts. I knew I might allow them free course in addressing you, the more so, as I never have had any conversation, or other communication, on the subject, with Dr. Arnold himself. But I am of opinion that if such a situation could be offered him, he would accept it: and I know that the success of his literary career and his very life are incompatible with his remaining many years more at Rugby. This belief and this conviction seemed to make it almost a duty to me to communicate my ideas on that subject to your Lordship. As to the theological prejudices against him, they are visibly dying away;—how unjustly he has been dealt with on this score also, his six letters to the editor of the Hertford paper, on Chartism and the remedy against it, would prove even to his opponents.

Writing to Mr. J. Hills, in March, upon his translation of Göthe's 'Faust,' he had recommended prefixing to it an essay upon tragic art, declaring that the public must be 'made aware of what a tragedy is, and *why* Faustus is the tragedy of tragedies, or, as an English lady said the other day, "the tragedy of the soul in the nineteenth century."' In the following letter (written in German) he thus explained his meaning:—

To John Hills, Esq.

Llanover: 9th April, 1839.

I maintain that 'Faust,' although a fragment and in some portions a mere sketch, yet possesses the *inward unity* which a work of dramatic art should have; nay, that it is the *idea of the whole* which gave, and now preserves to that poem, its immense influence on the minds of men in Germany, and which alone can procure it a similar influence in England.

And what is this idea? That of all true tragedy:—viz., a man's mind in conflict with his destiny, both general and individual, the tragic element in man's life so represented, that the eternal laws of the mind and of destiny (*which are identical*) stand out in clear relief, and cause our sensations to be purified according to Aristotle's beautiful expression. If Æschylus and Sophocles performed this in a different manner to Calderon, or Shakespeare to Göthe, yet they stand opposed like one man to the creations, devoid of all idea, of Euripides, of most French and modern English poets, as well as to our caricatures of Werner or Müller: Prometheus was the highest problem of the Greeks—himself a god who combats against almighty destiny, and succumbs to it, but not to the victorious gods,—who suffers during thousands of years, but yet beholds the solution with a prophet's eye when the time shall be fulfilled. Now in the popular poetry of the modern world there were two similar subjects, the 'Wandering Jew' and 'Faust.' How profoundly poetical a treatment has been given to the former in the people's mouth can be seen in the first volume of the *Münchener Volksbüchlein* (which I recommend to your notice), and you are aware that Göthe had intended to work out the material in his own way. I fancy that in the midst of the prosaic mask-life of Weimar it became too sombre and terrible for him, and that he therefore dropped it. As to 'Faust,' the people's poetry had failed to find a solution; the devil takes Faust to himself as he does Don Juan. This end repelled Göthe. Whether any solution, in accordance with the clear indications of the prologue of 1800, was purposed by Göthe when he wrote the grand fragment now before us—a continuation, such as he most unsuccessfully attempted in the 'second part,'—must remain uncertain. But what is clear, and alone of importance here, is the tragical unity and completeness *within* that portion of the grand popular tragedy *which he completed*. Faust becomes a tragic subject, when, standing on the pinnacle of human knowledge, he presumptuously oversteps the limits of humanity, Titan-like, to be equal with God, to be God. This begins the fragment. It ends with the downfall, in an earthly sense, of the only soul which he had loved, and whose home and peace he had destroyed. Had he ever been capable of any happiness or salvation *in this life* when he

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gave himself over to work evil, everyone must feel that it is impossible now. 'She is saved, he is judged.'* For Niebuhr, the tragic idea was so completely enunciated in the fragment; that he was inclined to deprecate additions, saying, that for him the tragedy was finished with the words, *Nachbarin euer Fläschchen!* I confess, however, that I would not miss the scene in *gaöl* as a close of the whole. What lies beyond, eternity has removed from before our eyes; each can imagine what he is able, and willing to imagine: the poet retreats; for no uncertainty can remain in the hearer's mind as to the great world-judgment, which here already lies disclosed to the human eye.

But in every case, it is not a devil but a great and noble human being we see destroyed. This is shown already in the character of his counterpart Mephistopheles. Hence the continuance of *mental* life in Faust which the poet makes prominent in the monologue, *Erhabner Geist, du gabst mir; gabst mir Alles, warum ich bat, &c.*—which, if rightly understood, contains the most sublime representation of suffering and punishment. Faust has not been deprived of his intellectual life: he still comprehends the secrets of nature, and the everlasting laws of man's existence; but these are moments of redoubled anguish only.

So far it may be considered as proved, that the beginning and the end of Göthe's 'Faust' (first part) are in full harmony. Is it necessary to show that the intervening parts are the straightest and most poetical road between both? In describing the combats of the mental world your hearer will not demand, or even tolerate, any such circumstantial execution as in the ordinary tragedies of this earth; some of the rough sketches please me for their very slightness of delineation. Fully to comprehend a picture you have nothing to do sometimes but to look at its caricatures. With 'Faust' and 'Prometheus,' compare Byron's 'Manfred.'

* An allusion to the last scene of Göthe's 'Faust':—

Mephistopheles: Sie ist gerichtet.

Stimme von oben: Ist gerettet.

CHAPTER IX.

RESIDENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

THE HUBEL, NEAR BERNE — RECEPTION BY THE DIET—SWISS POLITICS—
LETTERS TO ARNOLD—BEUGGEN—THE CYMREIGYDDION.

THE period occupied by the residence of Bunsen with his family at the Hubel, near Berne, is strongly distinguished from the previous and subsequent conditions of their existence. It was attended by circumstances of peculiar comfort and benefit to all, and was looked back upon with affectionate thankfulness, even in the case of Bunsen himself, to whose taste and wishes it was by no means consonant. He was truly grateful to the paternal kindness of the King, Frederick William III., for putting a term to his ambiguous condition, by appointing him Envoy to the Swiss Confederation, in July 1839: but this, in itself so desirable a position and provision, was incompatible with his sanguine hopes of employment at home; for, strongly as events had spoken, they had not yet brought conviction to his mind, that he was a person out of the question at Berlin, and that Berlin was a place out of the question, as a sphere of action, for him. Besides, he had formed an estimate, which subsequent experience justified, that to follow up the internal transactions of the Swiss Confederacy demanded the same amount of study and attention as the public business of any one of the governing Powers of Europe; and that reports the most carefully digested,

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and views and opinions the most deliberately formed, failed to command the interest of the Berlin Cabinet; so far was the importance of Switzerland, of its internal struggles and dangers, its energy of determination, and finally its triumphant consolidation of power, from occupying, at that time, the ruling minds of distant Governments. Deeply painful as had been the transactions between Rome and Berlin, they were concerned with the highest interests of humanity; and Bunsen felt less the pain of a life-enduring personal wound, than the privilege and satisfaction of having laboured in matters of evident European importance. Unwelcome to him, however, as was the settlement in Switzerland in itself, yet was the journey thither gladly undertaken, as a return to home life; for the months spent in England, although full of causes of gratitude, and always looked back upon with deep affection to individuals and localities, had not the recommendation of having furnished an actual, independent, family-existence to the wanderers, such as they found at the delightfully situated Hubel, a solitary country-house, situated upon its own hill, looking across richly wooded and cultivated tracts of country towards the entire group of the summits of the Bernese Oberland, in their eternal snow.*

Bunsen and his family left the beloved shore of England at Southampton, and crossed over to Havre on October 29, 1839; on the way to Paris, resting one day at Rouen, where the architecture and situation of the town, and particularly the noble Cathedral, and the faultless church of St. Ouen, made much

* This place of residence had just been given up by Mr. David Morier, the English Minister Resident, on account of family affliction: the death of two young and lovely daughters having recently taken place, and the mother feeling unable to continue in the scene which had been adorned by their living presence. Bunsen and his family met under these circumstances for the first time with Mr. David Morier, ever afterwards numbered among most valued friends.

impression upon him, so that he often since has urged upon travellers to make a point of seeing Rouen, as 'the Nürnberg of France,' and, with the exception of that town, unequalled in picturesque effect. A few days spent at Paris were sufficient for revisiting the collections of the Louvre and the Library, and looking at spots strongly marked in memory by images belonging to those solitary months in 1816, with which he compared the altered circumstances of his present visit, in the midst of a goodly company of young sons and daughters, and in an honoured position of public employment.

A few lines transcribed from a letter of Bunsen's to his mother-in-law, dated 'At the Hubel, December 1, 1839,' express his feelings in looking back upon the remarkable period passed in England.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

. . . If poor words had been necessary to make you aware of what I feel when thinking of the thirteen months passed with you, or near you, I could not have reached Paris without having written—but I am sure they are not required. I could not say a word when we parted, for it would have been choked by emotion, and have called forth emotion. What do I not owe to you! and still I may say I am thankful for owing so much to you—to her whom my heart owns as a second, a true mother. Your kindness, and the happiness with which you surrounded me, rendered the memorable period which has carried me over the great crisis of my life one of the happiest I can remember—happy, from the affection I enjoyed and felt,—happy from the enlivening impressions I received,—happy from the strength and spirit I felt to undertake and to perform my work!

. . . This house is a God-send—meeting all our wants. The view of the Alps glorious, and the weather most mercifully mild. . . . Things are improving in Switzerland; I find I had judged the events of Zürich rightly—it is an admirable and almost unparalleled popular movement. Besides, without it I might have had to fight the Pope again here.

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He had stirred up the Catholic population to protest against my nomination, and they had already persuaded some Protestant deputies to join them, when the scene and ruling influence were changed, by the whole Jacobin-atheistic set of Zürich being routed by the 20,000 psalm-singing peasants. I have been received with great distinction, and have reason to anticipate the same at Zürich, where I am to make my solemn entry and speech, the seat of government being at the present moment there. Before six months have elapsed, I think they will know me better still. I have in fact as yet nothing to do, only being bound to take care not to interfere in internal affairs, and to prevent others from doing so. . . . At Rouen I heard in the Cathedral the priests and choristers, before a small audience, singing the Latin 'Magnificat' to the tune 'Di tanti palpiti,' in the 'Tancredi' of Rossini! At Paris, the Duchess of Orleans sent her chaplain, M. Vernes (a man of much merit and power as a preacher), to desire me to come and see her; but when he came I had departed—of which, however, I am glad, as my going to the Duchess would have caused an outcry in the papers.

Versailles is become a great historical creation of Louis Philippe, but also a monument of disgrace, in the evil forms and expression of the countenances of men of action during the last fifty years, as well as the inferior style of French painting in the present reign. The exceptions are few, and thus more honourable. The apartments of Louis XIV. and XV. have been restored as nearly as possible to their original state, and form part of a great historical museum, out of which the former inhabitants have been swept by a storm, and rooted out from the earth. The great hall, painted with the procession at the opening of the Assemblée Nationale, in 1789 (all portraits as far as possible), is the only well executed modern portion of the present King's undertaking.

The next day, we *breathed* at St. Denis. What a contrast! what dignity in the art of the middle ages, and what holiness of feeling and thought! One cannot be made aware of this more strikingly than in coming from Versailles to St. Denis. And what recollections, compared to those of Versailles! . . . The contrast in passing from the Catholic Jura to Protestant Neuchâtel was great: it was Sunday—on the French side the roads (in a horrible condition) were crowded with wheeled

conveyances for enormous trees, perhaps fifty or sixty in number, accompanied by loud swearing and quarrelling drivers; on the side of Switzerland, in the same tract of country (a brook forming the boundary), the same race to the eye, the same language to the ear, but all quietness, peace, mildness, and cleanliness; bells were ringing, and the population going to church. How *thankful* I felt that we had to wait at the post station, because the postillions were gone to church! I was ashamed of our travelling, and yet so glad of the visible proof of being in a really free and Christian country.

In this beautiful land of strangers (in the sense of absence of personal acquaintances), Bunsen found one esteemed associate of his Göttingen years, in Professor Ziegler, a native and resident of Berne, since deceased; and at Christmas, as soon as possible after the settlement at the Hubel, Professor Gelzer, of Basle, proved the first of many guests received under that roof. His visit is marked in memory as an event to Bunsen and his family, inasmuch as it secured the reality of an anticipated friendship, the commencement of which had been effected by a correspondence between him and Bunsen before they had met face to face. With what is called general society, Bunsen and his family had little communication, and yet they never were in want of such a degree of social intercourse as was suited to their own habits and occupations; finding out, and being found out, by several valuable and valued individuals, with whom common friends or community of pursuits and interests formed a bond, in which number the family of Wurstemberger must especially be named, the eldest daughter of which had proved the efficient helpmeet of Mrs. Fry, on her visit to Berne a year earlier than the present date. This lady's notes and recollections of the addresses made by Mrs. Fry both to the female prisoners, and also to the bystanders, in order to induce the establishment of a society for the benefit of the former,

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were the occasion of an application made to Bunsen to condense the spirit of Mrs. Fry's arguments and persuasions into a German pamphlet; a work small in bulk, but important in matter and object, into which Bunsen's whole intensity of longing anticipation and sanguine hope was transfused. This writing, entitled 'Elizabeth Fry's Address to the Matrons and Maidens of Germany,' was made known to her by means of a hasty translation into English, and was approved and accepted as expressive of her opinions and feelings.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Zürich: 10th December, 1839.

. . . Our first day's easy journey brought us to Aarau at five o'clock, where the Session of the Great Council having begun we obtained with difficulty a narrow resting-place; and the same unanticipated political activity deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing the celebrated Zschokke, who was occupied in a committee, and offered to come and see me at eight o'clock the next morning, whereas I was bound to be seated in the carriage by half-past five.

The sun having succeeded in penetrating the fog, we saw the finely-situated Baden, and entered Zürich in the finest weather, where, at the entrance, which I remember only surrounded by shabby receptacles, now stands a fine post-office and an hotel opposite, from whence, after we had satisfied our hunger, Thile sallied forth to announce to the 'Chancellor of State' my arrival, and communicate the transcript of the King's letter. At five o'clock came the Chancellor and Secretary of State to make their visit, and announce the desire of the Council to bid me welcome to-morrow, the President proposing Thursday at twelve for the audience, and inviting me to dinner at three o'clock. The Guard of Honour is appointed to grace the front of the hotel for two days, according to custom; in short, all is arranged in high ceremony, the personages at the same time kind in manner. In the Chancellor Amrhyn I find a University-friend of Roestell's, and through that connection we had many points of contact.

The first inhabitant who here received me was Usteri, a young man in many respects distinguished, who insisted upon it that I had shown him all manner of kindness at Rome, and offered himself to be my guide through Zürich. From him I heard of the revolution in the Tessin, of which you will have read in the newspaper. It is an insurrection of the town against the country, apparently more personal than political, as concerning the interior, but not unimportant as regarding exterior relations—the rigorous treatment of foreigners and fugitives (mostly Lombards) by the discarded Government having been the prime cause of the disturbance.

Thursday, 12th December.—Yesterday, first of all I made the sketch of my speech, the spirit moving me to issue forth from the accustomed hollow phraseology, and address to the Confederates a few words, speaking the exact truth. The report to the King, &c., business and visits, filled up the time, so that I could not report to you at once. To-day I was up early, and wrote down my proposed speech, with many alterations. I should have preferred then to have left the paper, in order to speak freely what the moment suggested, but I considered it my duty to impress the written words as distinctly as I could on my memory, as the affair was not one of my own. Besides which, an inspiring assembly of hearers is essential to unpremeditated speaking and to fluency of speech altogether: in addressing a small number of unknown persons one is at a disadvantage. Meanwhile the brightest sunshine spread over the hills, and the good population of Zürich crowded the streets and open places. Battalions of troops, rolls of drums, waving of hats—no point of ceremony was left out. . . . After my address I received a well-expressed reply from the President, full of veneration towards the King and of good-will towards me, the close of which was: ‘Thus I bid your Excellency be welcome, in the name of the Government of the Confederacy, and of the entire Confederation.’ I hasten to have a look at the lake in the sunshine.

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IX.*Bunsen to Lücke.*

[Translation.]

Berne: Christmas, 1839.

. . . My last six months have been for the greater part devoted to a work theological, historical, canonical, on the Law of Divorce, for the Ministry, by command of the King. . . . The possibility of founding a truly Christian law and regulation of divorce presupposes conditions which are not in existence: above all, a Church-system in which there is life. My next work is to be the introduction to a publication on the Roman Basilicas. . . . The remainder of the year is to belong to a bold undertaking, which threatens to crush me, or to swallow up my whole life—the restoration of the chronology and of the earliest history of Egypt, from its own national monuments. I have probably already written to you that I had been led to enter upon this track by the discoveries made in 1833 (of the method of reading the hieroglyphics), and that I invited Lepsius to come to me from Paris to take part in the research, who ever since has been a beloved friend as well as a faithful associate. . . .

. . . The universal and pressing need is, that scientific enquiry should everywhere be devoted to clearing and solving the life-questions in Church and State.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berne: 4th December, 1839.

. . . Your Commentary upon St. John does not satisfy me, because I am convinced of the insufficiency of all explanations, except that which takes *those words* simply as the teaching of Christ to the beloved disciple, as the annunciation of a divine fact. Schelling, too, holds this view. Christ is to me the revealed, self-revealing God. Otherwise Strauss must be admitted to be right. ..

Bunsen to one of his Sons, in Schulpforte.

[Translation.]

The Hubel, near Berne: Christmas, 1839.

Read not too much of *modern* writers: Schiller's dramatic and lyric poetry and Göthe's earlier verse, and Shakespeare—especially the historical pieces—are all good food; but the ancients are, and remain, the main thing. Beware

of losing sight of the historical. But, above all, seek to be firm in grammar, otherwise, for the rest of your life, you will feel the want of a strong foundation. Practise the construction of German with an enquiring spirit; for in the present irruption of barbarism into the style of writing (approaching to the corrupt German of the pageant period of Louis XIV.) it is more than ever needful to be sure of one's means of defence. Be not over-careful about forming a style: the style is the man himself: whoever thinks clearly, and seizes a subject honestly, will write well: all else is wind and emptiness.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

The Hubel, Berne: 25th January, 1840.

Thus I am at last established, if it please God, for good, at the foot of the Alps, my dearest friend, and my pen goes in the direction which my heart long since had given it. After having laid the basis of my social, political, and domestic life, I can begin to resume my own private life, with my books here, and my friends abroad. A few words as to France. Paris is an intellectual oasis in that Gallic desert. I kept resolutely out of all court and diplomatic avocations and saw—Paris, and Letronne, and Burnouf. St. Denis and Versailles interested me most. What a difference between the faces of the heroes of the fourteenth and fifteenth, and those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries! One sees that the latter have done the dirty work in the history of Europe. The Louvre enchanted me. In the Library I found two MSS. of Syncellus, out of which Lepsius and I collated Manetho. We found our discoveries as little anticipated at Paris as in London. Burnouf acquainted me with a most important fact, which I had postulated, as a good German: viz., that the old Babylonian writing is exclusively ideographic. The conversations with these two men have encouraged me considerably to make my Egyptian work the medium for exhibiting my general ideas on the historical element of language for the primeval part of human history. I have in consequence thrown overboard all statement of antiquarian research not indispensable to the purpose, or left it to Lepsius; and in the nine books my muse will only sing of chronology, and language, and religion.

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I was so full of these thoughts that I could scarcely await the arrival of my books to begin to write and re-write the work according to the definitive plan; but I found that political affairs claimed my attention above all. Here are twenty-five political bodies—all sovereign—and an Union besides, revolutionising and revolutionised since 1798, and particularly since 1830. My predecessor had left me the legacy of two fresh revolutions (Zürich and Wallis), and Tessin welcomed me to the third. My predecessor was gone: I knew less of the recent events of the Alps than of the ancient ones on the Nile: fifteen newspapers came in upon me daily, to inform me how much I had need to know before I could simply understand them. Disdaining to gain information by sacrificing existence to the nothingness of diplomatic life, I set my mind upon instructing myself in the way that we philologists are forced to examine into ages past, and I think I have succeeded. At Zürich I found friends in politics and religion, and true Germans, among the heads of the new Government, which has been the effect of one of the noblest and purest of popular movements. They enabled me even to learn things, of which my high-placed colleagues were not informed; and I think I am now so much at home that my political studies come in only for their regular share in the six days' work, which is all right.

This week I have begun to write the new introduction: a review of the state of Egyptian knowledge as Champollion found it, and as he and his friends have left it. I must now read dozens of works: two are really distinguished: Marsham's 'Canon,' and Perizonius' 'Ægyptiaca.' I find the books I want in the libraries of the town of Berne, or at Zürich. The latter library is indeed excellent: Orelli is librarian. I hope in this year to finish 'Egypt'—if health is allowed, and no fresh revolutions are coming on. How I feel with the Swiss peasant, who inscribed on his house:—

Bewahr diess Haus, Sanct Florian:
Zünd andre an, lass dieses stahn!

If there must be revolutions, their patron saint might kindle them elsewhere (of course our two countries excepted). I have no time for them, and Switzerland has had her full share of that blessing—so much so, that the idea of government

and law is almost vanished, and must be recreated, which is not easy.

My Memoir on the Law of Marriage and Divorce has stultified the other projects: that will probably be the whole effect. The two books addressed to the Crown Prince have been read to him by my ancient Counsellor of Legation and faithful friend, Baron Usedom, in a restricted company, and have been well received. Our affairs with Rome are going on in the old unsettled way, to my great distress.

The third volume of 'Niebuhr's Letters' make a great sensation in Germany: my article has been well received by the public. What wisdom and virtue is concentrated in those extracts of letters!

Let us write to each other regularly, once a month, *à la fortune du pot*—whatever subject just offers itself. I cannot live without regular communications to and from you.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

The Hubel, near Berne: 23rd March, 1840.

. . . . You are approaching a solemn day, the most serious and the holiest as yet of your life. The ancients expressed well the fact, in saying that every one is in his Baptism inscribed as the combatant of Christ, but in his Confirmation receives the arms with which he is to contend under the banner of Christ. No one has a right to the excuse, that the duties are unknown, or the sacredness of the engagement taken, not considered. Your paternal friend, the honoured and excellent Professor Jacobi, gave you an excellent pattern in the life of Dr. Heim, whom I have often seen at Berlin. But first and last I would have you look up to the model above all others, Jesus Christ: think of His sufferings for us sinners; and grieve not His spirit by unfaithfulness. There is nothing that can support the fiery trial of temptation and of suffering, which is before you, but the belief in the revelation of God as Love, in the person of Jesus Christ. Let not mockery and scoffers lead you into doubt—they are judged: and be not chilled by the coldness of those around you, but rather pray that by the sincerity of your striving after right, and the perseverance of love and patience, you may be found worthy to make the way to the Saviour easier to them.

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Friends you will find on the way of life, if you make them an object of prayer. There is no gift on earth more precious than faithful teachers and friends.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Hubel: Easter Monday, 20th April, 1840.

. . . When you receive these lines, you will have made your public confession of faith, and received the benediction with which the Lord breathed on the Apostles as He dismissed them into the world: and may you too be consecrated to the Lord, and receive the festal garment of the soul, wherewith to approach His table! As an ancient Roman father hailed his son, on having assumed the *toga prætexta* after a well-spent youth, and on being numbered among the Quirites as *civis Romanus*, with *Macte virtute tua!* so do I greet you with—The Lord grant you His richest blessing!—that you may enter upon the course of self-sacrificing humility and righteousness, which is all comprehended in love divine, as a member of the Kingdom of Him whose service is the true freedom, to whom your parents consecrated you in baptism. And as the Roman youth in the ranks of his fellow-combatants fought for his native State, and for the extension of the *imperium populi Romani*,—so may you at once enter upon the fight, with and for Him, *cui servire regnare est*, beginning the contest in your own heart, first to overcome the rebellious powers that would bring it into subjection, that you may afterwards be in a condition to oppose the enemy without, and may hope further to spread the sway of Him who has redeemed you and called you to the glorious liberty of the children of God. With Him begin the fight, as one dedicated to Him, to whom death itself under such a leader has no terrors; in looking to Him, rise up to labour, and lie down to rest:—never hesitating, doubting, wavering, indecisive: for if your doubts are converted into enquiries, and your wishes into prayers, then is their solution and fulfilment already on the way, most literally on the wings of angels! This is my congratulation on your Confirmation,—a father's blessing upon his beloved son.

And now I will tell you, that you will very probably receive before the 23rd May, from Berlin, and from your and my

future Sovereign (to whom already, as the kindest, most amiable and faithful of friends, the whole earthly life of your father belongs), a packet to bring to me. You will take care of it—it is an important MS. of your father's, in two volumes, and may possibly be accompanied by something yet more precious to me. And then rejoice again (as you used to delight me by doing as a child) that you are a Prussian:—for the Germans are the people of God on earth, at this moment, and to be fully conscious of being a German, one has need to be a Prussian—otherwise one has in the present time a hard lot, and might easily light on evil days.

In the late Holy Week I resumed my biblical enquiries, and have again found the solution of some difficulties. My good boy, do learn Hebrew well—else you will continue unripe as long you live, in many respects. It is comparatively an easy language, and yet in our time scarcely any one is fluent in it. If once the Leipzig School of Rabbi Professors should be completely formed (from which 'Fürsts' Grammar' and the great Dictionary proceeded) you could there learn Hebrew, and Syro-Chaldaic, in a degree as living languages. Only become possessed of the inflections and the common roots: those must be taken by storm.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

The Hubel: 22nd April, 1840.

. . . They have made in Switzerland a new revolution, or rather accomplished one begun last year, in the Vallais; this has given me more to do (that is, to write to Berlin) than usual. When in the Holy Week I had despatched everything, I took up the work begun at dear Fox How, my Order for Scripture reading, or Annus Dei, to try whether I could this time succeed in getting through the prophets—viz.: bringing each vision to its right chronölogical and historical place; it has been five times a Sisypheus-labour with Isaiah; this time I hope I have succeeded.

The three chronological lines we have, in the East, the Egyptian, the Judaic, and the Baylonian (*Æra Nabonassar*)—once well established, each without any reference to the other, on the internal merits of its own statements, and then put together, they cannot but agree: to this conviction I

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have ever clung, particularly since the recovery of Eusebius. But the jarring point has always been the time from Salmanassar to Nebuchadnezzar; which comprises the difficulty as to Isaiah. I have now made for myself complete annals from 970 to 332, year by year, with synchronistic columns: and putting together the result of the three isolated critical researches, I found out the point—a mistake of about four years as to my Jewish chronology, and of eight to ten according to the common tables. I shall give the chronological details in ‘Ægyptiaca,’ Book iv.—if it please God.

We enjoy our existence here as the happiest we ever had, with thankfulness, and in the most glorious weather and congenial air; we are busy all day, and read in the evening with the children. I can do more here in a day than in the life of Rome in a week. The Muses require leisure and a free mind, and the search after knowledge requires the whole man, at least for the time. The material to be conquered is immense, and still one begins only to live after having got through it. How my heart and soul would rejoice if I ever saw you in a situation such as mine, I mean of *otium doctum*! Believe me, my dear friend, I am no prophet, but my feeling has rarely been wrong in such matters. *You can do impossible things*, such as publishing the second volume of your ‘Roman History’ in this year, when it was scarcely begun last year—a fact that is, indeed, as surprising as joyful to me; but you will never accomplish the whole work as you so nobly have conceived it, in all its extent, and as a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*, unless you soon find a place of leisure. Your work must be complete and must be a sterling work, for all centuries; but you will have for it only the ordinary period of strength allotted to other mortals. I feel as sure as of my existence that you will sink under it, if you overstrain and divide your energies, as you must do now, for a longer period. Forgive the boldness of a friend!—but what can I give you but the conviction of my soul? . . .

I have sent you a pamphlet I have been led to write and to print, as MS. The story is this. Mrs. Fry requested me to add a few words to the notes of a speech of hers addressed to the female prisoners at Berne, and taken down by a friend at the time: this has grown into a separate tract; I had to make her tell shortly her own story, and then address my

countrywomen to persuade them to associate for the benefit of prisoners. My own ideas on the subject came up on the occasion; there was no time for sending the MS. to appeal for her sanction, still I could only write from the conviction of my own heart. Thus I printed it; the whole was written, and printed, and sent off within twenty days. Last Easter Sunday I had the happiness of hearing from her that she sanctions my language, and only desires that I should modify the title into, 'Words of a Christian Friend of Elizabeth Fry, &c., &c.' I am therefore now at liberty to send it to my friends: there is a copy for you, and one for dear Jane, that she may translate it to her mother.

Now to your journey. Pray go to the Abruzzi. My plan is ready for you, and here it is. I hope you may be at Rome by the 27th June, for the illumination of the Cupola; but the necessary thing is Rome itself. There, on one of the hills called the Capitol, one who loves you passed his younger years, and first saw you. That same friend there possesses, by the grace of God and with the generous assistance of Christian friends of his own and your country, a spacious house, called Casa Tarpea. He left it in the expectation of seeing it pulled down, but God has seen fit to preserve it, so that it has been not less useful since than before; in the eastern part as a Hospital for Protestants, the western as an Hôtel garni, in which is an apartment of four rooms, with the finest view, and air acknowledged as the best in Rome—in summer 2° cooler than the lower parts, being refreshed by the daily sea breeze. *Hinc totam licet æstimare Romam!*—and here you should live. Dr. Braun is the administrator of the building, in my name, and resides in it. Opposite, in the Caffarelli-building, lives Abeken, my dear and valued friend. The eastern end is the Archæological Institute, with its library. Living here you will do and see more in one day than in a week, if you inhabit the 'Ghetto degli Inglesi,' commonly called Piazza di Spagna, a mile and a half distant from the Forum. Here, then, you would be in *my house*, the only one I have, or ever expect to have, on this earth.*

* It must be observed that the piece of ground on which the whole group of buildings were erected, was purchased in the name of Bunsen, at the expense of the Crown Prince, who did not wish to appear in the transaction, and the whole was long marked as private property.

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I shall write to-day to ensure the apartments being kept vacant. You shall find there all directions for the journey to the Abruzzi. Nothing more beautiful did God ever create (after Eden) than the Bay of Parthenope, Posidonia, Salerno, Sorrento! In the library of my dear Institute you will find all books and maps of ancient topography—my own collection as to what is Roman; also an excellent book of Cramer on the Fucinus Lake, correcting the essay I inscribed to you in the Annals. With regard to Niebuhr's third volume, I have felt as well as yourself with grief and pain his state of mind, as out of tune regarding England: his letters to me contain much of that too. I have been requested to enlarge the short essay on Niebuhr at Rome.

From the Crown Prince I receive continued marks of his kindest affection and regard. The King is declining. Things are not going on well.

To the Same.

The Hubel, Berne: 21st May, 1840.

I shall still be here. The aged King is not recovering his strength, after the late severe illness. Thus all eyes look up to the Prince; mine to Him whose protection he wants and deserves more, perhaps, than any King living. In 1640 the great Elector of Brandenburg began to rule, and established the foundation of the State, the first stone of which had been laid by Joachim in adopting the Reformation just a century before. In 1740, Frederick the Great mounted the throne,—perhaps, in 1840, Frederick William IV. will be called to give the definitive form to a monarchy, whose epochs would then be for the fourth time secular. I feel that there is something brooding for me. I thank God I am fixed in my mind, as to what to wish, what to pray for, and what to do in any emergency, I trust. All my researches have been more than ever successful this year; on the other side, my political, or rather religious enemies—the Jesuit party in Bavaria—have heaped such contumely and calumny upon me, accusing me of having written books I have not even seen—that I take this as a confirmation of my resolution not to enter practical life again unless it should be the unconditional command of that King, who as Prince has been the kindest and most generous—

minded of all my friends in Germany; and unless it should be with the fair prospect of bringing about a total reform in the sphere of my action, whatever it be. Such a prospect for the Church is at present impossible; it would not be absolutely so for the system of public instruction (including the Universities); but even then I should have to fight a hard battle with inveterate prejudices and unfounded antipathies. Taking all together, and judging from the wonderful ways by which I have been led hitherto, I do believe I shall be left to the studies and researches with which I am occupied, or soon be allowed to return to them. If I am not called to an office like that I hinted at (for Public Instruction) and under circumstances more to be prayed for than hoped for, I shall not go to Berlin now at all; and shall beg for a continuance in my Patmos here.* Never did we more enjoy our existence. I have finished the rough sketch of the nine books, and shall soon begin to write the first for printing. My continual researches on the Prophets have been very successful, and even as to the Psalms I believe I can point out a method—by considering the formation and character of each of the five books of the Psalms (1—41, 42—72, 73—89, 90—106, 107—150) to come almost to a certainty as to the epochs of the great mass, in referring them to the three great periods: the Empire (to the death of Solomon), the Contest, and the Return from the Great Captivity. [Here follows an abstract of the results of researches as to the chronology of Isaiah, being the foundation of an argument developed in later years.*] I agree with you that there is something in the appearance of Lord John Russell like Niebuhr: it struck me when I first heard him speak in the House of Commons, even in the tone of his voice and his gesticulation. I have sent you the speech written for Mrs. Fry; she has adopted it, for which I am more thankful than if any academy or church had adopted an opinion of mine.

Your words and dear Mrs. Arnold's, on my Henry, have been a great boon to our hearts. My thoughts are also fixed on his going as deacon to an eminent clergyman, not as officiating curate (which I abhor as one of your abuses), but to learn divinity, at least practically. Do you know of such a person?

* See 'Bibelwerk.'

To the Same.

Hubel: 3rd June, 1840.

[After many suggestions as to the purposed journey of Dr. Arnold in Italy, he continues:—] For the Abruzzi I send you a line to Marchese Dragonetti, one of the most distinguished and cultivated Italian noblemen; unfortunately much engaged, I fear, in the senseless and bootless plans of destruction of the Liberals, above which he ought to be greatly elevated by his better qualities. You will learn from Braun what has become of him. I found him at Aquila highly respected, lately at Naples under surveillance. All the Prefects of the province have been changed since I was there; thus I know of nobody. At all events, be careful as to visiting *marked* persons—for the police are terribly watchful! I wish you joy of your second Roman volume. To have condensed and made accessible Niebuhr's immense researches for the period that volume embraces is as much, I should have thought, as any mortal could have done; and I am sure you have done that, and more. As you proceed you will find yourself thrown more and more on your own resources, and on your own ground. The characters begin with your third volume. I mean the problem of reproducing those characters and events, which are thoroughly historical and universally known—still so imperfectly described by modern writers. . . . The Crown Prince has sent me a letter of twenty-eight closely written quarto pages, containing his whole creed and system of government as to the Church. My two vols. (MS.) have excited great sensation; he caused them to be read to him in a committee, of which three persons were in many points opposed to my views: this made him study the matter thoroughly, and moved him to write that letter, of which my wife observed justly, that of all the letters she ever read in any language it is the richest in matter. It is in all essential points entirely his own, and still agreeing with my views. But he has contemplated the subject as a King, and all practical points are worked out with a βασιλική σοφία. Much as the clearness in all details delights me, and excites my admiration, still the spirit shown throughout of humility, patience, and living faith, is the subject of my greatest thankfulness. One passage I must transcribe:—

‘I am of opinion that should I even live three times longer than I can expect, I should still scarcely see the half of the edifice completed; for the requisite workmen and receptibility will be wanting. Whenever I meditate on this matter, with closed eyes, I ejaculate, in prayer and confession, *Vita tua via nostra, et per sanctam patientiam ambulamus ad te!*’

. . . I am convinced the King ought not to employ me as Minister, at least not of Ecclesiastical Affairs. The Ministry of Public Instruction, if separated, I should feel courage to accept, and it need not kill me. There, I understand and respect the machinery which exists; which is not the case with the Church; and with my feeling in the latter instance one may be a prophet, but one is not fit to be a practical statesman. What I should like best of all would be to be President of a Royal Commission for Church and Public Instruction, without having to undertake the administration itself. This I shall tell the new King candidly, and then leave to him the decision. As to my being near him, I believe that is a decided point with him, and my heart longs after it, much as I feel attached to this glorious Patmos. If you read events, now only too probable, in the papers, pray for your friend, and for his country.

The decease of Frederick William III., an event significant in its bearings on all sides, and peculiarly on the life of Bunsen, shall be rather recorded here in words written at the time, in a letter which has been preserved, than by any reminiscence.

13th June, 1840.

. . . For a whole week we had been expecting the close of a life, important to us among so many others:—and Bunsen had been overcome since Tuesday last by emotions very different from those the world in general would attribute to him. It was on that day that the account came of that convulsion of the chest, which nobody supposed the King could have outlived as long as has really been the case: then we felt, that however death may be anticipated, nothing can prepare one for it,—and the consciousness that the eye is closed, which beamed with so much kindness,—the hand is cold from which so many benefits have been received,—and the spirit fled which operated much good, and willed nothing but

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good, during the long course of union with the body—fell with force unchecked by uncertainty. Bunsen has felt that a period of his own life is closed : and whatever crisis calls upon us to be aware that the past has quite passed away, is in itself awful, even without concomitant circumstances, in the present case weighty indeed. He has not only lost his beneficent Sovereign, his paternal benefactor,—but also the Crown Prince, whose friendship equalised the difference of rank and condition. Whatever the present King may be to him must in the nature of things be something different to what he has been. The value is thus, if possible, increased of that wonderful letter, or rather volume, received so few days since : to various parts of which Bunsen had been writing a succession of letters in reply, up to the day which marked the necessity of a close. . . . From what he knows of the present King's character, he believes that he will make no violent changes at first, but begin his own government with his father's Ministers.

The 'letter, or rather volume' here alluded to, had been mentioned, as follows, in a letter dated May 30, 1840.

At last M. de Thile is returned, having been detained at Berlin, from whence it seems invariably difficult to get away as soon as intended. He has brought to Bunsen an unique letter from the Crown Prince,—endorsed 'A long letter and a short one, for Friend Bunsen'—containing twenty thickly-written pages, and put into a leather case with a peculiar lock,—which the Prince sought out in presence of Thile, by way of envelope, and which he charged him to tell Bunsen was intended for him as well as the letter. This letter is a commentary on the voluminous communication of Bunsen at the end of last year,—inimitably clever, and satisfactory beyond anticipation, as showing the Prince's satisfaction : his deviations and modifications apparently constituting no essential difference of opinion, and the expression of general convictions and views being such as do one's heart good—to say nothing of the exquisite kindness of the whole.

This passage is transcribed as containing a faithful record of Bunsen's own feelings and opinion at the time

equally with the preceding: but an observation shall not be withheld which the writer of these lines has had much opportunity of making, on the subject of the 'satisfaction' expressed, and the coincidence of views and convictions believed in, and often insisted upon, in the course of that remarkable and voluminous epistolary correspondence which subsisted so many years, and is no doubt all safely preserved in one or other of the Archives at Berlin. At some future time the whole of it will prove an object of deep interest, whenever some future historian shall be permitted to inspect it. There were many points of similarity, as well as of sympathy, in the minds of the royal writer and of him upon whom he bestowed the honour of his confidence and of his correspondence. Each possessed the power of manifold development and expansion of the matter which occupied thought and feeling. With King Frederick William IV., the deep-seated root of opinion would be continually growing and branching out into an almost boundless luxuriance of vegetation. Then Bunsen would seize upon some portion of this growth, and hold it fast, and, with his rare gift of combination, he would argue and demonstrate its connection, whether seeming or real, with his own 'heart of oak.' He endeavoured to prove, that taking for granted the positions so brilliantly stated, and so eloquently elucidated, the results would be so and so, varying greatly from the deductions of the royal writer, who late, if ever, gave up his belief in the possibility of persuading Bunsen to adopt views as his own, or to co-operate in measures which he himself best knew not to be those advocated by Bunsen. It seems due to the cause of truth, that the only surviving witness to the spirit and tenour of letters to which reference is impossible, should give the testimony of her belief, that although the receiver was under deception, yet he alone was to be blamed: the sanguine nature of Bunsen bore him on for years over the difficulty of disguising from himself

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the fact, that from the opinions of the King, such results could never proceed as he had calculated upon, and as he considered essential to the well-being of Church and State. But this present date of June 1840 is far antecedent to the period when 'hopes too fondly nursed were rudely cross'd:'—and how indistinctly as yet the purposes of the new Sovereign were discerned is shown in the remarkable circumstance of Bunsen's being the medium of recommending to Royal notice and to promotion, his future opponent, Professor Stahl. The opinion formed by Bunsen of the capabilities of Stahl, as a writer, to carry on active opposition to the current of infidel writings and lectures, at that time exercising such general and perceptible influence, must have been a considerable one. In order the better to meet the wishes of Frederick William IV. to name men of power, calculated for academical promotion, Bunsen invited Stahl, in the summer of 1840, to give him an opportunity of forming his personal acquaintance by a visit at the Hubel. A full report of the impression made by Stahl, during the two or three days of this visit, will of course exist in the collection of letters addressed to Frederick William IV.,—but no notice of it has been found among Bunsen's own papers. The result, however, was, that Stahl was recommended to the King; who from that time ceased not to look upon him with favour, and in time advanced him to the post of honour and power, as member of the supreme council on ecclesiastical matters, in which he so perseveringly laboured for the destruction of the union between the Lutherans and the Reformed Church, which Frederick William III. had hoped to have secured upon sure and lasting foundations.

To those most nearly connected with Bunsen, and most devoted in attachment to his memory, the explanation of the cause of this, one of the greatest and most widely operating mistakes of his life, would be matter

of more interest and curiosity, than it is likely to be to the public at large:—but that he, the earnest advocate of the Union,—who, far as he was from being satisfied with the Church-regulations of the late Government, yet considered the Union as the first step in advance in the right direction,—should have proved to be the means of bringing forward a strenuous opponent to their free and popular development, from which alone he calculated upon good to be derived to Church and State,—was indeed a singular fatality.

A letter dated June 29, 1840, contains the following passage:—

Bunsen has had as yet no communication from Berlin,—not even an official notice, to transmit to the Government here. This notice of course must come, and new credentials must accompany it, for without those Bunsen cannot present himself at the meeting of the Diet at Zürich, which is to take place next week. Under these circumstances, he was in doubt whether or not to allow himself the gratification of going to the Missionary meeting at Basle this week—where, or in the neighbourhood, there are various institutions, and persons, and things, that he wants to see and enquire into. After much consideration, he set out this morning at four o'clock on his way thither: should the expected papers arrive, they will be forwarded to him, and he will then go on from Basle to Zürich. His impression continues the same, that he will not yet be called to Berlin. Valette has been with us for two days, and has accompanied Bunsen to Basle: he came from Geneva, where he has settled with his family in the hope of restoration of health, during a year's leave of absence from Naples.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Basle: Tuesday, 30th June, 1840.

. . . Here do I sit, in dear, quiet Basle, with the hills of the beloved German fatherland before me. . . . At Solothurn, embosomed in verdure, under the grand rock-wall of the Jura, where we changed horses, the great Ursula Church, above a high flight of steps, was before us: I had

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been told it was beautiful, but found a building after the pattern of S. Ignazio and the other Jesuit churches. Behind the church we entered a narrow defile, formed by primæval forces in the disruption of the Jura-chain, reminding me of the clift of the Adige-valley: to the narrowest part the name of *Kluson* (the *closing*) is given in each place. Then at Liestal, the fine valley of the Rhine opens upon us, with German hills on the farther side. The air was delicious: at six o'clock we alighted at the Stork—but found Inspector Hofmann waiting to invite me, first to come to the place of general greeting, and secondly to receive the hospitality of Frau Merian, who, with her late husband, has formed a principal support of the Mission-house. Valette went to our friend Riggerbach, the architect, and Sophia Wurstemberger was fetched to the house of friends, while I accompanied my honoured and gifted guide to the Antistes Burkhardt, with whom I found assembled about eighty persons, from France, Germany, and Switzerland, seated in a circle, of whom he enquired in succession, beginning with the nearest, first the name, and then the matter, as to which a communication would be asked or offered. Valette gave a message of friendly greeting from the Société Evangélique, and thanks for aid from Christians of Southern Italy—speaking German fluently. When my turn came, the Antistes named and welcomed me, and I replied shortly that I had long wished to see this establishment, and was glad to be enabled to return thanks in my own name, and that of many Protestant Christians in Rome, for the fraternal sympathy evinced at Basle—the gift of Testaments in 1830, and contributions to the hospital. The Antistes replied—‘We have all long wished to behold you face to face; you have laid a foundation of life for the Gospel Church, which will not perish; our hearts and our prayers have been with you throughout the trials of the latter years, and will continue to follow you. May the Lord bless you in all your undertakings!’ You will believe that I was much affected, for these were not empty phrases. So it went on. . . . Among the most satisfactory communications were those respecting the awakening in the Baden-country,—and two societies, one numbering sixty-three, of such as preach Christ and His doctrine faithfully. When no one remained to be taken notice of, the Antistes

bade farewell, wishing a blessing to all from the festival, and requested Le Grand to close with prayer. You know that good man! He began by praying that all might be enabled to pray: returned thanks for all the intelligence just communicated from the Kingdom of God, and asked a blessing upon the people and the Royal House of Prussia—possessors of the Gospel—‘as Thou hast permitted one King to die in faith, so do Thou conduct the new King in the path of faith.’ I believe all prayed with him and me at this moment; and nowhere will a truer and freer act of homage have been performed. When Le Grand had finished, another was requested to intone a verse of a hymn; he gave the words, then commenced the chant, and soon was followed by the second voice, till by degrees all fell in, and produced a grand choir of four parts. So we parted—the whole had been truly national. I thought of the grand world-assembly at Exeter Hall a year ago;—this brotherly greeting was very simple and unpretending in comparison, but so heartfelt and spiritual! I was then conducted to Frau Merian’s, who received me maternally; and I felt much as if in my late mother’s house—all quiet, domestic, citizen-like. My heart is always drawn to the cities gifted with communal independence—there I find my flesh and blood, in such a circle was I born: but in Germany that condition of men is poor, and here it is rich, because possessing freedom of action as well as of conscience.

At ten this morning I was fetched to St. Leonard’s church, to the meeting of the Jewish Mission. But the first visit, at eight o’clock, I received from the remarkable founder of the congregation Kornthal, near Stuttgart, whom I so long had wished to know: he is the father of the Inspector. We came at once upon my favourite theme, the colonising by Protestant communities.* Imagine, that he is just about a negotiation for founding such a colony in the Kingdom of Poland, where 16,000 acres of land have been offered to him for the purpose!—he has been asked, but has declined, to

* It will be remembered that for years before and after the present date emigration in consequence of extreme impoverishment from Würtemberg and Baden and other Protestant States, had been going on with distressing vehemence: and Punsen and his friends longed to have such wanderers, helped to form colonies, on the rational principle of the ancient Greeks, complete in all constituent parts.

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send such another to Australia. He is well inclined to believe (as I suggested) that our Grand Duchy of Posen would be a far better situation. My good Frau Merian invited him to dinner: he brought the intended Statutes with him—we talked them well over, and nothing is wanting to their execution, but—a will from Berlin!

My second visit was from Riggienbach—we plunged into church building, and this evening we shall construct one. To-morrow my maternal friend will convey me in her carriage to Beuggen.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

The Hotel Baur, Zürich: 5th July, 1840.

. . . I proceed with renewed powers, after a night's rest, to the continuation of my account. As I told you, the first day of the festival at Basle is dedicated to Israel. Strangers and natives are seen flocking in together, but the larger portion of the inhabitants of the town keep back (from meetings with a religious object), considering the thing solely as a party-movement—and thus it is with German Christianity among the people in general, with few exceptions. The ancient popular customs of congregational and family worship have been renewed and practised in the first instance by those called Pietists, which are the Methodists of Germany, as Zinzendorf and Spangenberg answer to England's Wesley and Whitfield; the meetings and societies established by them are gradually discarding the signs of separation and peculiarity, and the movement will gradually subside into general and popular feeling; but as yet is met with a spirit of more freedom outside the German limits. The meeting began with a Chorale—'Will the day break in the East?' the singing was good, and the four several parts well carried out: and between the speeches, a verse of a hymn was introduced, to the general refreshment. About six o'clock all adjourned to the garden—an admirable custom, and peculiar to this place: all recover from the fatigue of long attention, and from the heat of the church, and enjoy the more the bodily refreshment, as having, in the same society, prayed and sung and felt together. The pilgrims from afar enjoyed this particularly, as being a meal like that of the Moravian Brethren, where distant Christians can give mutual greeting, perhaps for once only in a life-

time, and be conscious equally of belonging to one common Christendom.

About 250 persons collected,—one or other of the proprietors of Basle kindly giving a private garden for the purpose, the master and mistress themselves receiving the guests and distributing tea, bread, milk, beer—and cherries, fresh-gathered from the trees on the spot. There peasants from Würtemberg and Alsace might be seen mixing with clergy and professors—having come twenty or thirty or more miles to this most real festival,—kindly received among the higher-placed and wealthier denizens of the city. The greater part of the company wandered about, the prospect of the Rhine and the German hills and the picturesque town before them: by degrees groups were formed,—where one began to speak, others stood to hear, and animated interlocution, French or German, was heard on all sides. While I was in conversation with Major, a very aged blind woman (resident far beyond Strasburg) eagerly greeted him, as recognising his voice, which she had heard years before when he had preached at Strasburg, and had sought in vain to hear again. I stood for some time eating cherries out of the same basket with a Suabian carrier, who had much to relate of his wanderings, and entered most earnestly into the deep interest of this meeting of partakers in a common Christian faith.

The second day, Wednesday, was devoted to the heathen: but nevertheless the Committee of the Jewish Mission met at eight o'clock in the morning, to communicate experiences and proposals among its own members,—and the quiet earnestness of this arrangement attracted me. I went in to hear, but after others had spoken, I was asked to speak, and felt that I had no right to keep silence. I told them of Italy, and then of London and M'Caul,—and could not resist notifying my favourite idea of arranging a Jewish-Christian-Apostolic Synagogue, with school-teaching in Hebrew, or in the language of the country,—by means of which, without violence, to work against the Rabbinical Synagogue, and to point out a possible future for the existence of the Jews as a nation. I spoke also of the fine elements of worship in the Jewish Liturgy, their Psalmody, and the active part taken by the congregation in prayer and Scripture reading as their office and privilege. Hausmeister, from Strasburg,

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Dr. Bahrdt, from Calw in Würtemberg, and others, eagerly consented. Among all discouragements, it is a comfort to know that the women (among the Jews) are now taught to read, and permitted to join in prayer—whereas formerly even the mother and mistress of a family had nothing to do in house-worship but to kindle the Sabbath-lamp on Friday evening, and extinguish it on Saturday. We were long together, and I caused Frau Merian to wait breakfast! for she would insist upon giving it to me herself. Then I attended the examination of twenty young men, who a few years ago were totally uninformed artisans or ploughmen, in astonishment and admiration at the result of their five-years' teaching at the Mission-school. . . . At the close, Inspector Hofmann addressed to the bystanders an explanation of the whole plan of study—observing that the object was not to form men of learning for learning's sake, but teachers who should be fully able to state and defend the grounds of the faith and hope to which they had attained. . . . Professor De Wette was present, closely attending to all that passed: his appearance is shrunk and withered, with deep furrows of reflection and of sorrow in his countenance, and the expression of high and spiritual seriousness. He has married a widow-lady of Basle, but stands alone in the place—avoided by the religious party, and abused by his former rationalist associates. His life is ebbing out—his soul full of doubts and his heart full of grief—without friends, without a community to belong to! I greeted him on going out: he was surprised to see me here, and I replied that I was glad to see him here. Our friends had kept their word faithfully—my intention to be at Basle had not been talked of, nor my arrival proclaimed. . . . My opinion and my general impression of this principal establishment of Basle was completed and confirmed on the following day, when the Conference (as it is called) of the Mission to the Heathen took place. My resolution, had been (as you know) not to speak at this meeting—but Hofmann had assured me that what passed (in the Conference) would not be made public: and when in his address (after communication of the admirably-compressed report) he brought the cause of the Mission home to every heart, I felt that I had no right to keep silence, and had courage to express my entire concurrence in all he had said

as to the means used, their object, and the result: as to the latter point, I desired particularly to mark the blessing which had attended the Missionary work in rousing religious feeling among German Protestants,—commenting upon the sad condition of whole districts and provinces (to whatsoever Church belonging) from which the spirit of life had fled; and showing that only the conception of one universal Church (i. e. assembly of believers animated and united by the same faith and love) could offer a prospect satisfactory to Christian contemplation. As a secondary result, I noted the gain in knowledge of humanity in general from the spread of Missions, and in particular as to establishing the fact of the unity of the human race. Then, further, combining means and end into one point of view, I endeavoured to show that the work of Missions, hitherto so highly blessed, was but the first step, taken for the sake of the second; that what has been accomplished as yet must be looked upon as a proof of the power existing for the renewal of humanity by means of Christianity; and that we are now called upon to found *Christian Communities*, not to aim merely at single conversions by means of single efforts; every Mission-station should contain the germ of an entire Christian congregation, that is to say, the family, the school, the association for accomplishing works of Christian love, for the care of the helpless, in every way. Instead of multiplying stations, those already existing should be strengthened by absorbing many into one, that from each of such centres increased influence might radiate, from such as should devote themselves, not only to *die* but to *live* and to work the work of the Lord. The idea of founding such communities by means of converted natives, I dwelt upon most emphatically,—as the only efficient means of counteracting the various evils brought upon European settlements commenced in genuine Christianity, by the admixture of godless and corrupt outcasts from Europe, which Hofmann had strongly stated and deplored. . . . I spoke from the heart, and felt that I moved securely in the element of my beloved mother-tongue: * but I am aware of having spoken too rapidly, and not in a sufficiently popular style.

* These occasions at Basle must have been the first of Bunsen's public speaking in his own language; often, before and after, did he speak in public in English. He looked forward with enthusiasm to a time when he

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The closing solemnity on Thursday evening was the blessing pronounced on the messengers of 'good tidings' about to be sent on their way.

The great difference between these assemblies and those in England consists in the total stillness of the hearers; no sign of sympathy becomes audible, unless it may be said that the silence seems to deepen, as emotion increases. The good of this is, that the high excitement of English meetings is avoided.

On the last evening the Mission Society receive all guests in their own garden, and give them tea. I was at first in the inner hall with Hofmann alone, where, besides the portraits of missionaries, lie the remains of the bomb which proved the founder of this establishment and that at Beuggen. When the French were obliged to raise the siege of Hüningen, on their retreat they wantonly threw the destructive missile towards Basle—but it burst near the Leonhardgate, outside the city wall—and, in memory of the merciful deliverance of the town, a number of individuals resolved to combine for the formation of an establishment for the propagation of the Gospel; and thus arose, in 1816, the Mission-house here, and the Reformatory at Beuggen.

We soon joined the cheerful throng in the garden. On the preceding evening, in the garden of Frau Rosine Burckhardt, groups had formed for more close acquaintance; now that all had participated in such abundance of interest and communication, none seemed to be strangers to each other. Here in an arbour, there on a grass-plot, a few or more collected to join in a hymn, or hear the communications of a speaker; and sounds of softened harmony or of chastened cheerfulness pervaded the garden; children played all around, without creating any disturbance; there is here no question as to admission, no check or exclusion, and the soft evening air, the blue sky, the verdure and flowers seemed to blend with the social joy and melody.

I had been attracted towards a group of German country-might in a German University by word of mouth communicate the stores of his mind to the younger generation; but when he arrived at Bonn, the hand of death was upon him. Yet did he, for the last time, in July 1860, for the gratification of a small number of friends, (among others, the veteran Generals Von Pfuël and Tuckermann,) with all his native power, explain the system of Buddha.

men singing in parts (to my great delight), when a party of French brethren in the faith (among them Valette, Le Grand of Freiburg, Jacquet of Glatz), singing the 'Hallelujah' of Malan, drew me another way. The venerable Maire de Roche (looking like one of the Confessors among the Huguenots of the sixteenth century) spoke out of the fullness of his heart, as did Valette and others, in various words, showing union in spirit. . . . In this Mission-garden, the smaller space, and still more the consciousness that the festival was about to close, brought people nearer together. Towards nine o'clock, after a chorale, one of the masters addressed a few words of farewell to a cluster of guests, who desired a parting benediction, and then we all separated. I found Frau Merian with a tea-table and cherries prepared for my refreshment. I remained therefore with her a short time, especially as I was obliged also to communicate to her my change of plan in consequence of having just received my long-expected credentials to the President of the Diet at Zürich; instead of my being taken to Beuggen and back again to Basle (as she had kindly intended), I had now to take Beuggen on my way, and go on from thence to Zürich. . . . Thus I am come to the end of my account of the last and finest day of my pilgrimage, and shall now pause, to prepare for a solemn appearance at the Minster, where the Diet, according to ancient custom, commences with Divine service and a sermon, upon which the opening speech of the President follows, in the same place and before the same assembly.

A few words of explanation seem necessary in order to understand Bunsen's extreme interest in the establishment of Beuggen. One of the awful consequences of a condition of long continued war and oppression, little commented upon but widely felt, was the reduction of crowds of children to a state of savage life, in various parts of Germany; they wandered about like homeless dogs, seeking any and everywhere the means of supporting their wretched existence; their dwellings and parents having perished in the horrors of war, the communities to which they had belonged could no more be discovered, and the distress was too great and general even in towns

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and villages which had not been reduced to the last extremity, to enable them to afford efficient charity to vagabonds, who had become the pests of society. This lowest condition of human misery moved the compassionate heart of Johannes Falk, of Weimar (a man of genius, the admired associate of Göthe), to give up the brilliant world of wit and letters which he had delighted in and adorned, and to devote himself to literally 'snatching the brands from the burning,' by receiving into his dwelling, and into his very life, beings repulsive from physical and moral impurity, upon whom he bestowed first of all bodily relief, and then sought to bring these outcasts to the knowledge of the love of God and of His patience towards His fallen creatures, by the experience they had made of the love and patience which he, a mere man, was capable of exercising. This is not the place for enlarging upon this subject, I mean the first of the many reformatory establishments now existing, the principle of which was, not to compel by severity the adoption of good practices (as if such a course could succeed), but the conquest of the reprobate spirit by the influence of humanising kindness, by habits of wholesome industry, and by the development of the higher faculties. It was during the calamities of war that Falk commenced his labour of love, and immediately after the conclusion of the general peace Zeller offered himself for a life of self-sacrifice, in order to rescue the outcasts who roamed about the country round Basle. His position in life was that of an official in that town, the income of which place secured a maintenance for himself and his family. This he gave up in faith and confidence that in doing the work which he felt to have been put in his way by Providence, the necessities of life would never be wanting. His wife entered with the same ardour as himself into the new line of irksome duty, and the numerous family grew up into efficient assistants to their parents. Like the school

in Halle, founded for the destitute in the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Aug. Hermann Franke, and like the orphan establishment still flourishing near Bristol under its founder, George Müller, that of Beuggen has neither funded property nor any regular income, and the pupils and their directors live day by day on voluntary gifts, cultivating their land, but never laying by money; and the faith of the Director has never failed, nor met with disappointment; 'neither poverty nor riches,' but 'food convenient for all' has been the portion of all.

From Bunsen's full report the following shall be extracted:—

[Translation.]

After the 23d Psalm had been sung by the choir of youths, the honoured Director Zeller commented upon the actual completion of the twenty years' existence of the establishment, admitting that the anxieties consequent upon the greatness of the undertaking, the consciousness of his own advancing age, the grief of failure in many hopeful cases—all together weighed heavily upon him; yet not so as to interfere with faith and courage for the future. However now unable to enter as formerly into the dream of youthful hope, in which Joh. Falk exclaimed 'that from the Baltic to the Mediterranean an unbroken chain of houses of refuge must be and would be formed, to receive and save the ten thousand lost ones,' yet still he had occasion for thankful rejoicing in the number of such establishments lately constituted far and near. The report he made of the state of Beuggen will be printed.

At twelve he had concluded with a 'grace before meat,'—for the tables were spread, at which half the numbers present found place, and after having dined rose to make room for the rest; guests from Basle and elsewhere having brought abundant contributions of provisions. While the second set were dining, the first walked under the trees, and had a deeply interesting conversation with Le Grand, who is full of hope as to the progress of the Gospel, and ascribes the new awakening among the Protestants of France, as elsewhere, to the so-called Pietists; asserting that the reviving faith

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has there showed itself purely Biblical, and has kept itself free from the separatism, somnambulism, and mysticism, which have injured the cause in South Germany. It might have been expected, after the higher interest of the morning, that the afternoon meeting would prove flat; but each word spoken called forth another, which but for the former would not have been uttered, perhaps not even conceived, the first speaker receiving back yet more than he had given. Valette told of the realisation of Falk's wish, at least at the farthest point named by him, in the place of refuge and instruction formed by Protestant Christians at Naples for seventeen destitute children; a Norwegian then testified to the existence of such another near the Frozen Ocean, on the extreme limits of Finland; thus showing the existence of a chain yet more extended than had been hoped or anticipated. 'But,' exclaimed Dr. Bahrdt, of Calw, 'the chain is not sufficient; it must become a net spreading as far as the need extends; and every Christian house will open towards one or other of the homeless ones.' Hereupon numerous anecdotes were related, proving the active exercise, already, of this most clearly difficult, because repulsive portion of Christian duty.

The next morning, at three o'clock, I was on my way to Zürich, where I arrived at noon, after some animated conversation with my travelling companion (Baron de Sulzer), in which the impressions of the preceding day were mirrored.

In the Hôtel Baur I found Thile as I had appointed, and in the course of the afternoon the hotel became filled with the members of the Corps Diplomatique. What a transition! I reflected that iron becomes steel by immersion in cold water on coming out of the fire; and was thankful for the quiet hours that I could still pass with Thile, before the return to busy life again.

Bunsen to the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone.

The Hubel, Berne: 3rd August, 1840.

. . . . Let me now thank you in the name of all Christians, and of all well-wishers to the glory and welfare of England, for your indefatigable efforts to rescue your dear country from the eternal reproach of the opium question. You can scarcely be aware what good you have done, in enabling the friends

of England abroad to maintain their ground against her numerous enemies, all Romanists, Atheists, Jacobins, of all colours and nations, Montalembert and his friends at the head, throwing that question in our face, as proving the humbug and hypocrisy of all pretended Christian profession and works of the English nation; as abolition of slavery, Bible and Missionary Societies, &c. I have thanked God, that Sandon and all to whom my heart and soul are attached in England, followed the same course with you.

After a long and animated argument on the Eastern question of that day, he proceeds as follows:—

It is surely impossible not to see the finger of God in the foundation of an English Church and a congregation of Christian proselytes on the sacred hill of Jerusalem. And would you do nothing to avail yourselves of political conjunctures which it is not presumptuous to term providential in their coincidence with those symptoms of Zion's revival?

You may now without an effort obtain for Christianity in the Sultan's dominions, not only liberty and privileges, such as Christian Europe fought for in the middle ages, but even territorial property, indispensable for the maintenance of the first. But, whatever you do, let not party politics lame the hands of England! She holds the balance of Europe under that condition.

It has always struck me when in England, and is constantly before my mind, how little political thought is in most of her statesmen, in consequence of the all-absorbing party quarrels of the day. It is buying political liberty rather dear! I know you do not misunderstand me, and thus I write to you without fear of being thought impudent and arrogant. *Amor non timet.*

Contemporary Notice, in a Letter.

The Hubel, Berne: 16th September, 1840.

We have had Mr. Stanley, Mr. Tait, and the same Mr. Steffenson (a Dane), whom we knew in London, daily with us this week—Mr. Stanley the only one in the house; but there was scarcely an evening without other visitors. Mr. Stanley and the Maurices went on to the mountains, the

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former on his return stayed with us a few days again on his way to Geneva and Italy.

Your father's birthday passed cheerfully, the schoolboys at the Grove (that Reformatory visited by Miss Wurstemberger) surprised us all by singing a hymn under his window early in the morning; Bouterweck, Schneckenburger, and Ziegler dined with us, and in the evening your father was again surprised by some delightful singing from German artisans, who at Berne form a society to practise singing in parts.

The following extract on the subject of a prize offered for an Essay on the original nationality of a certain class of legends, tales, and traditions, found with slight variations in the earliest literature of every European people, finds a place here, because the suggestion of that subject to the Society for the Encouragement of the Welsh Language (the Cymreigyddion), at its Monmouthshire meeting in October 1838, was the act of Bunsen, and was eagerly hailed by its most influential members, who agreed in requesting him to undertake the invidious office of judge of the comparative and positive merit of the writings that should be contributed in response to the call of the Society. The result will be found in the following passages. It remains but to add that the author of the much-admired treatise in French, to which, however, for the reasons given, the first rank could not be assigned, was the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, a Breton nobleman, to whom literature is already indebted for having made intelligible in a French translation much of the fine poetry of the ancient Bretons. The author of the German treatise was Herr Albert Schulz, of Magdeburg, a gentleman in the Prussian Civil Service.*

* The English translation is entitled, *An Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia, which obtained the Prize of the Aberguenny Cymreigyddion Society, 1840: from the German of Albert Schulz.* Published by William Rees, Llandoverly, 1841.

It would seem that the justice of the conclusions in which both writers agreed had not been called in question; and yet the subject of Breton priority of claim to originality has been passed over without notice in the recent work of M. Littré, seemingly so comprehensive.

To Lady Hall.

The Hubel, Berne : 27th September, 1840.

MY DEAR GWENNYNEN GWENT,*—You are a most lucky person, for you and your Cymreigyddion have obtained two treatises, of a quality such as any of the first Academies would esteem themselves fortunate in obtaining singly. In addition to the easy task of preferring a good treatise to a superficial and dull essay (such as was the first received), I have had to puzzle my head for days, in the endeavour to find a flaw in the equal claim of No. 2 and No. 3 to the entire undivided prize offered: the result of my pains being the conviction that either of the two deserves the whole. I was delighted with No. 2 (the German essay), which exceeded all my expectations; opening a new way for the enquiry, and bringing to bear upon that intricate question all the weight of German research and learning, and settling it for ever, in favour of the Welsh claims, in spite of the prevalent opinion of Europe. Not only is it proved in this essay that the heroes and tales of Arthurian Romance came from the Cymri into the fictions of France and Germany, but also it is shown in what manner this great fact is connected with the whole history of literature in Europe. Then the French essay came under observation. Had two men conspired together to divide between them the method and the materials of research so fairly and exactly that either availing himself of the one half, should come to the same result as the other, each proving convincingly, definitively, the matter at issue, the thing could not have been more curious and successful than what has happened in the present case, with two writers, one obviously German, the other as thoroughly French, entirely unconnected with each other.

The first thing to be done was to compare the two works critically: which was very instructive to me, although an invidious task, and a dangerous office. Then as to the award—without possessing either the wisdom or the power of Solomon, I shall be found to have followed in his wake,

* The Bardic name assumed by Lady Hall, as member of the Welsh Society.

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by not giving satisfaction. According to the terms originally decided upon, when one of two treatises can be affirmed to have a right to the prize, it cannot be divided between the authors: and this I have stated, adding that if pressed to decide upon one of the two, I must consider the circumstance, that the German essay has treated the subject of Scandinavia with the rest, whereas the French writer has omitted it, *assuming* (and justly) that the Scandinavian nations having received the materials through the medium of the German and French, could have no claim to originality.

The German essayist *proves* this to have been the case, by analysis of all the ancient northern traditions among the Scandinavians and their kindred the Anglo-Saxons; and in so doing has fulfilled the task imposed by the demand of the Society, the result being in substance what the French writer has assumed. But the words of the prize-question 'On the Influence, &c.,' evidently require this analysis to be made of the Scandinavian poems. There I have left the matter.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.]

The Hubel, Berne: 24th October, 1840.

. . . I have accomplished a business within the last twenty-four days over the labour of which I still groan: the arranging according to years of all my papers, literary researches, and correspondence; and thus did your affection and faithfulness, of so many years' duration, pass in review before my mind, so as to rouse the longing to see you again, beloved friend!

Extract from a contemporary Letter.

The Hubel, Berne: 30th October, 1840.

I hope and doubt not that you have been enabled to follow in the newspapers the steps of the King, and have enjoyed with us all that he has done and said. One is at a loss for words to convey the impression of completeness, of perfection, in all that he has felt and uttered; and all feelings must be condensed into thankfulness to God for having granted such a monarch at a time when the private character of Sovereigns must support the cause of sovereignty. Surely, a King must

combine all discordant elements in the all-powerful attraction to his own person; he must seize upon each and every one of his subjects, under whatever variety of denominations and persuasions, by all their strong and all their weak sides, and they must be united in attachment and admiration—as an Arabic poet said of his friends:—

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Still I exult that I alone
Can join these scattered gems in one—
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

Only that in this instance the connecting principle is of nobler stuff than the things connected.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

The Hubel, Berne: 13th November, 1840.

I am most thankful to be able still to write to you from this charming place of quiet and leisure. . . . I certainly had been led to suppose I should be called to Berlin for October 15, by no inferior authority than that of the King himself, whose words, transmitted to me by a most confidential agent, implied much more than my mere presence at that great epoch. I am assured that the intentions of the King have undergone no change, but the unexpected readiness shown by the Pope for an amicable arrangement of the Cologne affair having brought on Conferences on that subject at Berlin, to be held during this winter, the King could not send for me, as it would have appeared to the Pope a hostile rather than a peaceable measure; and besides, would have brought me into open opposition to the majority of the Ministers of his late father—most of whom he yet retains. The new Minister of the Royal House, General von Thile (my very faithful friend), wrote to me soon after October 15, 'If the King did not give you on that day a sign of his love and esteem, it will have been for your own good and for the King's good, and I know that this second reason will satisfy you.' The King has not written to me directly, but sent me word that he intended to do so, desiring me in the meantime to be convinced of his 'most friendly dispositions,' and consulting me about the negotiation with Rome—the agent appointed to go thither

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having orders to pass privately this way and take my advice. The King has entrusted me besides with a negotiation about calling men of literary distinction to Berlin in his name, and has on my suggestion already nominated two, and desired Humboldt to write to me on the subject of the measures he has in view. . . . I am thankful beyond measure for the present prospect of being left quietly here, till the spring at least, to continue my Egyptian researches and those on the Gospels; for, once removed hence, my leisure will be at an end, perhaps for ever.

The letter notices the extreme excitement produced by the insolent tone assumed by the periodical press of France in anticipation of speedily recovering the Rhine as a boundary; in consequence of which the song 'They shall not, shall not have it—our free, our German Rhine!' was sung to one melody or another with ever-increasing enthusiasm, from one end of the country to the other; and the prose ejaculations accompanying this music and poetry spoke of nothing short of the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine, and of dictating terms by means of the army of united Germany, alone and unaided, at the gates of Paris. Then it was that the brilliant eloquence of the new Sovereign, whenever he had occasion to address his enthusiastic subjects, led the German mind, beyond the limits of his own dominions, to connect its habitual speculations with the splendid apparition of a monarch, so gifted with every quality and so worthy of love and admiration: and a vision of German unity accompanied this general, though brief, intoxication. A lady of high authority in matters of fact, as well as high in rank and mental gifts, declared (in 1843) her conviction to Bunsen, that during the two first years after Frederick William IV. came to the throne he was 'master of the situation,' and might have effected anything in Germany as leader of the public feeling.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

The Hubel, near Berne : Christmas, 1840.

. . . First let me thank you for the kindness and the honour you have done me by the dedication of your invaluable sermon on the Third Sunday in Advent. I shall be stimulated thereby to go on the more joyfully towards the goal I have set before me. I may seem to many to wander in devious or various ways, and others will think in ways of error; but I cannot do otherwise than follow my path, which winds in such a tortuous course through the domain of reality and of knowledge, that I have need to seek light to the right and to the left.

With us the accession of Frederick William IV. will prove the commencement of a great epoch of immense importance: both in Church and State a new conflict of spirits has begun. The doctrine of faith, in the sense of the Reformation, is the symbol of our Evangelic Churches, upon which stands inscribed ἐν τούτῳ νικά.

On this subject the present King wrote to me in a letter of May last, 'I acknowledge every Church as a Catholic Church which acknowledges the three ancient creeds; every Church which has preserved the apostolic constitution, or at least where its principal points, even under disfigurement, are to be discerned, as an Apostolical Church: every Church which places the authority of Holy Scripture above the creeds, and in the power of Scripture elevates justification by faith alone as the sacred standard, as an Evangelic Church: and lastly, only in the Church whose element of life is faithful love in action, can I acknowledge the Christian Church.'

He adds further:—'The combination of these Churches on earth forms the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church Militant of the Lord, which we acknowledge in the creeds; the peculiar calling of the Protestant division of it is to reveal and to cherish brotherly love in orthodoxy of confession. May the Lord of the Church grant that there may be a land and a time chosen by Him, which in and through Him may resolutely begin the new course after a long period of stagnation!

I theologise with Henry to my heart's content. I find, as I

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always believed, that the English University education is the best in preparing for independent labour of the intellect, only I lament that such training ceases for the theologian there where it had need to begin.

The summer and autumn of 1840 were marked in the memory of Bunsen and his family by many opportunities of enjoyment gratefully entered into and prized at the time, and in subsequent periods looked back upon the more affectionately as having passed away not to return. They had never before been enabled to reside in a place which they were not obliged to leave in search of refreshment during the fine season; whereas the Hubel afforded a fixed home, so situated as to facilitate excursions of short duration into the finest scenery possible, yet itself commanding such splendour of nature as not to admit of a craving for change; and the advantage to the growing-up sons and daughters of the uninterrupted tenour of daily existence in the midst of varied means for the acquisition of knowledge, suited to the needs and tastes of each, was duly felt by all, though by none so much prized as by the parents, who best knew how rarely such periods of animated leisure occur in the working years of life, and who luxuriated in the contemplation of what Niebuhr terms, with reference to Roman History, the golden time of development—‘*Die goldene Zeit des Werdens.*’ On looking back upon this year in Bunsen’s life—a time of vigorous purpose, of energetic occupation, of activity not debased by struggle, of action unhindered by the necessity of resistance, of ‘rejoicing as a giant to run his course,’ of overlooking, as from a vantage-point, the regions to be traversed, the intellectual provinces to be won, the mental victories to be achieved—the remark suggests itself, applied by Silvio Pellico to his friend and fellow-sufferer—‘*Quel fiore di salute, o come appassì!*’

Four days spent in the Bernese Oberland in July,

and in August a week divided between Geneva and Neufchâtel (besides the journey to Basle and Zürich), made out the sum total of Bunsen's absences from home; giving occasion for many social pleasures in meeting with former friends or acquiring new. On the way to Geneva a few hours at Coppet with the widow of Auguste de Stael, and several persons of her valued family, the Vernet-Pictets; a few more at Beaulieu, near Rolle, in its surpassing beauty of tasteful decoration in house and garden, yet more graced by the presence of the honoured proprietors, M. and Mdme. Eynard, good for mind and eye to dwell upon; two days of the society of M. and Mdme. Tronchin, near Geneva, and thus a glimpse into their life of well-doing, and of refinement in benevolence; in the company of Mdle. Matilde Calandrini, the friend of earlier years in Rome and Frascati;—form a chain of recollections, belonging to the facts, not the visions of life. At Neufchâtel, the Prussian General von Pfuel, Professor Petavel, and Agassiz (then in the prime of his world-wide reputation), are the principal images of life that remain on record of two half-days spent in that region of beauty. At the Hubel many valued guests were received in succession, among whom none were more prized than the Rev. Frederick Maurice and his first wife, and Arthur P. Stanley, then young in years, but in whom Bunsen already discerned the promise since so nobly expanded and perfected. The birthday of the new Sovereign, on October 15, was cheerfully celebrated at the Hubel, under the gathering gloom of the early winter. The first sprinkling of snow appeared on that festival-day; and, soon after, the arrival of Neukomm, valued as a friend and associate full of sympathy and intelligence, and delighted in as originating and stimulating the daily pleasure of music; of Henry, the beloved eldest son (who came to the Hubel after taking his degree at Oxford); and of Lepsius, the favourite associate of Bunsen in Egyptian

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studies—contributed in various modes and degrees to the energy of life and of social intercourse which bid defiance to the severity of a winter of a rigour unusual even in that mountain region, and also to the gloom, worse than the cold, caused by the long-enduring fogs rising from the Aar, and filling every space up to a considerable height on the hills. A visit of two days made by Bunsen and a few members of the family at the Hubel to Mr. Morier, at Thun, was marked in their recollection, not only by the social pleasure there enjoyed, but also by the personal experience of the depth of the fog which concealed the lake even from the view of a house separated from the water only by the breadth of the road. A walk of three quarters of an hour, every step of which was uphill, through a portion of the forest which shook down the hoar-frost like hail upon the passengers, brought them to a point where the Jungfrau showed clear and massive in the full grandeur of eternal snow against the deep blue sky, ‘the solar beams reflecting cloudless,’ nothing else being visible but the smooth and level surface of the sunlit masses of vapour, from which the giant-mountain seemed to rise as from a bed of down.

CHAPTER X.

MISSION TO ENGLAND.

AUDIENCE AT BERLIN—BISHOPRIC OF JERUSALEM—ARRIVAL IN LONDON—
 QUEEN ADELAIDE—LORD PALMERSTON—PUSEYISM—DEATH OF MRS.
 DENISON—DUNCHURCH—LETTER FROM SIR ROBERT PEEL—DINNER TO
 BISHOP ALEXANDER—VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE—APPOINTMENT AS
 MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

IN April 1841, Bunsen was summoned, not unexpectedly, to Berlin, to receive by word of mouth the commands and instructions of King Frederick William IV., for a temporary mission to England, 'which would be explained to him in person.'

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Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

The Hubel, Berne: 5th April, 1841.

Thus, my dearest mother, I am coming to my Fanny's country, as you might perhaps have wished to see me come the first time—as the Envoy of my Sovereign. Of all diplomatic missions, this is the only one which I am thankful to have, it being merely on a special occasion for a short time, as is expressly stated to me. I thank God, besides, that I did not come so the first time; for I could only prove by entering the country as an individual, and rather against the tide, that I had friends in England *as Bunsen*. And again, if I had not been there, and had not been received as I was, the King would probably not have thought of this mission. Whatever the object is, I am sure it is an agreeable one, for the King wishes to give me an opportunity of success in the world. I believe I shall be in England by May, and again at Berne by July. . . . I am just finishing the last chapter on the 'Basilicas,' the former part being

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in the press. The last volume of the 'Description of Rome' passed through my hands the other day. Lepsius left us a week ago, taking with him the first volume of 'Egypt,' written between the 1st and 27th of February: since which I have been printing the form of worship for the Holy Week.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Naumburg: 26th April, 1841.

At length I can write to you upon a course the most important and difficult, perhaps, that I may have to undertake, before that which shall lead to the grave: and yet the smoothest and most joyous—for I have been borne as by angels thus far.

At Basle I saw many friends; on all sides one felt the spirit of the Mission-festival ever active. Early in the morning, the thought was clear and living before my soul, that the King had called me with a view to do something in the Holy Land; and that it might be the will of the Lord, and probably would be that of the King, that in Jerusalem the two principal Protestant Churches of Europe should, across the grave of the Redeemer, reach to each other the right hand of fellowship. On the banks of the Rhine, Le Grand from Sleinthal awaited me, full of the new idea of Spittler, to settle near Jerusalem a rightly-constituted colony, the kernel of which should be trained at Basle as teachers of religion, practising self-denial and exercising trades. Then from the steamer I beheld the dark heights of the Black Forest and the rich plains under French rule—Hünningen to the left, and further on Alt Breisach, and many remainings of the ancient splendour of the German Empire. By three o'clock we reached Strasburg, where on the bank the friends Kreyss and Becker awaited us, and we were soon conveyed to the Cathedral, where Schneegans showed us everything. Strasburg is the German Winchester, furnishing fine samples of style from various periods. At the house of Kreyss I saw Härter, the originator of the establishment of Protestant Sisters of Charity—a grand and venerable character. The centre of the thought of all hearts is the Holy Land; and many assured me that with prayer and with true affection they look to Frederick William IV. By eleven o'clock, we

were at Mannheim: I went directly to the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, who received me like an old friend. Then I proceeded to Amalia Jung, and to the excellent Frau von Hahn. The Grand Duchess sent Herr von Schreckenstein to drive with me about Mannheim, and show me the improvements. Instead of a forsaken, deserted town, as I remember it, Mannheim is now flourishing and full of activity; Prince and people are of one mind, and join in the will that Germany should be one, and strong in herself. The country people flocked in crowds to follow the standard which they expected would have been raised, when the false alarm of war with the French had spread last winter: even veteran soldiers offered themselves. At six o'clock, on leaving the table of the Grand Duchess, I hastened to meet Rothe, who was just come; and we talked till I went to the Grand Duchess's evening party, where she had told me I should meet friends. These were, Frau von Hahn (whose husband is still Governor at Tiflis) and the Duke and Duchess Bernhard of Weimar. After ten, I was again with Rothe, and we remained together till midnight, meeting again at five next morning. Leaving Mannheim at six, I was at Frankfurt by twelve, where Sydow, the faithful friend, awaited me, and we went together to Radowitz, of whom I enquired whether he knew the object for which I had been called to Berlin? He answered, 'No!' and I rejoined, 'Neither have I been informed, but yet I believe I know,'—and I told him my supposition. 'Then,' said he, 'the King has already set me to work for you;' and he brought out the Memoir, written by him from the King's dictation, in French, in March, just as it was sent in to the four Great Powers on the 30th of that month, as the King's Address to European Christendom, on the subject of the so-called Sacred Places in Palestine; which was met, and blown to the winds, by a witticism—'Ce serait établir une Cracovie religieuse.'

Then did Radowitz give me a description (modelled in bronze, with his own well-known plastic power!) of the condition of minds awaiting me at Berlin. Those of the Royal family he portrays as more favourable than I anticipated: elsewhere much of hatred and mistrust, and yet more of fear. But as of all these I feel nothing in myself, but what I may hope with the help of God to overcome, I have no appre-

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..

hension. We were again together in the evening; and in the interval I saw Overbeck's picture of the triumph of religion; the youth in a stooping posture, in the front group on the right, is his son, who died six months ago!

Again on the way, we saw at Gelnhausen the church built by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, very fine and instructive as regards its architecture. Also, I saw the Palace of the Emperor, which the late Electress caused to be restored, and thus saved from destruction. I have now a clear view of the style of the eleventh century. Thus hastening on over the flourishing plains of the beloved fatherland, we saw Fulda, and reached Eisenach by ten o'clock. Next morning at six we greeted the Wartburg sanctuary, and held silent morning devotions in Luther's room. At Gotha, I found the friends well; at Pforta, George flourishing. . . . I am to be to-day at Halle, to-morrow in Wittenberg, and then I can be on the 28th in good time at Potsdam, where, if the King be there, I shall remain.

The communications in writing of Bunsen to his wife were more abundant than ever, during this period of absence; but of these deeply interesting effusions, little can be extracted to serve the purpose of completing the picture of his mind and life. The mere fact of his being called by the King was a cause both of joy and triumph, when the circumstances are considered which interposed a barrier, seemingly impenetrable, to his return to Berlin: and could the image of his state of mind, throughout a condition of things the most gratifying to the best feelings, and calculated to be the most intoxicating to the natural man, be brought as distinctly before other minds as it exists in that in which it was habitually mirrored, the most indifferent or censorious observers could not fail to be struck and edified by the childlike acceptance and transfusion of all that was good, and bright, and desirable, which befell him during this new dispensation; without the slightest taint of bitterness towards groups or individuals, who had contributed to swell the

current which had for a long time set so strongly against him. Bunsen's inner consciousness expanded and dilated in the genial atmosphere of the King's presence, and his eminent power of being happy had rarely been more fully called forth, than in the intercourse with the King granted to him during the five weeks to which his stay was extended. In the golden *Now* of the beginning reign, hope ruled the hour and grasped the future; and the complications, the contentions of principles, the clash of highest interests, which were not long in making themselves felt, were 'hush'd in grim repose.' The demeanour of the King towards him, exemplified throughout the sentiment conveyed in his own original utterance previous to the meeting, 'I hunger and thirst after Bunsen!' On the 2nd May Bunsen was received in the most affectionate manner in the Palace at Berlin, and conducted by the King into that same inner chamber, to the same spot which he had occupied at the last interview on December 2, 1837, where, after a few words of kindness, the King's voice was choked as he alluded to the death of his father, and the degree of emotion in both needed silence in which to subside; then there followed a concise indication by the King of the commission to be entrusted to him. The arrival of the King of Holland as a guest at table, broke off the communication, to be renewed when the King removed to Potsdam on the 6th, whither he commanded Bunsen to follow him, and to take up his abode in the so-called Japanese House, a favourite dwelling of Frederick the Great. The charm of the Royal gardens, of the season of abundant blossom, and of the genial weather, were all circumstances of which Bunsen was strongly susceptible.

The subject of the commission entrusted to Bunsen cannot here be passed over, as having been one of great importance both at that time and afterwards; but the

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comment shall be as short as is consistent with the endeavour to give a true representation of the amount of Bunsen's own views, which were infused into the design of the King;—worked out by him with such earnest zeal, clung to through life as far as he felt them to be of real use to the cause of Christianity, but furthered in their very beginning by a strong breeze of delusion, which acted variously on the several participants in the scheme, but which naturally flagged when their time was over.

In the preface to the authorised explanation of the origin of the Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem, the following passage may be accepted as the expression of Bunsen's own sentiments, as well as of those of the King, by whose command the account was published:—

[Translation.]

The covenant of Sinai established a wall of separation between the posterity of Israel and every other nation; the covenant of grace, the dispensation of our blessed Lord, broke down that wall, and will gradually gather every nation under its healing wings. The one came with denunciations and chastening upon the children of disobedience; the other linked together, in a bond of brotherly love, both the circumcision and the uncircumcision. The seed of Abraham dwelt as strangers in the midst of a world which knew not God; Christ came, and in every stranger taught men to recognise a brother. Upon this law of love, the Author and Finisher of our faith has laid the foundation of His Church; it is the keystone and the bond of her fabric. A Church which bears not this living impress, and acknowledges not this principle as the basis of her faith, is not a Church of Christ; she ceases to be a member of His body; she has left her first love.

The state of the Churches of the Reformation—what has it been but that of a house divided against itself? made weak and inefficacious for combined good by their differences; at unity in fundamentals and essentials, yet at variance where national prepossessions have interposed; and in action and enterprise falling deplorably

short of that which their power and calling might have effected. Yet though it has been the work of men to paralyse outward unity, an inner germ of union has been preserved, and all confess and proclaim but one faith, one atonement, one justification, one Gospel—that of the Lord from heaven.

Under this aspect must the institution of the Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem be contemplated; in its tendency to revive Catholicity in purpose and action, based upon Catholicity in spirit and profession, as it was conceived in the mind of the Royal founder, who looked forward to a day when every national Church should unite with those of Prussia and England to exhibit to the East a purified temple in Jerusalem; and endeavour to make known to the living kindred of the Son of Man, the one God, who is God not of the Gentiles only, but of the Jews also.

Bunsen to Frederick Perthes.

[Translation.]

London: 12th October, 1841.

. . . . The King has from early youth cherished the idea of amending the condition of Christians in the Holy Land; where, as throughout the Turkish Empire, the position of all Christians is altogether ignominious, and that of Protestants doubly so.

The Treaty of July 15, 1841, appeared to him to indicate that the Princes of Christendom considered it to be their duty to remove this disgrace. He would have much preferred that this object should have been effected by all the Christian Powers acting together, and to have seen it so effected that the Holy Places should have been given over into Christian hands, without interfering with Turkish supremacy; but that proved impossible. Then I was called; the chief points were as follows:—

A negotiation jointly with the English Government, in Constantinople, to obtain the acknowledgment of a Protestant body, as such, in the Turkish Empire; and a confidential negotiation with the heads of the Church of England, desiring of them the establishment of a Bishopric in Jeru-

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saalem, with which other Protestant Christians might connect themselves.

You must feel that the first condition of that recognition (by the Turkish Government) is that we appear as an unity. This seemed only to be possible by forming a connection with the establishment already made and possessed there by an English society (that for a mission to the Jews) on Mount Zion,—it was here that in 1839 a piece of ground not far from the sepulchre of David was purchased, upon which immediately a dwelling for the mission, a hospital, and school were erected, and the foundation laid for a church. The matter to be accomplished was the converting this private establishment into a national and universal Christian foundation; and that could only be effected by the founding of a Bishopric by the Church of England. Then only could an understanding be come to with a view to establish a dignified and brotherly relation with other Protestants, especially with the Germans. To the Turks we must only display a *unity*, among ourselves we must maintain a brotherly understanding. But Germany must above all things assume an honourable and independent position in such a connection with the English Establishment. We must acknowledge that establishment, and therefore the episcopal authority; the English, on the other hand, must acknowledge our Augsburg Confession (the parent of all others) and our German order of worship. We must proclaim the Gospel, as Germans, in German.

Into this noble purpose of the King Bunsen entered with all his soul's energy; and if the word *delusion* has been unwillingly used, it applies not to the design, but to the effect of the exuberance of hope, picturing a grandeur of result such as human imperfection, whether in circumstances or individuals, has as yet only delayed, not defeated. Abundant have been the blessings diffused from the centre of Christian life which it was granted to Frederick William IV. to originate in Jerusalem; but the more real, the more spiritual, the more belonging to the 'deep things of God,' that work has been, the less is that establishment calculated to be 'a

renown in the earth.' The day which shall 'reveal the thoughts of all hearts' will reveal the work of revival and of sanctification which it has been allowed to effect.

Bunsen arrived with his instructions in London in the midst of a crisis from which he apprehended disturbance, but which proved highly favourable to his negotiations in every quarter; the Ministry of Lord Melbourne, then about to resign office, and that of Sir Robert Peel about to enter upon it, showed equal readiness to meet the wishes of the King of Prussia, and encourage every plan which might increase national sympathy and union with the principal Protestant power on the Continent. Of the existing centres of opinion—'thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers'*—each and all in Great Britain, so independent in reality of influence, the greater part were favourable, or became so, to the views of the subject which Bunsen brought to bear upon them. The mild and venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the gifted and energetic Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, warmly encouraged the purpose; as did the entire party of a weight equal to its worth, termed Evangelical, with its distinguished leader, Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury.

As Bunsen always endeavoured to find, and often succeeded in finding for his highest ideas, some footing in practical realities, so did he find a starting-point for the new Jerusalem Bishopric in the already existing mission to the Jews, where he who was the most influential man of the society, Dr. M'Caul, entered into the matter with enthusiasm; the spirit of the time in the mass of English society being directed to the reclaiming of the Jews with a degree of zeal that forms on retrospect a mortifying contrast to the present dispirited and discouraged condition of minds in respect to that great object of hope and prayer.

* Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

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The steady opponents of Bunsen's negotiation were the men influenced by the opinions of Newman, who even in the altered form (greatly modified from the original design to provide unity and common action between continental and English Christians) still found too much of the impress of the King's original idea.

At last, however, an English Bishopric was founded by Act of Parliament, to the endowment of which the King of Prussia furnished one-half of the requisite funds, the remainder being supplied by subscriptions in England among individuals; the Prussian Government stipulating that German congregations and missions should share in the care and protection diplomatically procured and extended to the establishment. It was, in a manner, the founding of a Colonial Bishopric, such as were afterwards founded in considerable number in English colonies; the colonists here being the Protestant Christians, or those willing to become such, scattered abroad in a wide district, like that to which the general Epistles of Peter were addressed.

The intention of introducing a stipulation that German pastors labouring in the Holy Land should accept English Ordination, shall only be mentioned here in order to specify that by the influence of Bunsen it was rescinded. As for the report spread and credited on the continent, that Bunsen, as well as his Royal master, intended surreptitiously to introduce Episcopacy and Episcopal Ordination into Prussia, it was solely founded on a supposition wholly unsupported by any act or measure proposed.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Sans Souci: 8th June, 1841.

Berlin now lies behind me; the next night will bring me on the way to Halle. I arrived here yesterday evening; the King having expressed his wish that I might be ready by Monday. I imagined that at the moment he had not

been conscious, that Monday, the 7th, was the anniversary of the late King's death, which the Royal Family would pass in seclusion. But Gröben was of opinion that I ought to be on the spot as directed, and so I drove to the Japanese House, in spite of the assurances of officials who arrived by the same train at Potsdam, that the King intended to be alone: I tranquillised them by declaring that I had come by order, and to be within call. Whereupon I sat till eight o'clock in the so-called Bonzen-Tempel, when a messenger came in great haste to announce that the King had asked more than once whether I was not there, and that a carriage was come to fetch me. The King and Royal Family had been assembled in morning devotion in the chapel of the late King's residence; and the hymn having been sung (which he selected to be performed at his burial) and Strauss having preached, the idea of remaining all together through the evening as well as morning, had been given up.

Lord William Russell had given me to understand, that to commence the negotiation in prospect with me, would be agreeable to Lord Palmerston, and Bülow's report being to the same effect, I took opportunity to suggest to the King to give me my dismissal—which I expect to-morrow. . . . The King had desired me to remove to Sans Souci, as in the present rainy weather the Japanese dwelling might be cold. What can one express about so much kindness? Only consider how the King is engaged every day from nine in the morning till the hour of dinner (three o'clock)! ministerial reports are made to him; then again public business, from an hour after dinner till tea time at seven; at half-past ten he dismisses the company, and then sits down while others go to rest, to read papers and despatches, and the letters which have arrived during the day; after which he writes his own letters, and is often at work till one or two o'clock in the morning. When the accumulation is great, the excellent Queen sits up with him, to read papers aloud, or, in one way or another, to help. He sees and feels everything defective, whether in persons or things, more clearly and deeply than anyone in his dominions.

After a journey marked by much enjoyment of the society of old friends, at Gotha, Naumburg, Bonn, and

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Brussels, Bunsen was enabled to date his first letter from London on June 24, St. John's Day, the anniversary of the commencement of the congregation on the Capitol. He clung with affection to 'signs and seasons, and days and years,' though not to the extent that would have degenerated into superstition; a date once marked by an event for good seemed to him a point round which all that was good and desirable might cluster for ever.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Wimpole Street: 24th June (St. John's Day).

Thus I write to you from London, from the same house and room which first received us on our flight out of Egypt. What years of blessing, what recollections, what events between then and now! It sometimes appears to me like a dream. Then, trying to find my way in the much longed-for but unknown island, in narrow circumstances, avoiding by choice, yet more than by necessity, every degree of publicity; now returning as the Envoy of such a King, in such a cause, at this moment! But I must tell my story. At Antwerp we had just time to go to the Protestant Church; situated in a quiet spot enclosed by a wall, the presbytery in the midst of a garden. We had a very good sermon, and then the clergyman (Spörlein, an Alsatian) accompanied us to the harbour. He communicated to me his intention of going to London to address himself to the Bishop, having, after a long struggle, become clear in his wish to join the Church of England; he had many friends in the country, like himself, looking towards an Episcopal Church—among others a converted priest of Louvain. I invited him to come and see me in August. On the steamer I found M. van de Weyer, once Professor of Philosophy at Louvain, now Envoy Extraordinary &c. from Belgium to England. He gave me a most interesting account of the philosophical, i.e. metaphysical struggle between the 'Catholic' and the 'free' University,—the one at Louvain, the other at Brussels; the first charged the second with Pantheism, attacking particularly an article on the Creation. The author replied, and then they plunged into the midst of

transcendental speculation; both entirely leaving the French school as well as the Scotch. 'L'université catholique a commencé à discuter,' said he significantly. In an American on board I found a friend of Ticknor's, who knew Neander, &c., and had himself written on Divinity. The night and the storm separated us, but next morning I spoke with him again, being struck by his earnestness. He was gratified and surprised at my telling him that I considered the Episcopal Church of the United States the most perfect in its constitution and Liturgy:—'and I also,' he replied, 'although not belonging to it.' . . . I found he had been awakened to reflection as well as others, by Newman's writings, although not going their length. He was the Reverend — Wood, President of Bowdoy College (Independents), in the State of Maine.

We met more than twenty-five steamers, all crowded with people, going to Woolwich to see the launch of the 'Trafalgar'—all spectators ranged in tiers so as not to intercept each other's view. Round the 'Trafalgar' was a gathering of vessels with hundreds of flags flying—never was a sight more brilliant.

I am just arrived at the right moment. I shall have all the advantage of Lord Palmerston's knowledge of the subject, and the result of his negotiations at Constantinople; he is willing to do what he can, and his successor cannot do less. Parliament is to meet on August 20, and Sir Robert Peel is expected to come in before the end of the month.

This is a trying period for me,—unable to do anything, unsettled, not yet in action, I feel often depressed—but oftener deeply moved to thankfulness with awe, in a sense of the weight of the moment. I am supported when flying to the Fountain of life and grace, but I live in fear and trembling many an hour.

On my arrival, I found invitations thick and threefold:—one for that very evening from Sir R. Inglis, being the third, after two sent in vain. Never was there shown more exquisite kindness than in the selection of the guests asked to meet me. . . . Lord Ashley's communications as to what has been done here in the very sense of the King's wishes are so romantic that the world will never believe that there existed no preconcerted plan. There is some alarm in the

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diplomatic world; the Russian and French representatives said, I should be stirring up Lord Palmerston to remodel the Eastern question. Neumann (the Austrian) said to Bülow, when the question was asked, 'What is Bunsen's commission here?' 'To form a second league of Schmalkalden.' Lord Melbourne also took Bülow to task, saying, 'Bunsen is a stirring man: what is he to do?' Bülow has behaved admirably, as the King's minister, and as a friend; it was most necessary that I should find him here.

Mivart's Hotel, Saturday, 3rd July, 1841.—You may imagine how much I have to write; still I could not bring myself to begin a letter without seeing my way a little clearer. All is going on prosperously—the way seems smoothed before me. In an hour I shall move to No. 8 Curzon Street, Miss Berry's house, which dear Pusey has so kindly offered me to take possession of, till August 15, when his lease expires, that I could not refuse it. . . . I shall probably open the conferences with Lord Palmerston to-morrow. The pressure of business on him at the present moment is such that he has scarcely time for a few hours' sleep; he writes everything himself. . . . I have not lost my time this fortnight; I have seen, heard, read, much to the purpose. High and Low Church are charmed with the plan; I *think* the Dissenters too will be satisfied. I am happy to perceive that the highest authorities do justice to Lord Palmerston's efforts and Lord Melbourne's good-will towards the Church. . . . I shall have much to write, but I think I shall know what to say.

To the Same.

London: Monday, 5th July.

I have begun my business, and—I have finished it,—essentially—and well. God be thanked!

Lord P. appointed the conference (as I had proposed) on the next day, being Sunday; it lasted an hour and a half. I read to him my Instruction, translated into English, to show him my unlimited confidence. He heard all with the greatest attention, only interrupting occasionally with intelligent questions. When I had done, he began to speak, evidently surprised at not having serious objections to make, and only marking points, upon all of which I was prepared with answers; and all ended in perfect satisfaction. I per-

ceived that he was struck by what I said; and he observed that every Englishman must rejoice at the idea of such an arrangement; expressing himself much pleased to learn that I anticipated no serious difficulties at Lambeth. This morning, after consigning to paper the whole of that remarkable conference, I wrote officially to ask for opportunity of conference at Lambeth—which, probably, will take place on Wednesday, when I am invited to dine there with Bishop Blomfield alone. I shall begin by reading the document I wrote at Sais Souci, the translation of which Dr. M'Caul has revised for me.

Bülow leaves London in a week for Berlin, and will be the bearer of these good tidings. . . .

The enemy will strive to sow weeds; but I hope the gardener will be too strong for him.

To the Same.

Bushy Park: Tuesday, 13th July.

Here I am, about to have breakfast, after having passed one of my most agreeable evenings with the Queen Dowager. The party was small . . . all was royal, not *géné*, but free in the right manner. Everything about the Queen is most pleasing, the spot beautiful—avenues, grounds, &c. Yesterday being the birthday of one of Lord Howe's children, there were a dozen of the finest children possible playing on the grass before the house. I have been reading this morning Lady Frances Egerton's interesting and instructive journal of her tour in 1840 through Palestine. What a kind thought, that just this book should have been placed on my table! In short, everything here denotes the most exquisite hospitality of a Queen, surrounded by English noblemen of the right sort.

Curzon Street, five o'clock.—We went through Hampton Court with the kind Miss Walpole, after the Queen had permitted me to present Ernest, and had taken us herself all over her own charming grounds. But now I must tell you that Monday (the day before I was at Bushy Park) was the most decisive and important day. I had written down the development of the principles contained in the King's Instruction, having foreseen that their consequences might have a start-

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ling effect; and this was the case. I, of course, demanded for the German congregation and converts the German service and the Confession of Augsburg. But when I perceived that it was admitted that the plurality of tongues and of articles was not contrary to unity, I took the offensive, and argued that they must act in a *catholic* and not in an *Anglican* sense, and that they ought to be foremost in establishing the principle of 'unity in principle with national individuality;' that Rome was digging her own grave by taking the contrary course. This was yielded; and then I took my higher flight. . . . The venerable Archbishop hailed in spirit the benefits that may result. . . . The Bishop of London spoke in the same strain, and Dr. Kaye (Bishop of Lincoln) assented. This ever-memorable conference lasted two hours. I then went to Sir Robert Peel, who had expressed to Lord Ashley the wish to see me at one o'clock—(in spite of his having the elections and the marriage of his daughter on his mind)—of course, I came not before two, but yet he received me, and I explained the whole in a conference which lasted till four. He showed by his questions the difficulties he foresaw politically, but took the greatest interest, and seemed satisfied with my explanations. On coming home, I found a letter from Lord Sandon, proposing my going with him to the agricultural meeting at Liverpool—to dine with him at the Mayor's on Friday, stay with him at the house of a friend till Saturday, and then accompany him to Lady Frances to spend Sunday. Lord Sandon and Lord Ashley are like brothers towards me. . . . It is to me an indescribable delight to be enabled to-day to read to that excellent Lord Ashley the Instruction and my further statements: for he was the man who took up our cause, and who set the Jerusalem plan a-going—we made our plan for both in the night of the 10th December, 1838—the anniversary of the Allocution of 1837.

Monday, 19th July, 1841.—This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston; the principle is admitted, and orders to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople, to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October; he is by race an Israelite,—born a Prussian in Breslau,—in confession belonging to the Church of England—ripened (by hard work) in Ireland—twenty years Professor of Hebrew

and Arabic in England (in what is now King's College). So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel. . . . When I read with the warm-hearted, clear-headed Lord Ashley the translation of the Minute of which I send you a transcript, he exclaimed, 'Since the days of David, no King has ever spoken such words!' It was his fortunate idea that directed the choice of the future Bishop. . . . Canitz has been named for London as the successor of Bülow,—the only man who will not spoil my work here, but can and will cherish it and carry it on.

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Bunsen to Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.

Curzon Street: 9th July, 1841.

May your prayer for me be heard, and the grace of God be vouchsafed to me, without which we can do nothing, and are nothing. The school through which, with few exceptions, He has been pleased to conduct me, has been that of success and prosperity, and you know, as a Christian, it is a trying one, and, without grace, more so than that of adversity,—we are so apt to ascribe to ourselves and our merit, what is given to us, notwithstanding ourselves and our sins. *Self* is the only power which God has given to man the awful liberty of placing between the rays of eternal grace and his own darkness. It absorbs the light divine, and takes away the blessing of all that we receive. Self-will brought on Adam's fall, self-will died on the Cross, at the foot of which alone we can, as priests of the Most High, sacrifice it with willingness of heart, out of thankfulness for love unspeakable, and receive in its place a new heart, moving in the blessed sphere of the Divine Will. But self even tries to snatch away this very new life, if not guarded against,—and more especially in prosperity. I feel that I have never such need of divine grace, as in such moments.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Addington Park: Wednesday morning, 4th August.

I hasten to greet you from this lovely place. After having had to write despatches till two o'clock, I went with Ernest to mamma, who fed us—then to St. James's Square,

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where I entered the Bishop's open carriage. He and I had one talk from St. James's Square to Addington: he is a man of incomparable activity and delightful quickness of mind, and (what I so much delight in) ready to act upon at noon what he has acknowledged to be right at twelve. By the way we looked at a church in the Lombard style, which the Bishop of Winchester is building. Other new churches we saw springing up every two miles. . . .

Friday morning, 6th August.—All is settled finally. The Bishops will request next Thursday the authorisation of the Crown to consecrate Professor Alexander as Bishop of the United Church consisting of members of the National Churches of England and Prussia, at Jerusalem. Next Thursday, Dr. Mc'Cauley will have with Lord Ashley a conference at Lambeth to lay down the preliminaries of an union of the Jewish Society with the Bishops. . . . I have ceased to wonder. How I long to show and to explain to you all!

I start immediately for Herstmonceux, to Hare.

15 South Audley Street: 11th August.

I returned here last night, quite well: better than before that attack of cold and fever. I am in comfort here with my Ernest, as far as that can be without you.

Lord Ashley meanwhile (on his return from his most remarkable tour through the manufacturing towns) found my letter. He then came to me and talked over the whole, and received from me the articles drawn up at Addington, which he communicated straightway to Lord Palmerston, who approved, and would himself carry to Windsor, where a Council is to assemble this day. He will see me on Thursday, and doubts not of having the Queen's Letters prepared for next week. If to-morrow all goes on as planned, Ernest will go on Saturday to Sans Souci, by Hamburgh, as bearer of despatches.

13th August.—The Memoir, with translation (eighty pages folio), goes to Berlin, I hope with my final report. To this I shall add a very solemn address to the King, expressing my earnest prayer to be allowed (after having presented myself to His Majesty) to retire to Bonn, to work quietly in the cause of restoration of the Church; and deprecating

any further interference with the practical business of the day. This has been long considered, and I have resolved to tell the King so. I consider this Memoir as the work of my life, all my past has contributed to conceive and to form it, and all my future will be dedicated mainly to its development and support. The leading idea is that true catholicity supposes, as collateral principle, the acknowledgment of a national independence: the principle of the harmonious action of catholicity and nationality carried through.

P.S.—A new courier from the King, with a precious letter from himself;—all ratified, all settled,—more to-morrow.

14th August.—I am still nailed to town. In a week the bustle will begin, and then soon will the battle follow. . . . Dr. McCaul will preach and print the Consecration Sermon, with an historical account. I am thankful for this, as he is the only man to do both. Julius Hare says so too. Opportunity will not be wanting for Hare to write on the subject.

26th August.—The last days of my seven times seventh year were among the more important and the most busy of my life. In sending off the Memoir to the King, I repeated that although small it was the work of my life,—yet written in a foreign land and a strange tongue,—as my Liturgy on the Capitol, and my Hymn Book at Rome!—a tragical destiny, and yet blessed to me. On Wednesday came a courier with despatches and letters from General von Thile, expressing the King's 'most grateful acknowledgment,' but at the same time some fears and apprehensions as to my putting the King too much forward—he desiring to act but as a humble Christian. My answer to these apprehensions (which are couched in the most touching terms) will have been the Memoir; but I could not have sent it earlier, although it was ready and delivered on the 30th of July. On Friday came a second courier, in consequence of a *misunderstood* expression, from which he feared the idea might go forth as if an *union of the two Churches* were aimed at—for which Germany certainly was not prepared. This time the King had written himself, in one of his nightly hours, one of his most precious effusions. I will transcribe for you the beginning and end of the letter:—

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'*Sans Souci*, 12th August.—In thanking you, my dear Bunsen, for letters so unspeakably remarkable, and to be rejoiced in, I embrace you as one whose work and task God has blessed.

'May God grant to your measures and to your words the blessing of success for the present and the future. Amen! —FR. WILHELM.'

An admonition not to go on too fast, closed with the words, 'Our digestion cannot yet bear strong meat. For God's sake, for the sake of the holy cause, gently!' I could only write two lines that evening to announce my explicit, and, I hoped, satisfactory explanation. . . . I have to despatch the second courier as soon as I shall have seen Peel, and can send *the Bill* printed (to-morrow the Archbishop makes the motion): the Act will receive the Royal sanction by the 28th or 30th. I have supplicated the King to let me have his formal sanction before the 25th. He had misgivings as to the expediency of not awaiting the arrival of the messenger from Constantinople; but we all here are clear that we ought not to wait—only I have declared that, as far as the King was concerned, I must await his final orders. I have begged the King to allow of my taking leave immediately after the consecration (in the first week of October), and have made clear to him that I have not the slightest reason for returning to England any more. You know in the beginning it seemed as if my return in the spring would be necessary. But now all is done already, which I alone could do, humanly speaking. I have written at length about this to the King, saying how glad I was of the appointment of Canitz for London, as he was the proper man for the post. Imagine my terror, when just now told that Canitz is going to Vienna! Malzahn is to become Minister of Foreign Affairs. My second fright is, that at last I should be obliged to return here as Minister! God forbid! It is not my vocation, and I am in my fiftieth year, and our family-life would be broken off.

Pusey: 1st September.

Here I sit in the dear house, surrounded by those grounds we walked in in the winter's gloom, but which now are clothed in all the beauty of the season and charm of English verdure, under an Italian sky and sun! . . . It is

impossible for me to be *quite* happy without you, otherwise I feel to-day very happy. I enjoy air and sun for the first time since I left you, quite as much as I did at Frascati and at the Hubel.

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Ritter, the great geographer, is in England, and on his way to Scotland, and on his return will live in my house. Hare had just left me before I came hither: we lived happy hours together. | On Sunday last, we walked in the morning by Charing Cross to Hungerford Stairs, steamed to London Bridge, went to Guy's Hospital, heard Maurice pray and preach, enjoyed the blessings of the Lord's Table, Hare officiating: had a delightful conversation with Maurice (who rejoices in the Jerusalem scheme), then drove with Ritter to Palestine Place, heard the beautiful Hebrew service read by the future Bishop of Jerusalem, and a fine sermon from M'Caul. We drank tea with Mrs. Alexander. I then drove to Lord Ashley, who had managed with his father the quick passing of the Bill: then walked through the park to the Athenæum, where I dined with Hare: then walked home in the most glorious evening, for tea, and prayers afterwards. It was a happy Sunday, and a full one, and quiet as it could not have been in any other town in the world. |

Monday morning, 6th September.—I sit here in the loveliness and loneliness of an English morning at half-past six, when of course no soul is awake. I am to start at seven, to be at home by eleven. Pusey is become more a farmer than ever, but delighted not the less in reading with me Demosthenes' noble speech, 'De Coronâ,' which he knows almost by heart.

The other day, Spörlein, the good pastor of Antwerp, my fellow-traveller, arrived, on his pilgrimage to seek comfort in the Church and faith of this country. At Oxford he went to Newman, who invited him to breakfast, for a conference on religious opinions. Spörlein stated his difficulties, as resulting from the consistorial government being in the hands of unbelievers, while in the evangelical society which he had been tempted to join, the leading members protested against every idea of church-membership. The breakfast party consisted of fifteen young men, whom Newman invited to an expression of opinion and advice; and the award (uncontradicted) was that 'Pastor Spörlein, as a continental Christian, was subject to the authority of the

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Bishop of Antwerp.' He objected that by that Bishop he would be excommunicated as a heretic. 'Of course; but you will conform to his decision?' 'How can I do that,' exclaimed Spörlein, 'without abjuring my faith?' 'But your faith is heresy.' 'How! do you mean that I am to embrace the errors of Rome, and abjure the faith of the Gospel?' 'There is no faith but that of the Church.' 'But my faith is in Christ crucified.' 'You are mistaken; you are not saved by Christ, but in the Church.'

Spörlein was thunderstruck; he looked around, asked again, obtained but the same reply—whereupon he burst out with the declaration that 'he believed in Christ crucified, by whose merits alone he could be saved, and that he would not join the Church of Rome, abhorring her for intruding into the place of Christ.' One after the other dropped away, and Newman remaining with him alone, attempted an explanation, which however did not alter the case. I repeated this lamentable story as Spörlein had told it to Hare and myself: and Pusey said it was like telling a man complaining of toothache that the infallible remedy would be cutting off his head. The story made such an impression on Hare, that it decided him to publish the notes to his sermons: and he said that if he could preach at Oxford, it should be on the text of Elijah, 'If the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, then serve him.'

'Knox for ever!' exclaimed Lord Haddington, when we spoke on the subject. I say not so—this is the reaction against the one-sidedness of Knox and his followers. But certainly, rather Knox than Papacy in its worst appearance! O! this is heartrending.

Letter to Kestner.

[Translation.]

Pusey: 3rd September, 1841.

I must begin with thanks for your newly-proved kindness and friendship to my good Henry. I hope on the 19th to be present in the Cathedral of Salisbury, at his ordination as Deacon. How gratifying it is, that he should share in the solemnity just in that place, under the worthy consort of a being whom I love and have loved as a daughter, and who

has granted, and still grants, to me a daughter's affection! * It is a fine compensation to us old men, that the very loss of youth enables us to assume a paternal relation (so suitable to the masculine character) towards women. Is it not so?

I have contrived for myself a few holidays, and revel in the incomparable verdure all around me; and read Demosthenes with Pusey. But the last eight weeks were no time of rest—never have I worked more, and never in matters more weighty; as to which I can but say now, that never had a man's endeavours more complete success, and never did a King express greater satisfaction than mine towards me. My future will be decided when I get to Berlin, as I hope in October.

My wife is with Emilia at the baths of Lavey, near St. Maurice, in the Valois. She has rejoiced in making the acquaintance of your sister Charlotte, and finding in her the very sister of our valued Kestner. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

15 South Audley Street: 22nd September.

MY DEAREST,—I have no good accounts from our dearest Louisa's excellent Bishop (of Salisbury), who has kindly written to me three times in the last week.

I am preparing for a decisive step. I shall write by the courier, who is to depart next Friday, to my paternal friend General von Thile, that I feel the duty of endeavouring to provide a home for my family, and consider the present moment as favourable; that the mission to London was an auspicious *conclusion* to twenty-three years' diplomatic service; but my returning to Berne, except for the purpose of fetching home my family, appeared to me unsuitable. It would be in the meantime my endeavour to become possessed of a country abode, so as to go thither for a fixed residence next May, with a retiring pension. I deemed the moment favourable for such a communication of my plans and requests, when having succeeded in carrying out His Majesty's intentions, and having received his most unqualified commen-

* These lines had scarcely been written when the lovely and beloved being alluded to, the 'darling of each heart and eye,' Mrs. Edward Denison, (born Louisa Ker Seymer,) was called away from the best lot of earth, to the higher life after which her nature aspired.

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dations, my course of action could not be misunderstood. This will place the King and myself in a good relative position, and prove to all who desire not to have me in Prussia that I intend not to intrude myself into his service.

Sometimes it appears to me impossible that the King should commit the seed that I have sown to other watching than my own; but nobody can escape the influence of the atmosphere by which he is surrounded, and the effects of the air he breathes: least of all a King. If free, I may perhaps serve him ten times better than if not. I shall finish the letter when I return from Lord Aberdeen.

Thursday, 23rd.—My audience at the Foreign Office lasted two hours, and was very important. The clouds begin to gather. The Ministry wonder how the thing could be done in so short a time, and to such an extent. But the Bill passed last night.

P.S. 23rd September.—Louisa is no more on this earth. An hour ago I received Mrs. Webber's few lines, scarcely legible. All seemed going on well—when yesterday afternoon a fainting fit brought her to her rest. So she writes Wednesday night—it was then no delusion—it must be really the sleep of death. Oh! lovely and beloved angel! may we all come where thou art! . . .

25th September.—I can do nothing to-day but enclose poor Mrs. Seymer's account. . . . I send you a copy of my letter to General Thile about myself. I am glad it is written and gone. I shall then know something by October 15, if Thile does but give the letter to the King. Oh! what is life? God preserve you, and all my treasures around you!

Later the same day.—This is a hard pang, and I cannot show it nor speak of it here or anywhere but to you. Oh! if you were here my tears could flow in your sympathising presence; but you are far off, and I feel so lonely. You will understand the need of pouring out my heart in writing to you. I cannot speak, and my heart is so full. . . . What pangs of grief have I not been spared, by your having been preserved to me! how should I have borne your being taken away! and the dear children, grown up under our eyes almost to manhood and womanhood! But after those, no death could, nor ever can, strike me so hard. I feel an apathy towards all the world now, except you and the children,

who appear dearer to me than ever. I know this is not to be, to continue; but so I feel. I know not what to write besides: perhaps I shall to-morrow.

I have sent my letter to Thile. Keep the copy to yourself: it will be a decisive one. O how I hate and detest diplomatic life! and how little true intellectuality is there in the high society here, as soon as you cease to speak of English national subjects and interests; and the eternal hurricane, whirling, urging, rushing, in this monster of a town! My stay in England in 1838-39 was the poetry of my existence as a man: this is the prose of it. There was a dew upon those fifteen months, which the sun has dried up, and which nothing can restore. Even with you and the children, life would become oppressive under the diplomatic burden. I can pray for our country life, but I cannot pray for a London life, although I dare not pray against it, *if it must be*. . . .

Sunday morning, 6th October.—Last night, at Sir Robert Peel's, I had a deeply-felt conversation with Gladstone, who knew and venerated her who is gone. . . .

O what is life, if it were not a passage to eternity and bliss! Our feelings are not commensurate with this inch of existence.

God bless you and preserve you, and the dear precious children, prays your more than ever devoted and attached,—C.B.

Wootton Hall: Tuesday morning, 28th September, a quarter-past 7.

The Raphael-countenance of . . . reminded me of Severn's observation, that 'she would expand into more beauty than any of the children, having the Madonna expression.' These are the strongly marked forms of Italian style, the remnants of the ancient, Oriental grandeur of our race.

I bless the memory of the hours when she (now deceased) met me with the affectionate trustfulness of a child, and with the enthusiasm of a Pythoness; not in effervescing inspiration, but in rapture of contemplation. My whole heart broods over the thought, how, in whatever feebleness, but in faithfulness, I could place a monument to her. I should endeavour to carry out the idea which I have cherished for twenty-five years, the blossom of my contemplation and prophetic anti-

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icipation, concentrated in a dialogue of Platonic kind, in which Psyche should be an interlocutor. But as to this one can only have the *will*, the *deed* must result from the strength of a God-given inspiration. O best-beloved being! dearest Fanny! only in the thought of your beneficent presence can I utter such a hope. You are now feeling with me the sharpness of the anguish, which only in writing to you, and in the nightly hours of ruminating 'on sweet and bitter fancy' can find vent and relief.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Wootton Hall, Staffordshire; 30th September, 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have been thrown into such dejection of spirits as I hitherto have seldom experienced, by the sudden death of Mrs. Denison, and have not been able to take up my pen, except to write to the mother of that departed treasure, and to my wife. I am the more thankful for the expression of your sympathy. I concealed not the affection I bore to her, any more than hers to me, for she had adopted me as a father, and I loved her as my child: and therefore I conceal not my grief, and I *will* assume the privilege of mourning over her in death. I am thankful to be here the greatest part of the day alone, or reading with Miss Bromley what I should read if alone. I shall fly away before the approach of company expected here; meanwhile I am writing to you a few words about her last illness. . . . I have struggled long as to going to Salisbury (to be present at the Ordination of Henry), but I was prevented by much official work to be done, and I was comforted by the impossibility. Her soulful eyes are beaming upon me in memory, and there I should have found them closed. Of her I will say no more, than that a more angelic mind there never was, both manifested and veiled by beauty more perfect. She had already in 1839 a clear anticipation of early death, but this foreboding spirit did not prevent her from fulfilling all her duties with the zeal of self-devoting love, feeling blessed in that self-sacrifice. She was cheerful, for she felt thankful: enjoying life, as a flower enjoys light. . . . I have seen Calwich, that desolate place! I have looked with a sympathising heart on the water, the meadows, trees, hills, con-

nected with the history of your own dear self, and with Fanny's early recollections. To-morrow I shall go and see your brother,* whose resignation and calmness are edifying, as I understand from all accounts.

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Bunsen to his Wife.

30th September, 1841.

I confess to having given in to wishing, as if a fairy had given me a full power for obtaining.

I thank God, that you as entirely feel, as myself, that I for my honour's sake cannot return to Berne, except to fetch you: and that you look upon the highest prize in the lottery of Prussian diplomacy as a *pis-aller*, as I do. . . My whole nature longs more than ever after the repose of eternity, the contemplation of things divine, and casting away of all others.

If the Lord will be near to me, and maintain me in humility, I shall not fear misfortune, for what the world would call my downfall is that which I desire: *otium cum dignitate*. For the first time since 1834 I come again to this point: and in 1834 I was encompassed with difficulties, among others, that wretched one of pecuniary needs! I fear, the King combines not yet cause and effect sufficiently in his government. Great preparations are made, the world is in expectation, and the time flies past. . . . To what purpose are ideas, but to be realised? To what can thoughts serve, but to be brought into execution? . . . Never in the history of the world was a great destiny twice offered to the same Prince,† and it would be self-deceiving to reckon in this present century upon deceiving the hopes of a nation, or lulling them to sleep. 'I stood on the high summit, the eternal Capitol,' do I often repeat internally. That was a glimpse of the future! ‡

I have seen Court Granville (now Vicar of Alnwick, Northumberland), and he pleased me so much that I entered into a conversation with him, after which I liked him still better. Since then I have heard from Mrs. Vernon (the Lady of the

* Rev. Bernard Port, Vicar of Ilam.

† And yet, a great destiny *was* offered to the same Prince a second time.

‡ Alluding to a MS. poem of Bunsen's, entitled *Astrea*. (See *Appendix*.)

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Manor in his parish of Mayfield) that he is exemplary and indefatigable in the care of the population confided to him, and has changed the condition of the parish in the four years he has been labouring in it. Yesterday I saw Ilam and Dove-dale—what lovely valleys! that of Dove-dale has the character of those of Northern Italy and the Adige, or properly the South Tyrolese. I could have kissed the ground at Ilam, in the thought that your mother was born there. The vicarage of your uncle Bernard Port is charming. . . . I met Mrs. Ram and Lady Jane, and shall visit them to-morrow; calling by the way at Mayfield, on Mrs. Vernon (a true deaconess and nursing sister), and with her go to Court, who is worthy of the name of Granville.

A letter from Rugby, whither Bunsen proceeded from Wootton Hall on his return to London, is full of the animated interest with which he contemplated the parish of Dunchurch, renovated materially and spiritually under the influence of the Rev. John Sandford (since Arch-deacon of Coventry), with whom his son, Henry (whose Ordination had just taken place) was privileged to reside for a time as curate, in order to enter fully into the sphere of duty which he was soon to exercise in his own parish.

The aspect of the parish of Dunchurch confirmed in Bunsen's mind his predilection for the Church of England, and his satisfaction in beholding his son's entrance upon duties which constituted a privilege rather than an obligation, within the limits of the one Christian community whose early Reformers had laid upon conscience no band more stringent (in the instance of the 'burning question' of Bible interpretation) than to accept as a fact that 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation.'

If in the case of Bunsen 'love waxed cold' in subsequent years to the English Church system it was that constant inspection and observation proved a test too rigorous not to detect imperfection and deterioration. The ideal which he had formed to himself, and admired before he was an inhabitant of the country, he admired

to the end, and only deplored that 'man should have brought in many inventions' where under Divine influence the fabric had been 'made upright.' CHAP.
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Bunsen's letter dated October 8th, after a detailed account of the parochial arrangements carried out by Mr. Sandford, closes with a delighted description of his son's happy position, and an ejaculation about the 'modest, benevolent, intelligent, bright countenance you cannot, or rather you *can*, imagine it. Now tell me, had we endeavoured to fancy an ideal of satisfaction could we have hit upon anything so good?

Mit Sorgen und mit Grämen,
Und mit selbsteigner Pein,
Lässt Gott sich doch nichts nehmen—
's muss erbeten sein.'—*Paul Gerhard.*

Bunsen to his Wife.

15 South Audley Street: Sunday morning, 11th October.

. . . Yesterday was melancholy: the ebb of feeling was too violent, after so high a tide. All imaginable cares and doubts and troubles came over me in a storm: above all the recent sorrow. The goldsmith commissioned by the Bishop to take my measure for a mourning ring, had known *her*; and his inartificial expression of feeling roused mine afresh. At length I threw myself into the carriage went later with Abeken to the Athenæum, and then with him and Ernest to see 'Hamlet': Macready performing. There is a great and exalting rousing power in a genuine work of art! The execution was on the whole good: Macready's playing admirable. The conception of Polonius was unworthy: and, alas! much was left out:—the charge of Polonius to his son—the scene in which Fortinbras is mentioned—that in which the King is seen praying,—and the close. This is bad enough—but the treatment might be worse.

On Saturday I was to have dined with Peel to meet Cornelius, but was engaged to Sir Robert Inglis: I however passed the evening at Peel's. Cornelius preached in the cause of fresco-painting in the Houses of Parliament, which seems as good as decided upon.

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X.*To the Same.*

London: Monday, 12th October.

I have spent a deeply-interesting day with Cornelius at Windsor and Hampton Court, chiefly before the precious Cartoons of Raphael, which I had never before seen so well. This was for Cornelius the fulfilment of the longing of his life, and his expectations were even exceeded in point of execution, in particular by the Cartoon of the Death of Ananias.

On my return home, I found a letter from Sir Robert Peel, of which I enclose a transcript. I had written to him of having failed to receive a note which I knew he had sent to me (which to-day has come to hand, returned from Wootton), adding a few words of my feeling, as to his distinguished reception of Cornelius, with allusion to the words he had used in Parliament, ('that great and noble Germany,') on the last night of the former Ministry. To this, I owe a letter, which alone would have been worth a journey to England. The warmth of the expressions is such as one is not accustomed to in him. I shall send it for the King to see on his birthday.

Sir Robert Peel to Bunsen.

Whitehall: 10th October, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. BUNSEN,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr. Cornelius, at dinner on Friday last.

I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention which I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He is one of a noble people, distinguished in every art of war and peace. The union and patriotism of that people spread over the centre of Europe, will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injurious to the cause of religion, and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others.

My earnest hope is, that every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular country of his

birth, as he does his home,—will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a *German*, and recognise the claim of *Germany* to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons.

I hope I judge of the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed however to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically,

‘They shall not have the Rhine.’

They will not have it—and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies pervade, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart.

You will begin to think that I am a good German myself—and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one.

Believe me, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEELE.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Without date.]

The King has sent me a beautiful letter for the Archbishop and the Bishop of London, written by his own hand, in answer to a joint letter which they had addressed to him. They are both delighted with it, though he himself thought it cold, and wrote to me: ‘Tell those reverend and valued personages that I request them to read the heart full of warm thankfulness and veneration, out of the cold words of form and ceremony.’*

As to the King’s plans regarding myself, he says he will tell them to me himself, when I come to Berlin!—only it is understood that I do not return to Berne, except, *perhaps*, to fetch my family either to Berlin or to London—for the King will not hear of my retiring *now* to the country.

* Original words of King Frederick William IV., November, 1841: ‘Sagen Sie den ehrwürdigen, lieben Herren, dass ich sie bitte, aus den kalten, formgerechten Worten des Briefes, ein Herz voll wärmster Dankbarkeit und Verehrung herauszulesen.’

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: 15th October.

On October 31, the Consecration is to take place—the title will be, ‘Bishop of the Church of St. James at Jerusalem,’ in which all parties are understood.

23rd October.—The weeks spent here would be admirable, were it not for one’s impatience for a decision of fate: this is, however, a good school for me. ∴ I hope Ernest wrote to you all details of October 15:—never had I so celebrated the day, and never again can I so solemnise it! At eleven I was with the Bishop of London about fixing the title: then the communication of the Syriac Patriarch at Constantinople: then that of an American Episcopalian who had been in Chaldea, in commission from the Patriarch of El Kosch (near the site of Nineveh): then that of Tomlinson, about Malta and Gibraltar: then a conversation upon the uniting of the Egyptian-Abyssinian Missions with Jerusalem: at three o’clock, communication by Lord Aberdeen of a despatch of Lord Ponsonby, relating to the consent of the Porte to an acknowledgment (in fact, though not in form) of the Protestant Church in the Turkish dominions—the right of building chapels (especially in Jerusalem)—of acquiring property—of receiving Rayahs—(i. e. non-Mahometan subjects of the Porte)—in short, the right of acting as a corporation. Then I went to fetch Gladstone, to drive with me to the dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, at five o’clock—in the finest weather, after three weeks of rain. Dr. Alexander gave the King’s health in an enthusiastic speech: I returned thanks, and gave the health of the Queen, and afterwards of the Queen Dowager; whereupon we sang (in a chorus) ‘Heil! Friedrich Wilhelm, heil!’ with a slight alteration in the third verse.

Der, du mit Herz und Muth
Bitterer Kriegeswuth
Richtig gewehrt,
Vater des Vaterlands,
Schütze des deutschen Mann
Heimischen Heerd!

Hereupon Ernest alone, with chorus, sang to the tune of
‘Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,’ ‘Gott erhalte unsern König,’

&c. Last was sung, 'Wer sprengt auf dem stolzen Ross,'* translated by a young lady. Then I arose, and proposed 'The Church of England, and the venerable Prelates at her head:' and spoke as I felt. M'Caul returned thanks, speaking of Jerusalem, which led to Gladstone's toast, 'Prosperity to the Church of St. James at Jerusalem, and to her first Bishop.' Never was heard a more exquisite speech—it flowed like a gentle and translucent stream. As in the second portion he addressed Alexander directly, representing the greatness and the difficulty of the charge confided to him, the latter at first covered his face from emotion, but then rose and returned thanks with dignity as well as feeling.

After a pause, I gave, 'England and Prussia for ever!' and spoke withal. Thereupon were sung, 'Des Deutschen Vaterland,' and 'Bekränzt mit Laub,' and 'Was blasen die Trompeten.' The general enthusiasm was stimulated by the speeches and the songs, which told of England and Prussia as not contending against but emulating each other; the tone of feeling was that of exalted cheerfulness, purified by consciousness of the solemnity of the point of union. We could congratulate one another on the result for which all had laboured in concert; Ashley and Gladstone shaking hands cordially, whereas hitherto held asunder by the spectres of High and Low Church. We drove back to town in the clearest starlight; Gladstone continuing with unabated animation to pour forth his harmonious thoughts in melodious tone. We went together to Lady Stuart de Rothesay, at a quarter before twelve, and stayed till one o'clock in the morning! when I saw the incomparable designs of Miss Stuart (since Marchioness of Waterford),—Raphael-like compositions, such as were never yet made in England. The impression I received was such, that the following day, in spite of business (whose name is Legion), I spent an hour there for another sight of them.

This morning, at nine, I expect at breakfast our dear Hamburgh friend Sieveking, Rev. Mr. Pyne, Secretary of the Syrian Society, and Isenberg, the missionary to Abyssinia.

* A poem by Schenkendorf, referring to an act of bravery performed by Frederick William, then Crown Prince of Prussia, in 1813.

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X.*Bunsen to his Wife.*

Killerton : Sunday morning, 24th October.

Here I sit in delicious sunshine, inhaling the mild air, and experiencing the charm of the magically-southern Devonshire; in front having the prospect of a hill, the slope of which, down to the garden, next the house, embosomed in flowers, is covered with fine evergreen oaks, and two grand cypresses, rising out of the dark foliage and rounded crowns of the others. We had an equally fine day for our arrival, and found Pusey and the Inglis's. From Gladstone I have received a long and eloquent letter, but making difficulties. I must talk the whole well over with him this week;—also get the articles finished for the Archbishop; and come to an entire understanding with Sir Stratford Canning; lastly, Julius Hare will come on the 27th. Gladstone writes, 'I know from the questions I receive on this subject, that the novelty, and (as yet) dimness of the scheme has made it act powerfully on the nerves of my countrymen; you must give us the benefit of guiding us with a gentle and a steady hand.'

London! Tuesday.—Peel will grant a steamer to convey the new Bishop to Joppa, with his entire staff, from sixteen to twenty souls. Lord Ashley applied to Peel, and I to Haddington, who has interested himself warmly in the matter, as a friend. This is another cause for great thankfulness! The Newmanites continue their condemnation of the whole plan. Dr. Nott is dead! without having seen me or George. But my comfort is, that I was prevented from visiting him by duty, my delay was not owing to negligence. . . . Here I remain till the Consecration on the 7th November; on the 8th is the festival in Palestine Church; the 9th, the Lord Mayor's at Guildhall. Alas! my mind is often much disturbed; the impatience and hastiness of my nature is well chastised. The greatness of the object and the amount of labour help me through a part of the twenty-four hours; mornings and evenings the struggle is hard, against a spirit of bitterness against Berlin, which I endeavour to drive away, by calling up the image of the King. How it would go against me to cause him any pain! and yet I may be obliged to do so. The Patriarch of Cairo has placed two missionaries

of the Church Missionary Society at the head of his Seminary containing twenty-two young men. What next?

London: Sunday noon, 31st October.—Here I stand at my desk, instead of being at church, having yesterday been obliged by a feverish cold to keep my *bed* and my *fast*, and to-day to remain within; and just now a parcel has arrived with the King's command, 'to compose for the Syrian churches a form (taken out of the provincial *Agenden* or Orders of Worship) for Sunday-use; for festival days, however, to take that appointed for the evangelical congregation on the Capitol.' How can I describe to you my feelings! The work dearest to me of all that I ever designed or executed, is to be saved and transported to the Hill of Zion, at the moment when efforts are making to tear down the tranquil sanctuary on the Capitol. You can feel this with me, beloved! I cannot write more to-day.

Monday, 1st November.—Yesterday, the whole day, Abeken and I revelled in the liturgical labour. I have made out my design, quite complete.

London: Thursday, 4th November.—Important days have elapsed since I last wrote. Gladstone had been invited to become one of the Trustees for the Jerusalem Fund; and this led to a correspondence with me and with the Bishop of London. He is beset with scruples; his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system. He awaits salvation from another side, and by wholly different ways from myself. Yesterday evening I had a letter from him of twenty-four pages, to which I replied early this morning with eight. We shall have a conference to-day or to-morrow.

The Bishop of London constantly rises in my estimation. He has replied admirably to Gladstone; closing with the words, 'My dear Sir, my intention is not to limit and restrict the Church of Christ, but to enlarge it.' He shows me a degree of kindness such as I hope will prove the foundation of a relation for life. He is the man of the Church in the present moment—wherefore 'a reconstructive reformer.' I am just come from Lord Aberdeen, where I met the Bishop of London. The Turks have rejected all that they had admitted, and Lord Ponsonby has departed, leaving a thundering note. Still I have urged that the Bishop should go without delay. His title will be, Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem.

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Friday, 5th November.—To-day I have been from nine to eleven with Gladstone, weighing and considering his anxious scruples; then, till half-past eleven, with the Bishop of London; then on the railway to Croydon, with the Archbishop at one o'clock, to obtain his decision as to the name of the Bishop, in order that the warrant may be made out this very evening; then to Gladstone, to fetch his ostensible letter; from thence to London House and to the Foreign Office, where all was despatched in five minutes, with the help of Lord Canning; Lord Aberdeen was induced to state as within the compass of the Bishop's title, Syria and Chaldea, Egypt and Abyssinia (that is, in so far as souls should there be found desirous of belonging to his diocese); then again to London House, and at last back to my room, to read despatches and letters; and now I must dress to dine at the Royal Society with Sir Robert Inglis, from six to half-past seven; then to Exeter Hall—Spohr's 'Last Judgment.' The 5th of November for ever!

Saturday, 6th November, nine o'clock, evening.—This is the calm eve of the great, serious, solemnity of the Consecration; the stars are brightly shining, after a day bright and clear. George is not yet arrived; that is the only disturbing circumstance.

Monday, 8th November.—Just then did George enter. Oh! what a day was yesterday! who should describe it? You must once read a copy of my detailed report to the King, which is only just finished. I never witnessed any celebration so grand and solemn.

Friday, 11th November.—I have dismissed carriage and horses; that is the first step towards breaking loose. Bishop Alexander will embark on November 24, that is the second. Gladstone has accepted the Trusteeship for the Jerusalem Fund, and the Archbishop and Bishop of London have joined in accepting my draught of the articles, which they will sign next week; that is the third. All things press towards my departure, and yet I dare not say that I can get away before December 1. The King has given me an immense task in this liturgical labour! Abeken works day and night to help me; with the translation, there will be 150 pages. The translation has been entirely looked over by Maurice.

The admission of the Augsburg Confession has kindled

such a flame, that a letter was addressed to the Archbishop saying, 'It is yet time to stop; if your Grace does *not*, I and my friends will join the Church of Rome.' To have overcome the scruples of Gladstone is a wonder! The clear purpose of the Puseyites to unite with Rome, has caused England to incline towards the Protestant Churches.

Lord Ashley has sent me, his portrait, and a book (collection of prayers out of writings of the English fathers) with most affectionate words:—'Nov. 9, 1841,—To my dear friend Bunsen, the worthy minister of the best and greatest of the Kings of this world, as a memorial of our solemn, anxious, and by God's goodness successful labours, which under His grace, we have sustained for the consolidation of Protestant truth, the welfare of Israel, and the extension of the Kingdom of our blessed Lord.—ASHLEY. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends."'

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: Thursday, 5 o'clock, 18th November.

My beloved! The lot is fallen.

Lord Aberdeen had invited me to a conference to-day, at two o'clock; when he proposed to me just what I should have desired to request, that the Consul-General (Hugh Rose) should be directed to accompany Bishop Alexander to Jerusalem, and the vessel, therefore, should touch at Beyrout. (I had confidentially suggested this to Lord Canning, and he had prepared the matter.) Further, Lord Aberdeen desired me to pronounce whether the Bishop had best depart at once; and then he communicated to me despatches respecting the Druses, in a manner so confidential as to surprise me. When I was taking leave he said, 'Well, we can congratulate ourselves that we are to keep you!' I assured him of my ignorance of any such decision, and he revealed to me thereupon that by the last courier, a week ago, the King had caused a communication to be made through the Ministry, that in the wish to appoint an envoy to London such as should entirely answer the inclinations of the Queen, he had chosen the form ('indeed quite unusual,' said Lord Aberdeen) of laying before her three names for choice. 'Your name was of the number, and we have asked for you. I thought

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that Schleinitz must have communicated this to you.' I thereupon informed him that I had requested the King to allow of my resignation, &c.; we came into further conversation, and parted as if we had been ten years intimate.

Thus it is decided; for, as you know, I had always resolved to follow the King's decision; naturally, under the condition of his granting me the means of subsisting without a weight of care, and doing him honour.

What can have induced the King to choose this unheard of form? This day has been a great day indeed; I was at Fulham, and went through with the Bishop the liturgical works. He is delighted with them, and in particular with our German mode of Confirmation, as preparatory to the English service for that act. Everybody is pleased with Bishop Alexander and his wife. Prince Albert saw him to-day. My beloved, I am in the mood to write rhapsodies; I am so moved by the thought that you will be, by the man of your choice, upon whom when a youth and a wanderer you bestowed heart and hand, conducted back to your country, there with him to represent, in the presence of your own Queen, the noblest and most beloved of Kings. Of all that is gratifying in this nomination, this is the consideration that gladdens me in the highest degree! Much lies yet between this moment and our settlement here. This appointment to the first post in the Prussian diplomacy, and at this important moment, must be the bridge by which to re-enter the fatherland; it will be decisive for the establishment of our family. How? God will dispose! therefore not a word more on that head. Now, beloved, I must close; to-morrow morning I go to Norwich (to the Bishop and Mrs. Stanley—Musical Festival); return on Monday evening; a week later to Ostend—if God will.

Tuesday, 23rd November.—Half-past five, afternoon. I am just come from Prince Albert. Well may we exclaim, what next? The Queen requests that the King will come hither the middle of January, to *stand godfather to the Prince of Wales at his baptism*. She wishes that he should come in person, and, in short, has set her heart upon it. The Prince of Wales was shown to me by his father; and all possible gracious demonstration was made towards myself. I hope the King will come. I shall write directly.

Bunsen to his Wife.

London : 24th November, 1841.

See in the enclosed what affection is shown me here, and help me to pray that I become worthy of it. The goblet is beautiful: [a carved cocoa-nut, chased in silver, with the inscription—'From Lord Ashley, as a memorial of labour and zeal in common interests.']

I wrote yesterday to the King, as urgently as I could, to induce him to grant the wish of the Queen; and while writing it became clear to me that I could not depart without having received his answer, whatever it be, as the Queen, through her Consort, had commissioned me confidentially. What will the King do? Perhaps he may consider the shortness of the time for my waiting upon him (as commanded) at Berlin, and command me to remain here at once, if he accepts the invitation. And that would be in every case the best! Of course I could not write to the King of the nomination, as the whole matter (according to Count Maltzahn's communication to Schleinitz) was to be kept a secret from me, as well as from Count Dönhoff at Munich, and Count Arnim at Paris, the two competitors. But when I write again to the King, the day after to-morrow perhaps, some mode will occur to me of telling him what I know. At any rate, as to that which to me is the principal matter, your journey hitherward, I see no uncertainty, except it should prove a total impossibility. . . . This is the highest prize in the lottery—in the eyes of the world. You are witness that I have not stretched out my hand towards it. But when I revert in thought to Jerusalem (out of which transaction the invitation to the baptism has proceeded), I must exclaim with David, 'Lord, what am I, and what is my house, that thou shouldest do thus?'

Never was a choice, in the case of an envoy, more honourable, considering who the persons are with whose names mine was associated. Lord Aberdeen's expression to Schleinitz was, '*Nous désirons garder ce que nous avons.*' Schleinitz is willing to remain as Secretary, which is an immeasurable gain to me. I have further announced to the King, that the baptism of the Prince might be delayed till the 14th Febru-

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London: Monday, 6th December.—The King has written to me immediately after his return from Munich:—‘My heart draws me to the baptism of the Prince of Wales; but the deep mourning, inward and outward, of my poor Elise, and the cold season of the year, keep me back. Till the Queen has returned from Dresden, I can say nothing. May God direct in this also! Meanwhile do you remain in England. God be with you!—F. W.’ This was written on the 29th; on the evening of the 30th, Abeken will have arrived with my strongly worded despatch.

London: Thursday, 9th December.—The King *does* come! and, if necessary, in the middle of January. I am to go in an English man-of-war to fetch him, probably to Rotterdam.

The articles are signed, to my entire satisfaction.

God be praised eternally! He is a God of wonders now, as He was two and four thousand years ago!

Ever your own

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to Frederick Perthes.

[Translation.]

London: 9th December, 1841.

. . . You will believe, without my assurance, that the scheme for a Law of Divorce now made known, is *not mine*. I have two objections to it: 1. that all principle is wanting in it; for the Gospel and the Reformers know but of two lawful reasons,—adultery and malicious desertion; and both in a much more restricted sense than the modern Protestant Calvinists understand them. 2. That some punishment by the police authorities, and even a criminal prosecution, is to be affixed to adultery! Nothing can be more incapable of fairness in execution, without respect of persons, and, putting this important consideration out of the question, nothing can be more contrary to the nature of a Christian Law of Marriage.

I keep silence on the subject, in the hope that there may be some good in letting the hatefulness of this matter rest upon myself, the old, accustomed scapegoat. Yet many persons know well that the project is not according to my views.

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To Mrs. Waddington.

Windsor Castle : Tuesday, 28th December, 1841.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, . . I am at Windsor Castle—near the place where you lived in youthful years (although the house has disappeared, I make out the spot from your description)—I am there, where I daresay you wished I might come when you gave me your Fanny, and, thank God! I am here without having sought the position, on the contrary after having begged leave to retire from public life. Thus, I can feel thankful to be here, and hope I am so. Never was a reception more distinguished than I have here met with. I had my audience at eight o'clock, just before dinner; I was directed to conduct the Duchess of Kent to her place opposite the Queen, and then to place myself on the Queen's right hand. I had been told by Brunnow, that I had no chance of a place but by the side of the Duchess, or of Prince Albert. In obeying the Queen's command, I thought of what the Popes say when receiving peculiar honour—'Non mihi, sed Petro'—'Not to me is this offered, but to St. Peter:' well aware that it is the King's present high position, which has raised mine: wherefore I can really enjoy it much. The Queen is quite different from the representation I had heard of her; speaking with much animation, encouraging conversation, relishing fun. We passed a cheerful evening; in playing at cards with the Queen, I won a *new shilling* of Her Majesty's especial coin, which Fanny shall have to keep.

Bunsen to his Wife.

28th December, 1841.

The King comes between the 16th and 20th January, and brings with him Humboldt, Stollberg, Natzmer, &c., &c. . . which is all I know. . . I remain at Windsor Castle to-day,

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and return to town to-morrow morning, to hear in the evening the 'Messiah.' . . I shall now have barely time to arrange my house, and study the topography of London, and the faces of the Court and the diplomacy. God bless you, and the dear children, and give you a happy new year! Ever your own most devoted—BUNSEN.

Nothing documentary having been found to explain the cause of the lengthened delay and indecision of the King as to Bunsen's definitive position, it is only possible to offer conjectures, which can but vaguely refer it to the conflicting influence of the various currents of opinion, all opposed from various motives to the establishment of Bunsen in any office which should fix him within the circle of the King's habitual associates. The King himself had probably a strong inclination to contrive a sphere of activity for Bunsen at home, which should secure the possibility of intercourse such as His Majesty had always found peculiarly to his taste, and in which he had taken more pleasure than ever on the late occasion, when he had detained Bunsen much longer on the way to London, in May, than would have been necessary for the business in hand. But such purposes had been regularly frustrated as soon as formed, by the real and actual difficulties of the case, as well as by the jealousies of the powers existing. The capabilities of Bunsen for a ministerial position were undisputed; but no person knew better than the King that he was unfit to enter into a bureaucratic system, in short, to be foisted into the existing fabric: a fact which Bunsen (as his letters show) was apt to forget at times, but of which he ever and anon became convinced.

The King devoutly desired improvement, reform, renovation, but could only conceive of such, as should in every point proceed from the dictation of the Crown, and would, as little as his late honoured father, have conceded the exercise of a free hand, even to the favoured deputy to whom he might commit the carrying out of the plans,

with which he was yet generally speaking well understood. The evidence of facts, and the positive testimony of Baron Bülow (the late Envoy) as to Bunsen's peculiar qualifications for succeeding him in the transaction of affairs with England, combined with the King's desire to favour the man of his choice, pointed to the vacant post of honour, the appointment to which had been farther complicated by half-promises to two diplomatists of high standing.

But although the object of many persons would have been attained by an exile, however honourable, from the King's person, yet was the prospect of such a distinction and such a triumph too intolerable to those who had so long laboured to perpetuate Bunsen's condition of depression, not to cause another effort to be made against him, by insisting with the King that in so aristocratic a country as England, to depute a person without the advantages of birth or rank, as his Minister and representative, would be most unsuitable for His Majesty, and towards Queen Victoria almost an offence. Thus was the King brought to the singular and unprecedented course of offering a choice of three names to the Queen: and her unhesitating selection of Bunsen would seem to have been almost as much a surprise to the King as to those advisers, who, in the desire to defeat the triumph of Bunsen, had but added brilliancy to it. There is even some ground for the supposition that the choice was not what the King intended and anticipated; his feelings were gratified by having done so much for Bunsen as to put the great diplomatic prize within his reach—but he would have preferred his being as it were restored to his disposal, to be placed (it is not known how or where) closer to himself.

The determination expressed by Bunsen in a letter to his wife, to make conditions, and only give way to the King's will (if it should be to place him in London) 'in case he would enable him to live free from care'—was ill carried out, owing to two of his own marked

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peculiarities—an unconquerable aversion to having to insist in pecuniary matters, even upon what was just and right—and an incapacity of contemplating a large sum in prospect as being otherwise than inexhaustible.

It is necessary to comment upon Bunsen's mention of a plan of retiring from public life, and settling upon a country property, lest he should be suspected of using arts to influence the King—a practice entirely foreign to his character. It was a project most seriously entertained, and which filled many a page in his letters—falling in with his habitual desire to be independent of all business claims, and to devote his whole time and powers to his projected works, and to his family. That it remained unexecuted was not matter of regret, for a country life would never have been endured by Bunsen for a permanence; he delighted in it when measured by single days and hours during the fine season: but the intercourse of minds, the conflict of opinions, was the element of life to him, and accustomed as he had been to the high tide of European interests in Rome and at Berlin (and afterwards in London), the comparative slack-water of smaller centres of intellectual activity would have been at all times, and in a greater degree as years rolled on, and experience increased, inadequate to his mental demands.

An observation in his letter of September 22, then, comparing the present moment with the year 1834, he qualifies the earlier period as “beset with difficulties, among others that wretched one, of pecuniary needs,” must be remarked upon as characteristic. An immediate pressure removed, the evil was supposed to be gone for ever! Only once in the course of his diplomatic life had he enjoyed the comfort of feeling quite at ease in the matter of expenditure, and that was at Berne, not because the country was inexpensive, nor because the government allowance was large, but on account of the

simplicity of the mode of life, and the absence of all demands on the part of society, then remarkable in that centre of Switzerland. But Bunsen's spirits revived under present relief, and admitted not of any gloomy anticipations in the new phase of existence to be entered upon in the year 1842.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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